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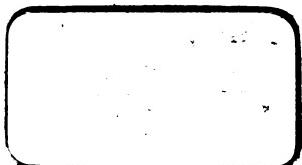
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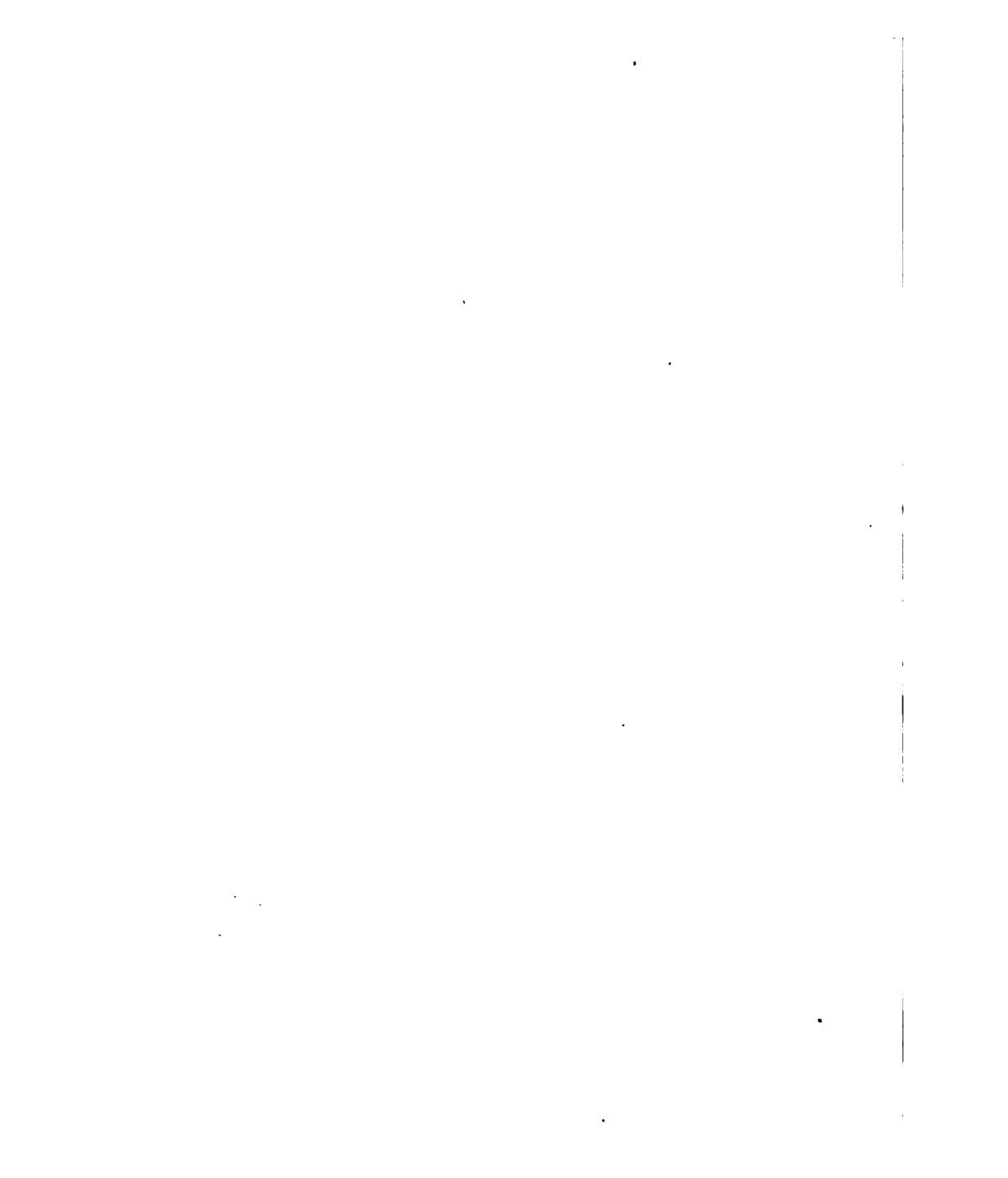


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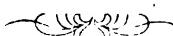


YOUNG ENGLAND'S
LITTLE LIBRARY:

A Collection of Original Tales for Children,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY EMINENT AUTHORS.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W.M. S. ORR & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXIV.



LONDON:

VIZETTELLY BROTHERS AND CO., PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
PETERBOROUGH COURT, 135 FLEET STREET.



Now, my Young Readers, I am going to explain all about this book, which I call "YOUNG ENGLAND'S LITTLE LIBRARY." Some of your friends will perhaps tell you that it is intended for certain grown-up young gentlemen, who wear white waist-coats, white neckcloths, and white kid gloves,—sit on the cross benches in the House of Commons,—and who rejoice in being called "Young England;" but such is not the case. From my pages, "party politics" and "political feeling" are utterly excluded. This Book is prepared for you, the little ladies and gentlemen—the future hope of Old England; and the object is to give entertainment in the leisure hour, and to enable you, at the same time, to acquire that knowledge which will prepare the way for graver studies.

But let me introduce myself, for I have given my portrait, in imitation of much greater men, as a frontispiece. I am not very handsome, as you will observe; but then I am exceedingly learned and sage, besides being acquainted with

a great many ladies and gentlemen much more so than myself, who have been kind enough to write for your amusement; so that I am sure when we know each other better we shall be very excellent friends.

Well, then, now for this "Little Library" of ours;—I trust, while your sympathies are excited by the trials and sufferings of some of the little heroes and heroines—or while you are enjoying a laugh at the expense of others—you will bear in mind the moral lesson they teach, and learn to love the truth, and to avoid those qualities calculated to make you disagreeable to others and unhappy within yourselves. Should these wishes of mine be fulfilled, it is probable we may meet again; for I have a great affection for children, and shall be delighted to cater again for your amusement.

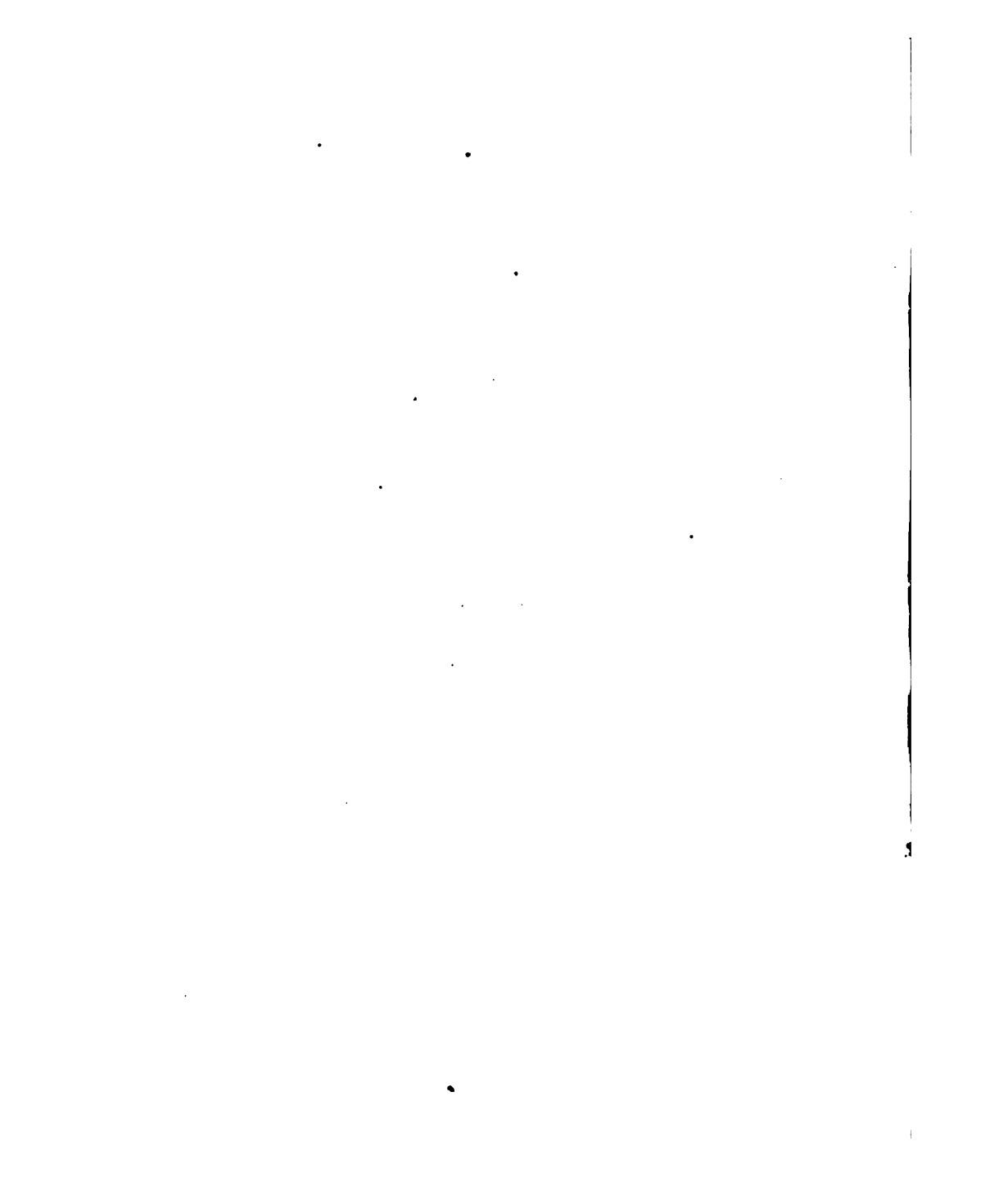
To parents and others, who have the selection of books for the young, including uncles and aunts, I would briefly state, that the present volume has been produced with a view to suit every taste; each of the tales may be had separate, and it is almost unnecessary to say, that the respective authors have been influenced by the desire of placing in the hands of their young readers, only that which was pure in moral and exalted in principle,—a desire which has been anxiously shared by

THE EDITOR.

C O N T E N T S.

	A U T H O R ' S N A M E .	P A G E .
ADAM THE GARDENER	C. C. Clark . . .	1
THE PRINCESS NARINA	Ditto	37
NUMBER ONE	Mrs. S. C. Hall . . .	73
PERSEVERANCE	C. C. Clark . . .	97
THE CURATE'S FAVORITE SCHOLAR	Mary Howitt . . .	129
THE REMARKABLE NIGGER	F. W. N. Bailey . . .	151
PADDY'S MISTAKE	Ditto	163
MARVELLOUS RIDDLE	Ditto	174
THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KILL HIMSELF	Ditto	179
LITTLE CHATTERBOX	Mrs. S. C. Hall . . .	183
PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN	Mary Howitt . . .	203
SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER	J. D. Haas . . .	227
ADVENTURES OF JACK HOLYDAY	Albert Smith . . .	267
GLORY; a Tale of Morals, drawn from History . . .	Thomas Gaspey . . .	295

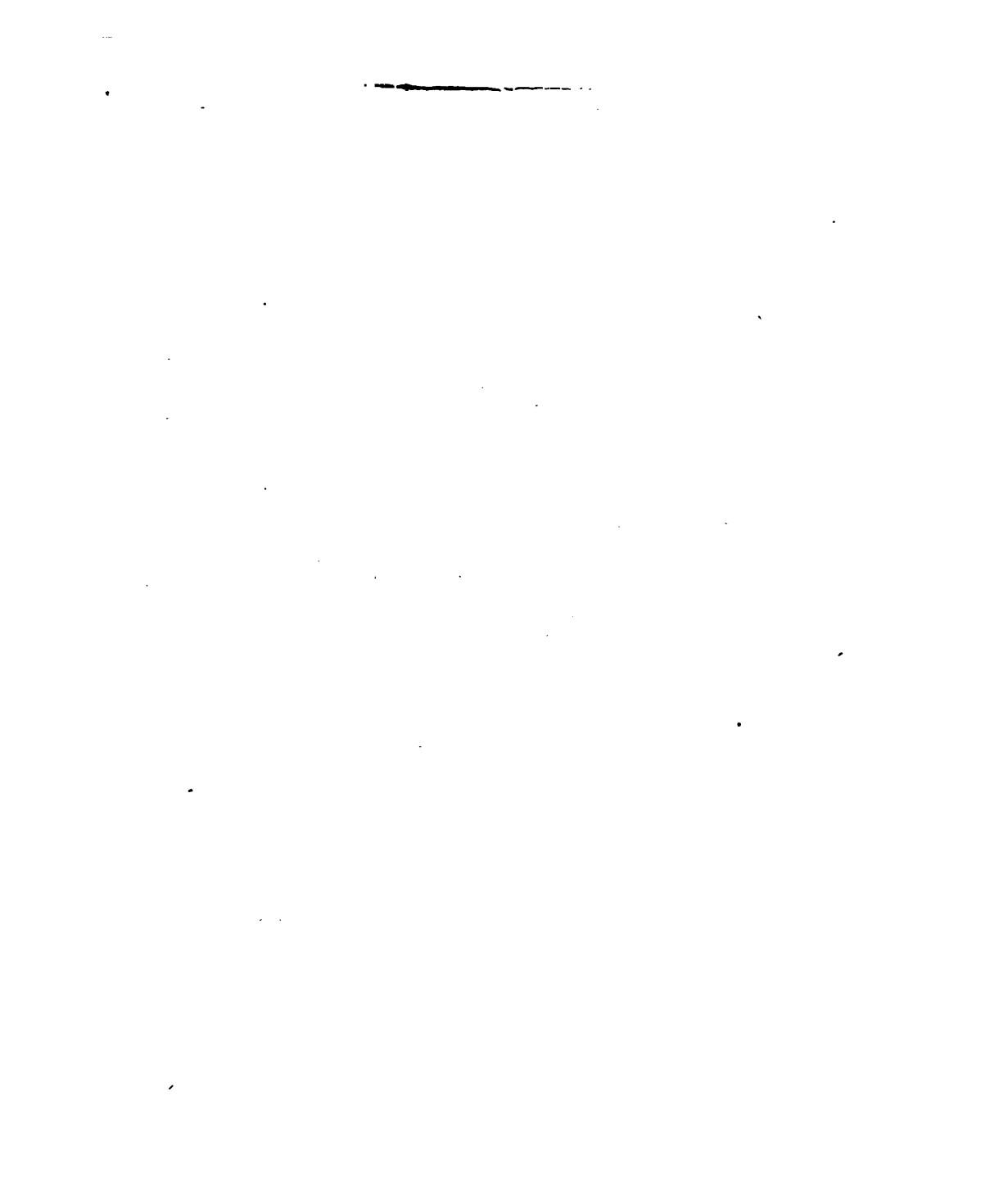


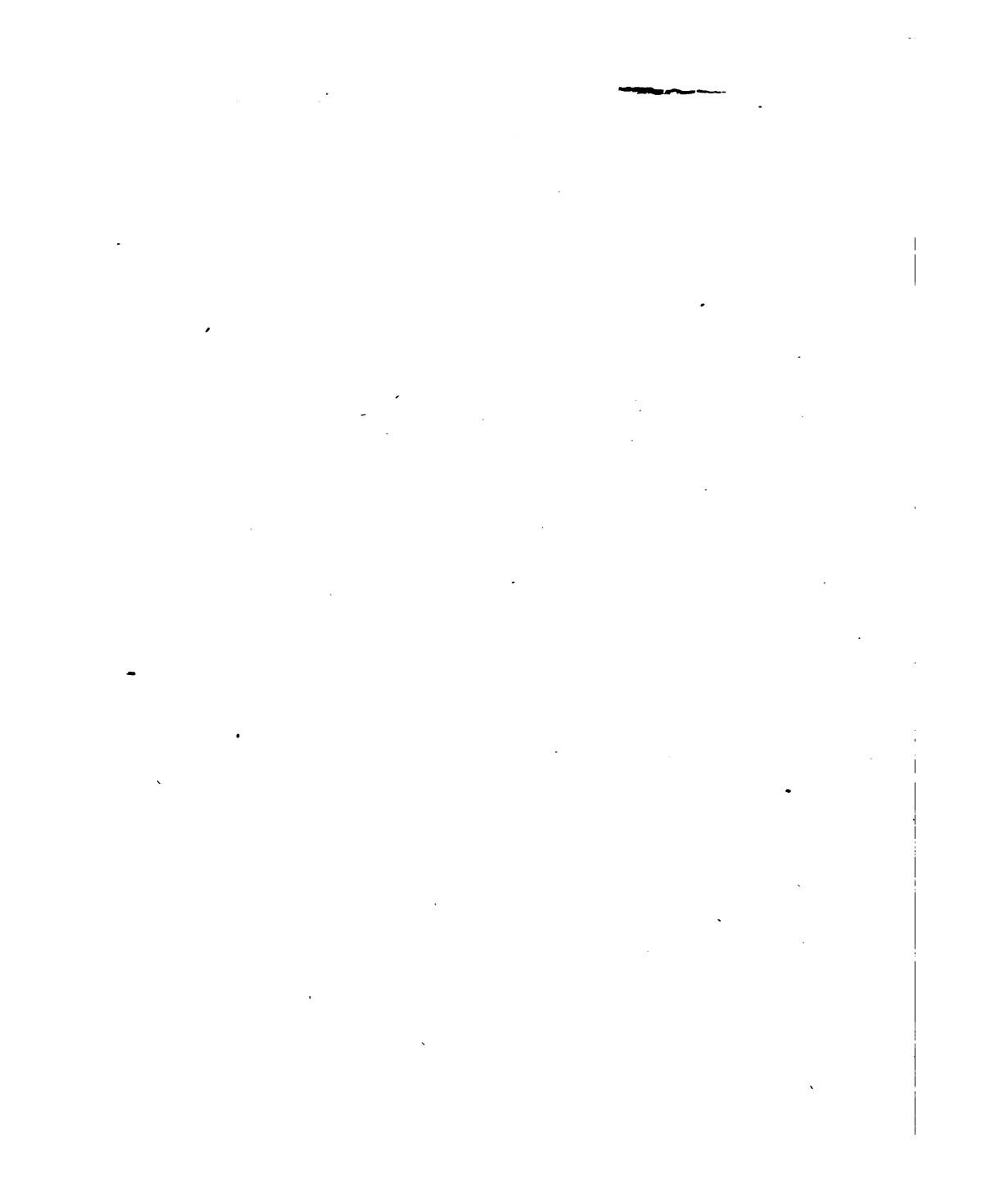


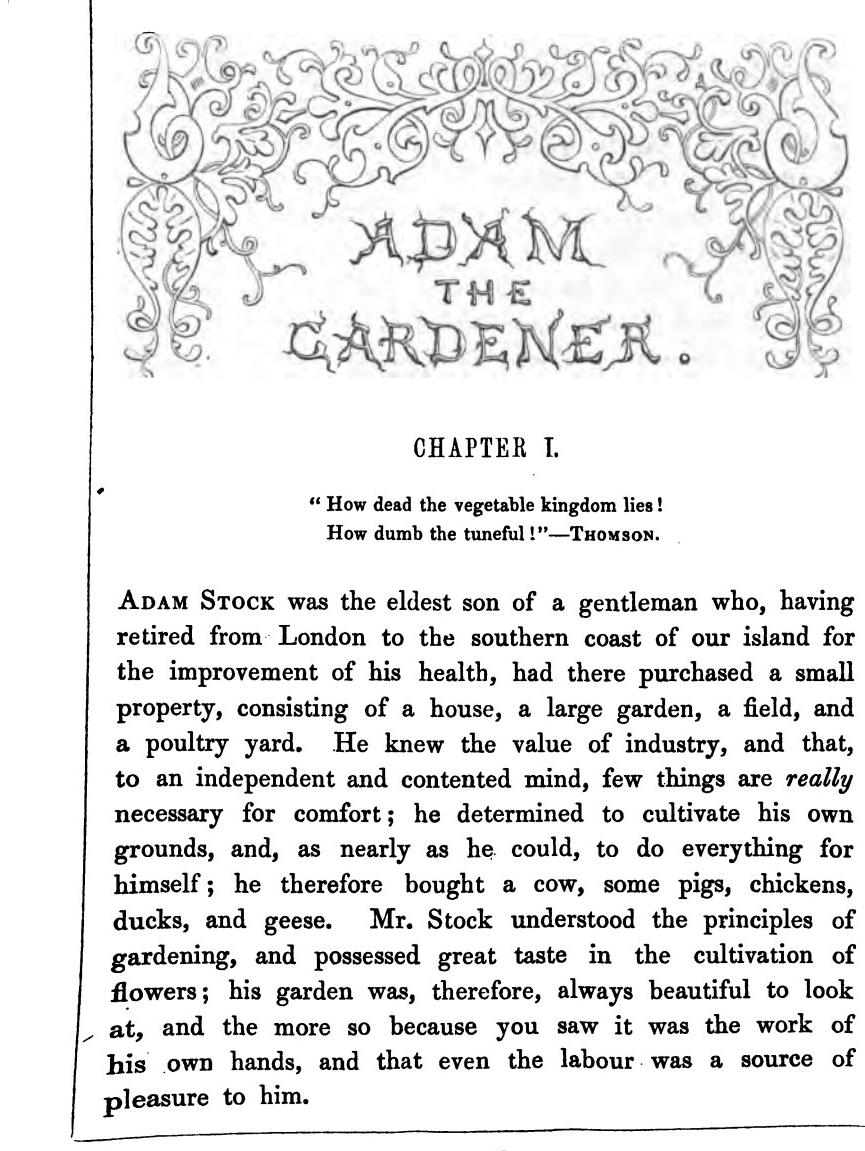
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ADAM THE GARDENER.

CHAPTER I.

“ How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! ”—THOMSON.

ADAM STOCK was the eldest son of a gentleman who, having retired from London to the southern coast of our island for the improvement of his health, had there purchased a small property, consisting of a house, a large garden, a field, and a poultry yard. He knew the value of industry, and that, to an independent and contented mind, few things are *really* necessary for comfort; he determined to cultivate his own grounds, and, as nearly as he could, to do everything for himself; he therefore bought a cow, some pigs, chickens, ducks, and geese. Mr. Stock understood the principles of gardening, and possessed great taste in the cultivation of flowers; his garden was, therefore, always beautiful to look at, and the more so because you saw it was the work of his own hands, and that even the labour was a source of pleasure to him.

Little Adam loved his father very dearly, and was fond of being near him when he was at work. When employed in the garden, Adam would always be at his side, asking him the names of the different flowers that were in blossom, with many other questions about the way of cultivating them. He shewed such delight in the amusement, that his father told him one day, if he would be a good and obedient boy, he would teach him to be a gardener; so that by the time he became a man he should be able to do everything for himself, and know how to direct others. Adam was delighted. "Well, then," said his father, "this is now the first day in the year, and to-morrow we will begin. There is at present no snow upon the ground, and the frost has given way. I will buy you a spade, and a rake, and a hoe; and then, I think, you will be set up. One thing you must promise me—that you will attend to what I tell you, and endeavour to do everything in the best way you possibly can." This you may be sure Adam promised to do.

After some pleasant conversation between the father and son upon the custom of presenting New Year's gifts at this festive season, which Mr. Stock told Adam had descended to us from the Romans, he said, "Now, Adam, you may cut some evergreens for your mamma, in honour of this New Year's day; you will find plenty of holly and laurustinus and evergreen oak, some of the arbutus, and whatever else you think pretty, only be sure you cut the branches so that they will not disfigure the trees. We may then take a walk before dinner, and gather some of the common broom, which is now in flower. Its blossoms are very lovely, looking at a

distance like drops of shining gold, set on green velvet. Perhaps Tom and Arthur would like to go with us: it is very dirty, but never mind; gardeners and countrymen must not care for dirt." So, Mr. Stock having finished his work, away they went; and the boys brought home such a quantity of broom and holly and periwinkle, mixed with grave-looking ivy, with its dark-green leaf and scarlet berries, that they looked like Jacks-in-the-Green at May-tide.

On the following morning, while they were at breakfast, the man brought into the parlour a spade, a rake, and a hoe. Adam stared at them, and his face became as red as fire with delight. They were not foolish toys, but excellent working tools. "Now," said Mr. Stock, "you *are* set up; and if you have finished your breakfast, we will go into the garden, and take our first lesson."

"The first thing we shall do," said Mr. Stock, "will be to dig up these beds under the south wall; there we shall sow our first peas, beans, radishes, onions, and mustard and cress." So Adam watched attentively how his father turned over the earth, and levelled it with the spade. Then he tried to dig himself; and, with the help of his father, he contrived to dig up one bed tolerably even. Mr. Stock then made a shallow trench with his hoe, into which he dropped a row of peas, pointing out to Adam the proper distance between each, and explaining to him that when sown at a moderate distance apart, the plant was more productive than when too thickly sown. They did the same with beans, and raked the earth over them, leaving a slight ridge over each row; first scattering a little soot over them to keep away slugs; some onions, radishes, and small salad were next sown: in each case scat-

tering the seeds thinly over the beds, and afterwards raking them in. He caused Adam to cover the new-made beds with pea-haulm from the woodhouse, using some also to protect the glasses over the young cauliflower plants; he then shewed him how to prepare a bed of turnips; all of which occupied several days, and served to initiate Adam into the art of gardening.

One morning Mr. Stock told Adam that it was high time he should take a piece of ground into his own management. "Wheel a few barrowfuls of well-rotted manure here," said he, "and trench this plot a spit deep; spread the dung evenly at the bottom of the trenches, then fill in the earth again: when this is done, sow some radish seeds on the top, and rake them in as you have seen me do." Having given these directions, Mr. Stock departed, leaving Adam at his employment.

For a short time Adam worked away manfully; but stopping shortly to rest on his spade, he said to himself, "What heavy work this trenching is! I wonder why papa wants the manure buried such a way down in the ground, and the seed scattered on the top; it can never be of any use to the radishes; so I'll dig the bed, and mix the dung with the earth, just as I did for the peas and beans." Accordingly, setting to work again, he found his digging much easier; and soon finished his job.

Mr. Stock, having also finished what he had been about, soon returned, and directed Adam how to cover the anemones with pea-haulm; to mat and earth up the auriculas and carnations, so as to protect them from rain and frost; and to plant the remaining stock of crocuses, jonquils, narcissuses,

and other bulbs, telling him to plant each of these about the depth of his hand in the ground.

This was Adam's daily employment for some time, varied by planting some trees which Mr. Stock had ordered, to fill up gaps in the shrubbery, when one morning his father said to him, "I think, Adam, we shall soon have a change of weather; the air has become colder, and we must finish up all we have in hand:" and lucky it was they did so, for on the following morning Adam beheld a scene which filled him with astonishment. All his little flowers were covered with snow; the trees, which when last seen had presented nothing to the eye but naked trunks and leafless branches, were now loaded with a foliage of snow; the slender branches of the birch, and other trees of similar habit, were rendered more pendulous by the weight of the snow they had caught in its descent; even the boughs of the sturdy oak and elm had acquired a drooping appearance by the additional weight; and the whole landscape looked as if it had been traced out in silver, presenting the appearance of an enchanted scene when compared with that of the evening before. A soft snow had been falling all night, quite imperceptible to the ear, and had wrought this change. Adam was disposed to quarrel with it after the first burst of surprise was over; but Mr. Stock soon made him comprehend that this snow would perform the same office, on a large scale, which he proposed doing for his radishes by covering them with the pea-haulm, protecting the crops from the severe frost which was now likely to set in, and Adam was soon satisfied that plenty of in-door employment remained for them. A walk in the fields, and remarks upon the birds, now driven to throw themselves on the hospitality of man, occupied the

family till night, when Mr. Stock repeated to them, according to promise, the beautiful little story of the Children in the Wood.

The following was a beautiful sunny morning ; there had been a slight thaw during the night, followed by a hoar frost ; and nothing could be more elegant than the appearance of the trees with the sun shining on them. The trunks and snow-covered branches which the morning before presented a soft, opaque appearance, now glittered and sparkled like pillars of glass, and the little twigs were feathered with a silvery fringe. Bella said, that the tall grass and weeds by the roadside looked like swans'-down, sprinkled with diamonds. The children had never before seen such a sight, and they were delighted. While they were eating their breakfast, and talking of what they had seen in their morning walk, their father explained to them that hoar frost was mist or dew, which froze as it fell ; that hail was drops of rain, also frozen suddenly in their fall ; and that snow was the water from the clouds, slightly frozen as it descended.

The frost and snow continued for some time ; and the birds, tamed by the severity of the weather, became their familiar companions. The blackbird came regularly to the parlour window to be fed ; and a redbreast, more social than usual, would enter the room, and take its food out of Bella's hand. At length, one evening towards the end of the month, they heard the wind rise ; and, shortly after, the rain began to patter against the windows, indicating a change in the weather. On the following morning they found the snow almost gone, the air much milder, and everywhere the appearance of a perfect thaw, with its usual accompaniments,

dirty snow, broken ground, and muddy roads. "If this mild weather continues, Adam," said Mr. Stock, "we must get to work and prune the fruit trees and the vines. You are not gardener enough yet to assist me in doing so; but if you are very attentive to what I tell you, and observe how I do it, next year you shall try your skill on the currant and gooseberry trees. Now, take your knife, and scrape off the moss carefully from this espallier; and then go on to the next, until you have finished them all. We shall soon have plenty of pretty cheerful little flowers in the gardens and under the hedges; and, what with our berries, flowers, and shrubs, even the bare and wintry month of January shall be to our cheerful, happy circle, a season of pleasantness.

CHAPTER II.

"The frost resolves into a trickling thaw;
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round."—THOMSON.

THE month of February had now set in, and the frost appeared to be quite gone, although patches of snow still remained on the ground: the garden was soft, the wind was blustering, and the weather altogether unpleasant; but when there was work to be performed, Mr. Stock would not allow the weather to prevent him, and he brought Adam up to care as little for it as he did himself: indeed Adam felt for a time that it was being like a man to do as his father did; but he soon changed his opinion after he had got thoroughly wet

"Several times, — became a little peevish, and would be hard to please. — "Ah, ay, Adam!" said his father; — "but you know that rain is necessary to their growth. Without it the earth would become a barren waste, and all the cattle would perish for want of food, and you also it is the same cause. If you could once know what it is to be always without want of rain, you would ever afterwards consider it one of the greatest blessings, and never again be cross or discontented because it wetted you. Come, let us set about our work, and we shall not more enjoy the evening when we go to bed than when we get up; and the following day before we rise they will be able to sow this with beans."

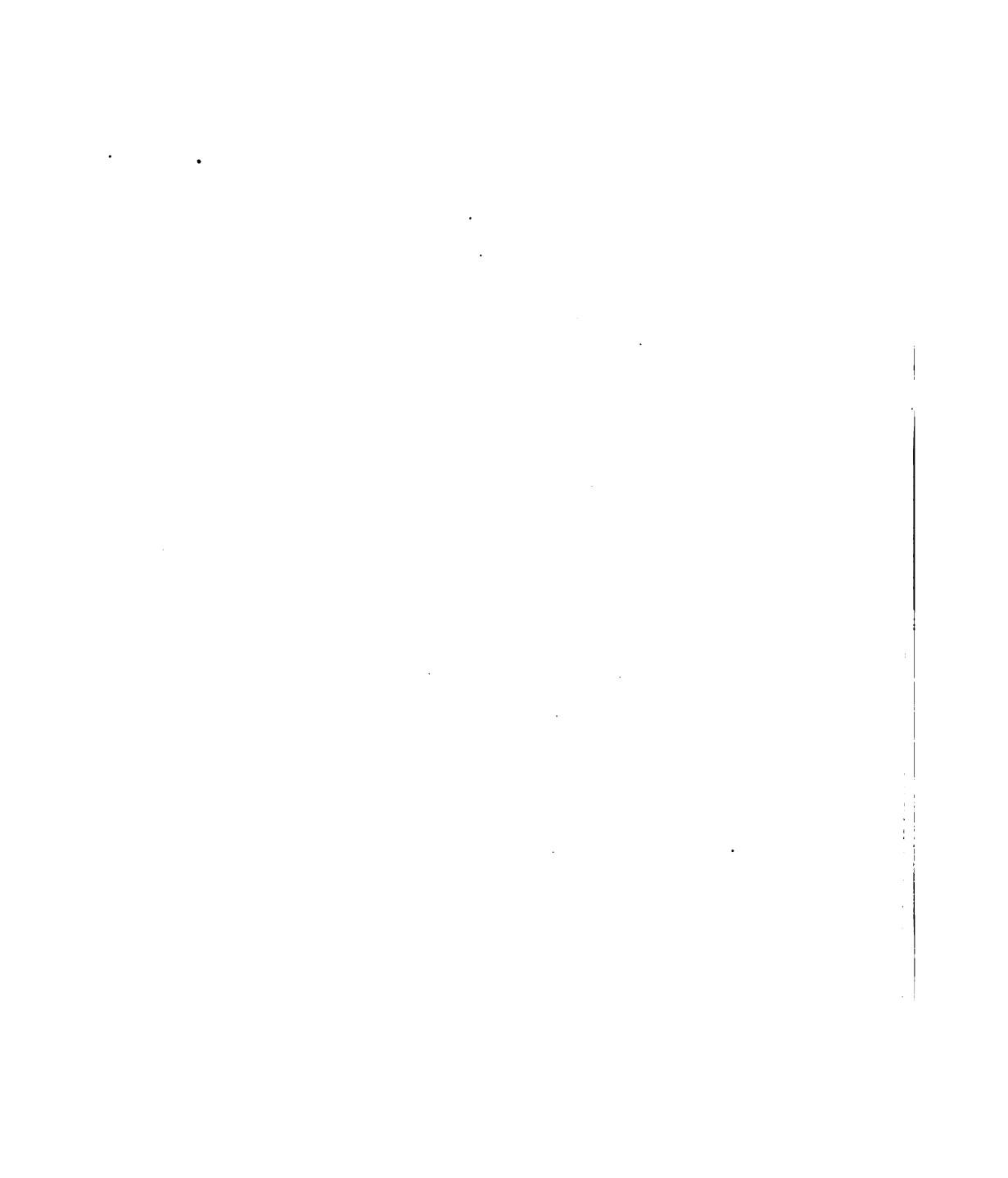
"They then prepared beds for beet, parsnips, and carrots, digging it over again, and very deep: then, with a dibble Stock made holes a foot deep, three inches wide at top, and six inches apart; these holes he filled with light rich mould. In each he placed two seeds, about an inch from the top. I asked him why these beds were made so differently from the potato, turnip, and cabbage beds: and why he put two seeds in one hole? "I was advised to do so, Adam," said his father, "by a very good gardener. Cannot you guess why?"

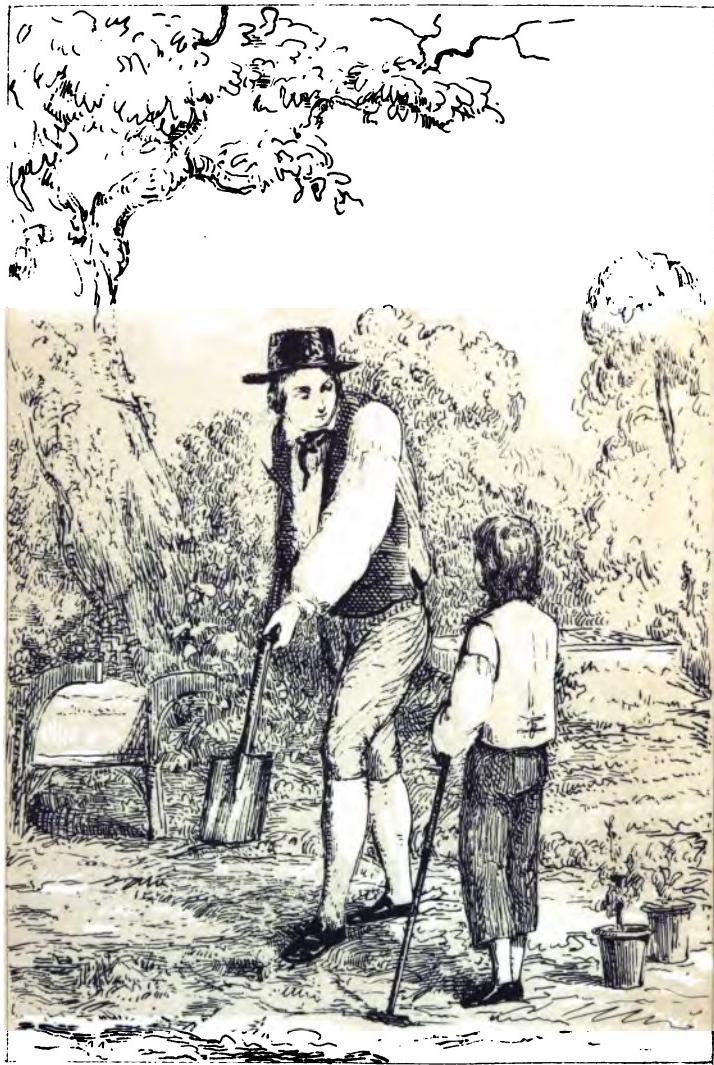
He thought for a moment as he leaned on his spade, and then stood at the newly made bed, and then cried out, "Oh yes, now I can! the holes are filled with light earth straight, so that the roots may find their way easily, and so grow easily, instead of growing out on each side. Oh, what jolly, dumpling carrots I have seen! Oh! and you put in two seeds in case one should fail." "Right," said his father; "and if both should come up, the bed will be more easily

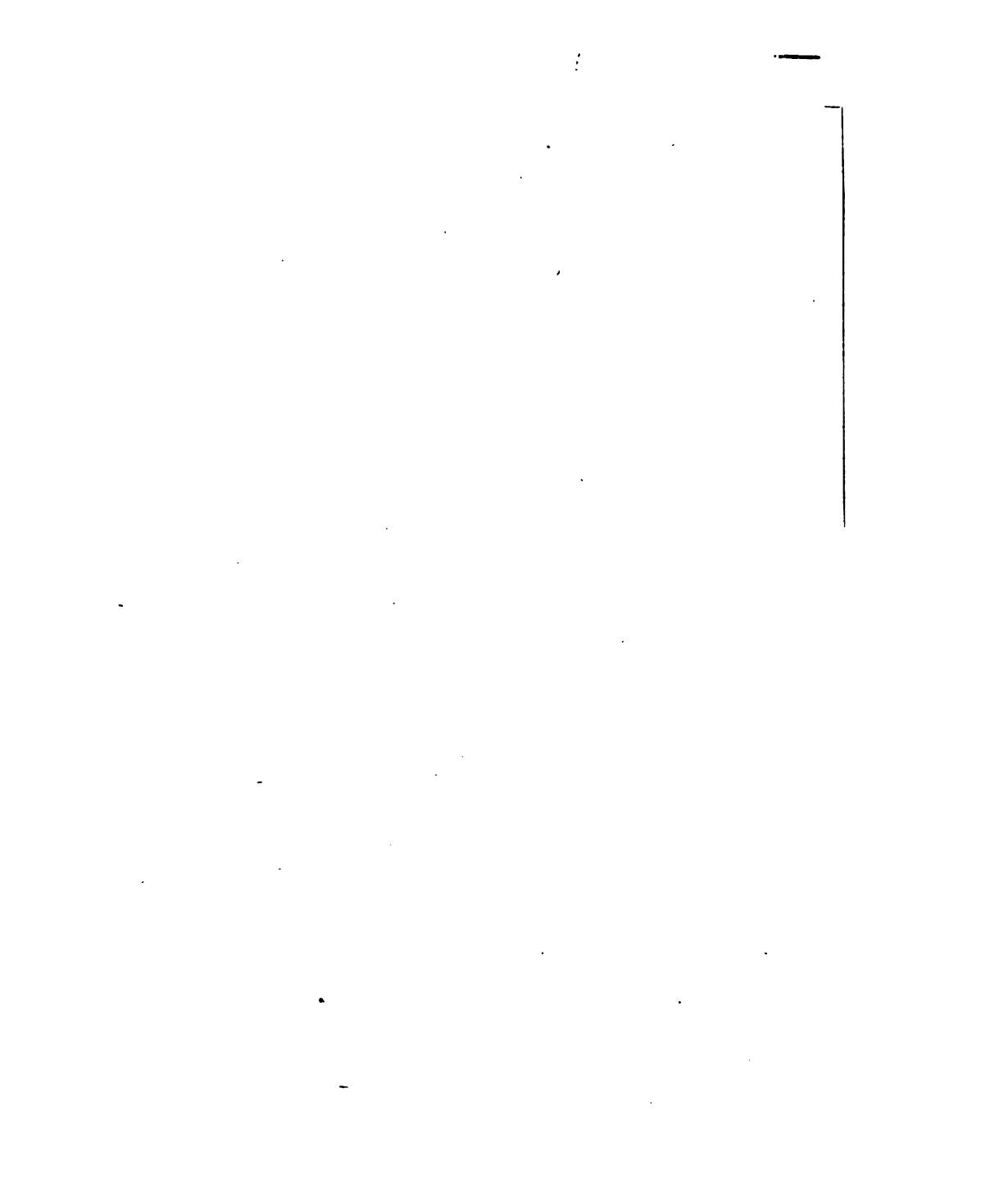
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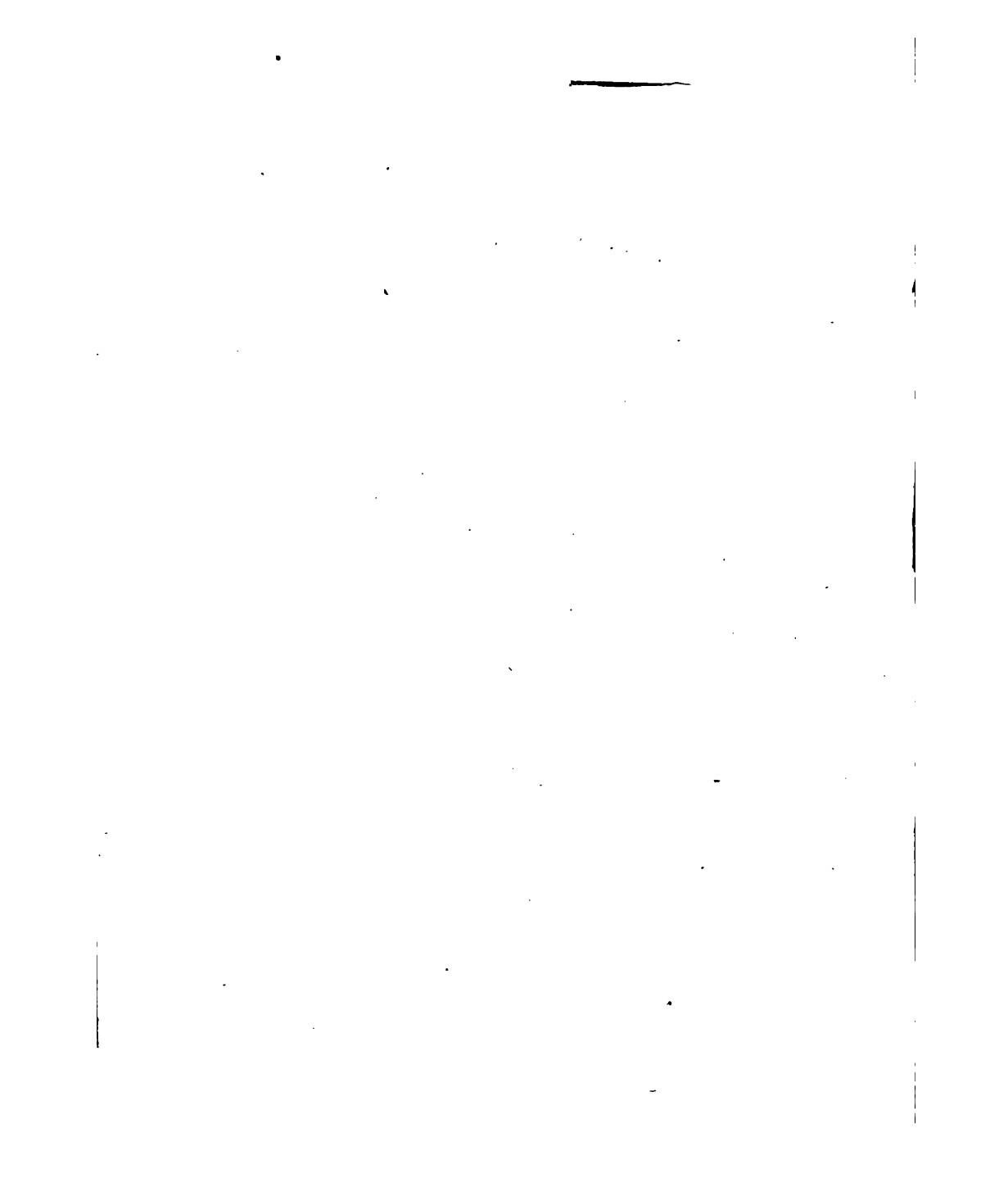
several times,—became a little peevish, and said he hated rain. “Ay, ay, Adam!” said his father; “but you do not hate fruits and flowers; and rain is necessary to their production. Without it the earth would become a barren waste; the cattle would perish for want of food, and you also from the same cause. If you could once know what it is to be in severe want of rain, you would ever afterwards consider it one of the greatest blessings, and never again be out of humour because it wetted you. Come, let us set about our work, and we shall the more enjoy the evening when we get our clothes changed.” Accordingly, they persevered in digging the bed they were engaged upon; and the following day being fine, they were able to sow this with beans.

They then prepared beds for beet, parsnips, and carrots, by digging it over again, and very deep: then, with a dibble, Mr. Stock made holes a foot deep, three inches wide at top, and nine inches apart; these holes he filled with light rich mould, and in each he placed two seeds, about an inch from the top. Adam inquired why these beds were made so differently from turnip, radish, and cabbage beds; and why he put *two* seeds into one hole? “I was advised to do so, Adam,” said his father, “by a very good gardener. Cannot you guess why?” Adam thought for a moment as he leaned on his spade, and looked at the newly made bed, and then cried out, “Oh yes, to be sure I can! the holes are filled with light earth straight down that the roots may find their way easily, and so grow *that* way, instead of growing out on each side. Oh, what funny, dumpty carrots I have seen! Oh! and you put in two seeds in case one should fail.” “Right,” said his father; “and if both should come up, the bed will be more easily









thinned than if they were sown *broad cast*, as we sow radishes. Besides, this is our main 'crop', and we must take every precaution against failure."

Adam was now getting very useful: he was allowed to plant out the cabbages and cauliflower plants, after being shewn the distance at which they were to be apart; to sow some lettuce seed, and some fresh mustard and cress. The cauliflower plants under glasses he was also allowed to plant out, leaving two or three plants under each to ripen early; and the second crop of celery, leeks, parsley, onions, and peas were entrusted entirely to his care.

Towards the end of the month the first crop of peas had come forward, and Adam was shewn how to earth them up with the hoe, so as to support the young plants without drawing the mould too high up. They then sticked them, Mr. Stock going over each row done by Adam, making such alterations as were necessary. All this pleased Adam very much, and every day increased his father's satisfaction with him.

The weather was now sufficiently mild and open for looking after the flower garden. They sowed sweet-peas, lupins, candytuft, larkspurs, stocks, mignonette, convolvulus, and other hardy annuals. Sometimes they sowed these in small rings, and sometimes in the form of a cross. Adam managed tolerably well, but his father took care to supply the seed necessary for each spot; and as he covered it over with fine mould, he stuck in each a small flat stick, painted white, on which was written the name of the seed. While they were about this job, Adam asked his father what he meant by calling those flowers *annuals*. "All flowers," his father said, "which are

obliged to be sown every year, and which produce seed in autumn, and then die, are called annuals, from the Latin word *annus*, a year; those which live only two years, are called biennials; and those which endure many years, such as pinks, carnations, wallflowers, and others, are called perennials, from the Latin word *perennis*, continual or unceasing. The sweet-pea is an annual; the everlasting pea is a perennial.

"I am now going to prune the shrubbery; in the meanwhile you may plant out those young pinks and wallflowers which have remained in the pots since last autumn, in the beds I have marked out for them. When that is done, we will collect the shrubbery cuttings for the wood-house, and then dig it all over together." This was a noble task, and occupied them some days, as they took the opportunity of securing the suckers of such shrubs as they wished to increase, planting them about a foot apart in a vacant spot of the garden for future use. Having finished this, and pruned all the fruit and wall trees, and dressed the strawberry beds, and sown a few more flower seeds, such as mignonette, lavatera, and ten-week stock, in pots and under glasses for early flowering, they looked round their garden in happy consciousness that their work was now fairly under their controul. "We are now come to the end of the month," said Mr. Stock, "and if you look round our garden, you will find many cheerful and lovely flowers in blossom. There is the aconite, the Alpine alysson, the beautiful anemone, the crocus, and the modest-looking snowdrop; the primrose, and the richly-coloured wallflower, mixing with the Persian iris, and hepatica; the long-lasting daisy, and the daffodil that seems to laugh at the cold. Then, among the flowering shrubs, we have the elegant almond tree,

the favourite of one of our sweetest poets, Spenser; our cheerful and shady friend, the laurustinus, that begins to flower when the gay colours of summer leave us, and never ceases till they return to us again; and many others I need not name. Who would think there was such a variety, when but a few weeks back the snow covered the ground, and the tender shoots were bound in by the frost? If this month has been stormy and wet, remember what I told you about rain! The inconveniences of life are never to be compared with its rational delights; and when we think of the benefits a rainy day brings us, never let us be discontented with February."

CHAPTER III.

"As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze."

THOMSON.

THE last few days of February and the first week of March were so stormy, and attended with such floods of rain, that it was of little use attempting anything in the garden; but at length the weather having cleared, and a brisk wind sprung up, the surface of the ground was soon sufficiently dry for them to resume their work; and Adam was told that this would be a busy month with them. "In the first place," said Mr. Stock, "we must weed all the beds sown last month and the month before; and if we persevere now, we shall keep the garden clear, and benefit the plants." This was a hard task for Adam, and he soon got tired of it; but as his father

books, on which both Mr. Stock and his mother would examine him, and see that he understood what he was reading. He was also taught closely to observe the habits of animals and plants, and to make himself acquainted with the names of such as he met with in his walks; but, above all, he was taught to love and be gentle to every living creature, as the surest means of becoming himself happy and contented.

It was the practice of the whole family to bring home specimens of the wild flowers they met in their walks to their mother, who was a good botanist. "This branch," she would say, "with its soft pretty tufts like velvet, is the sallow; children call it palm; and in some parts, the country people adorn their churches with it on Palm Sunday; so called, because on that day our Saviour rode into Jerusalem on an ass, when the people strewed branches of palm before him." Mr. Stock would then explain to them the uses to which it was applied. "Sallow," he would say, "makes excellent charcoal for gunpowder and for drawing with; the turners use it for making trap and cricket bats, and it makes excellent hurdles." Mary and Bella would then produce their handfuls of violets and primroses. "The violet," Mrs. Stock would say, "should have some heavenly name given to it, because it is so exquisite, both in its scent and appearance, and yet makes so little show of its excellence." The plants in bloom were now getting very numerous, but Adam felt a deep interest in the subject, and could repeat the names of most of the wild flowers he had observed in blossom during the month.

CHAPTER IV.

"At length arrayed

In all the colours of the flushing year, the garden glows."

THOMSON.

"MARCH, with its rude, rough, and boisterous winds, with the dark clouds and rain storms with beautiful gleams of sunshine, in which it delights, is now gone," said Mr. Stock, one morning; "and we shall now have the lighter gales, short and frequent showers of rain, with the warm sun, perhaps, shining all the time, which distinguishes the lovely month of April. I dare say you remember that this is called 'April fools' day:' have you ever been made a fool of, Adam, on the first of April?" "Yes," said Adam; "and I once played a boy such a trick; but when he found out that I had made an April fool of him, he gave me such a thumping!" "Then he was a natural fool as well as an April one, Adam," said Mr. Stock, "or he would have laughed at the joke." "He was much bigger and older than I," said Adam, "or he would not have dared to thump me." "I am pleased to hear you say so, Adam; never submit to a blow yourself, when you can help it; at the same time, never be a tyrant over others. Never be the first to quarrel; and do not be the last to make it up."

This conversation took place in the garden, while they were planting out some balm, mint, sage, and other sweet herbs, on a border kept for that purpose; and, this finished, they set about weeding the asparagus beds; "For," said Mr. Stock, "weeds should never be suffered to spring higher

than an inch, or they take the food required by the plants." Adam did not much like weeding, for it made his back ache. But his father soon convinced him how much happier was his lot than many thousands of his fellow-creatures. " You never worked for sixteen hours together in your life, Adam; but thousands younger than you were obliged to do so every day, until some kind-hearted gentlemen interfered, and got a law to prevent it. Think how rejoiced one of these poor sickly little creatures would be to come and take your place; or even to breathe the sweet air we are now breathing!" This rebuke made Adam very serious: he set to work in right earnest, and soon cleared the bed of weeds.

On the following day they planted out their first crop of brocoli in rows, and sowed more seed for a second crop; tied up the leaves of the most forward early cabbages, that the hearts might grow more quickly; planted out some of the sugar-loaf cabbages, red cabbages for pickling, and savoys from the seed beds: in fact, cropped all the vacant spots in the garden, except those kept for the main potato crop; weeded and thinned all the early beds; and, after walking round the garden, and examining the progress of their crops, they reached the bed of radishes sown by Adam. "Now, my boy," said Mr. Stock, "you shall enjoy some of the fruits of your labour; and, what is more, you shall see your mother and sisters enjoy them: your radishes ought now to be fit to draw; I will go and get some of my own sowing, while you pick a few bunches from these." Adam soon after followed his father, shouting with laughter, and holding up a bunch of stunted, ill-shaped, short-bodied radishes, with fibres like fingers projecting from them! "Oh, papa, look at this set

of scarecrows! Ha! ha! ha!" and he made the garden ring again with his laughter. But his attention was soon caught by the long taper roots his father was drawing, and his mirth ceased. "Why, papa," he said, "yours are not such stupid looking things,—what can make the difference?" "My dear boy, if any one else had brought me such things, I should say the ground had not been properly prepared." "How do you mean, papa?" "Why, that the manure had been mixed with the surface soil, instead of being buried spit deep. Did I forget to tell you how I wished that bed to be managed? I am sure I did not; and this ugly crop must be caused by some other circumstance."

Adam began to feel very uncomfortable; and, for a moment, the thought passed through his mind that he would say nothing about his neglect, which he now well remembered. His disposition was, however, too noble to do so. He at once said, with "flushed cheek, but unshrinking eye," "Papa, I did *not* trench that bed; you told me how to do it; but I found it hard work, and I suppose I was conceited enough to think I knew better than you, and that it could not signify, so the manure was in, how; so I only digged the bed, and mixed the dung with the earth." "You have done very wrong, Adam, and I am displeased that a little boy should suppose he knew better than his father; but you have told the truth, and therefore I forgive you. When manure is laid near the surface of the soil which is intended for *tap-rooted* plants, it gives them a tendency to throw out roots at the side to take up the rich food, which the manure is to them; but when the manure is spread at the bottom, the single *tap-root* runs straight down to find it."

Adam was ashamed of his conceit; and his father, seeing his mortification, kindly avoided saying more on the subject. But his punishment was increased when he saw how much his mother and sisters enjoyed the beautiful radishes drawn from his father's bed, and thought how he had curtailed their store by disobeying his father's instructions.

Their garden was now well cropped; and their chief employment was to watch its development, and give the plants every little aid in their power. The early cauliflowers, which had been left under the hand-glasses, were now growing beautifully. They were earthed up, and the hand-glasses raised on bricks, so as to give them room to grow. The cucumber-frames were now opened in the middle of the day to inure the plants to the open air. The hoe was kept constantly going, and a careful eye was kept on the fruit trees to remove any caterpillars which made their appearance on them. One morning, while occupied in sticking the early peas, they heard the voice of the cuckoo for the first time. This well-known and welcome voice reminded Mr. Stock of Wordsworth's beautiful and simple poem, which he repeated to Adam, recommending him to learn it:—

“O, blithe new comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice:
O, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

“While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

"The same which in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways;
In bush, and tree, and sky.

"And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again."

Adam thought it very pretty; all except the last part, which he did not understand. His father explained to him, that the poet meant that he could lie on the grass and listen to the bird until he fancied himself a thoughtless, careless, and merry schoolboy again, and he calls his schoolboy days the "golden time;" "And if you live to be a man, Adam," said he, "you will think so too. I used to think, when I was a little boy, how happy I should be if I were a man; and now that I am a man, I would give all I am worth, except you and your mother and sisters, to be a boy again. But I have some business in the village; go and ask your mamma and sisters if they will join us, and we will take a walk in the fields, if they can go with us." In a few minutes the whole party were ready. On the way, Mr. Stock entertained the party with anecdotes of the habits and instincts of the birds they saw. How the swallow traversed hundreds of miles to visit us, build its little house, rear its young, and again retraced its path on the approach of winter! How the wryneck, which they detected from its loud cry of "Week week!" many times repeated, as it perched on a gate-post, would hiss at you like a nest of snakes if you approached their nest, frightening many a cowardly boy who would have robbed it, but for the

fear inspired by this sound. On their way home they also observed the redstart, with its trembling tail, darting from bough to bough, and many other interesting objects, which Mr. Stock told them they would find described in "White's Natural History of Selborne," on their return home.

The month was now nearly at its close, and Adam and his father had nearly finished work for the day, having just well watered the flower beds, when Adam was addressed by his father. "Now, Adam," said he, "this month we have a beautiful show of flowers in the garden, and I wish you to tell me the names of those that please you most." "There is the tulip, papa," said Adam; "it is no great favourite of mine, for it is stiff and formal, and has no scent, but the colours are very beautiful and gay; then there are the auriculas, polyanthus, and stocks, and wallflowers, daffodils, daisies, jonquils, and the ranunculus, which are very beautiful this year; the peonies, scarlet lychens, hepaticas, irises, and the modest-looking lilies of the valley, and many more which I cannot mention; but I think many of the wild flowers we saw in the hedge-rows in our walk yesterday, are quite as beautiful as any of these." "You are quite right, Adam," said his father; "and they lose some of the greatest enjoyments of life, whose appreciation of nature is confined to the artificial productions of the garden." This conversation took place while Mr. Stock was thinning the apricot trees; and Adam occupied himself in looking over the apple trees for caterpillars: their last employment in the sprightly month of April.

CHAPTER V.

“Now the bright morning star, day’s harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.”—MILTON.

By four o’clock next morning, Mr. Stock had roused all the sleepers in his house. “Up! up!” cried he, “you slug-a-beds! The lark is awake, and the bee is stirring; all but you are ready to meet the rising sun. The flowers are all getting ready to open their dewy buds, and the morning air is breathing softly on them; and May-Day has come in after the old fashion, cheerfully and bright: so we will keep it after the old fashion. Come, up with you! we shall not begin it properly unless we see the sun rise. Adam, you lazy dog! let me catch you in bed five minutes hence, and I will give you such a cold pig as shall make you remember May morning!” Who could sleep after this? so in about a quarter of an hour the whole family were

“Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.”

All noticed how grave everything appeared; there was such a stillness, as if the birds and beasts were waiting in fear lest the sun should not rise again. Indeed, I have often thought that the first breaking of dawn was very awful—the deep stillness, the solemn colour, and the cautious unfolding of light! There is no solemnity like the first dawning of morn:—

"Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken;
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken."

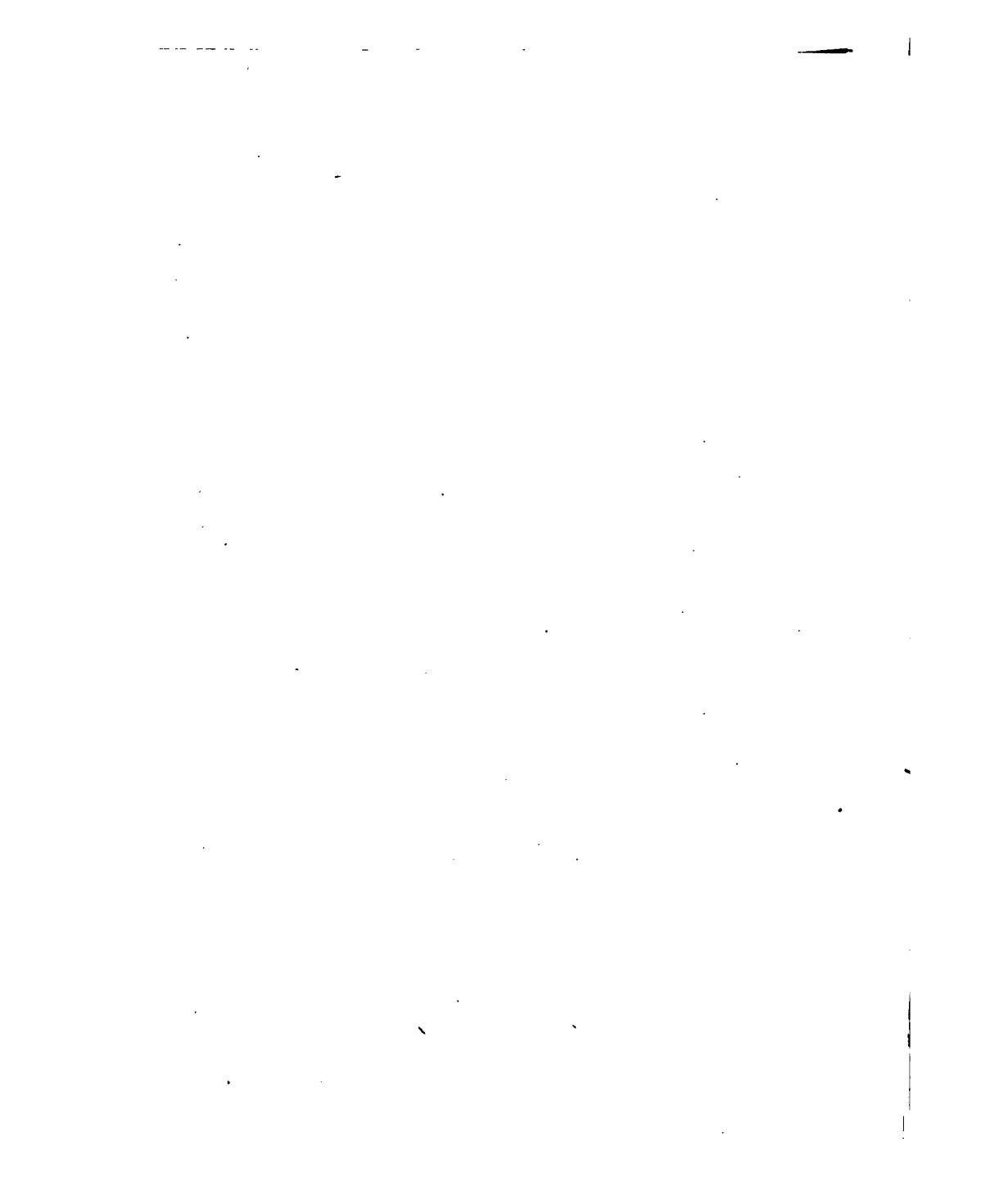
When they had arrived at the rising ground behind the house, they looked over a beautiful tract of country, rich in verdure, with the sea beyond it: the sun was slowly rising—a sheet of living gold; while the clouds around were drawn up from it like long handfuls of wool, dyed rose colour, and the edges dipped in gold. "Who can wonder," said Mr. Stock, "that some people should worship the sun as their god, when we behold what a grand object it is, both in its rising and setting? If the sun were to rise no more, everything that has life would die, rot, and become dust. Therefore, we cannot wonder, I say, that some people look upon the sun as their god."

They now continued their walk into some pretty winding lanes, passing some cottages, the children of which were all up and out Maying. Some were making garlands, hanging them across the lane, before the door. Adam and his sisters wished to make a garland too, and set about collecting wild flowers for that purpose, putting them into their handkerchiefs as they gathered them. While thus occupied, Mr. Stock explained to them that the custom of gathering flowers and making garlands on May-Day, had been continued from the time of the Romans, who made it a religious observance. After drinking some milk at a neighbour's farm-yard, they returned to breakfast; and having despatched their meal in haste, they set about making their garland, which, with mamma's assistance, was soon suspended between the trees on the lawn. A fiddler had been engaged from a neighbouring town, and,











While this conversation was proceeding, they were busy watering all the young cabbage and brocoli plants. Adam was directed to give each plant a pint of water at least; for, having had little rain lately, they were in danger of dying. Having finished watering, Adam was directed to get some sticks, and some threads of old Russia matting, from the tool-house. "I will shew you," said Mr. Stock, "how to tie up the carnations and pinks, which are now beginning to shoot up for blowing. You must train the shoot neatly along the stick, and stop all the buds but the largest on each stem, then stir the earth well up round the roots." This being done, Adam was desired to roll the grass and gravel walks, while Mr. Stock was sowing some flower seeds; such as mignionette, sweet pea, pansies, lupines, lavateras, and larkspurs, for blowing in autumn.

The great business of the season had now been performed, the crops being all sown, and they had only to watch their growth, keep them free from weeds; and thin, from time to time, the various crops of fruits and vegetables; watering the strawberry beds, and other plants, daily. This scene was varied by occasional excursions into the fields and green lanes, and adding to the flowers of the garden such wild plants as they could pick up;—the lovely veronica, with its pretty blue flowers, growing two and two together, one of our most beautiful field flowers being among them. What with the fields, the garden, and the woods, this lovely month may well be called "flowery May."

CHAPTER VI.

"Now come the rosy June and blue-eyed hours,
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
With buzz of happy bees in violet-bowers,
And hum of many sounds, making one voice
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise."

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

ADAM and his father were at their work very early every morning, for Mr. Stock knew the importance of the habit of early rising. "Early rising," he told Adam, "clears the understanding and improves the memory; almost all the greatest men who have lived were early risers, and without that they never could have become such eminent men." Acting on this principle, they were generally at work in the garden shortly after sunrise. Adam had now the management of the cucumber-frames; being instructed to water them early every morning, and to tilt the frames during the day to give the plants air. They were now occupied also in planting out the young celery plants, Mr. Stock marking out the plan by stretching a line from one end of the bed to the other, and Adam digging a trench, about a foot and a half deep and three feet apart, neatly finished on each side, in which the young plants were placed, a few inches apart from each other. The trenches being finished, Adam was told to draw up the earth to the plants **every fortnight**.

While at work one day, Adam was observed to stop and examine attentively a few currant trees, putting his fingers to his mouth several times; "What have you there, my boy," said Mr. Stock; "ripe currants already?" "Oh, no, papa, not yet; but something quite sticky on the leaves, and so sweet, and so shiny, that they look as if they were varnished." "I suppose you have found some honey-dew, a substance which has puzzled your ancestors, Adam; what think you of it?" "Why, papa, I have been thinking it very strange that all the currant trees have not this stuff upon them; and I have noticed that these trees, which have it on their upper sides only, are blotched and crinkled, while on the under side there are thousands of little green insects; and as I find this honey just below the insects, it must be caused by them somehow."

"You are quite correct, Adam. The honey-dew is a secretion from these insects, which are called aphides. Entomologists tell us that the ants are so fond of the honey-dew, as to take particular care of the insects for the purpose of securing it; I suppose it is so abundant this summer, that this has not yet been discovered by the little epicures. But I wish to shew you the operation of *budding* roses, which, as you are going to be absent from home for the next two months, I shall not have another opportunity of shewing you this year, so if you come with me, I will shew you how it is done." Mr. Stock proceeded accordingly to one of the beds, where he had, a few months before, planted some well-grown wild rose stocks, and which were about three feet high, with stems about two inches round;—choosing one of the most healthy of these, he selected a free growing shoot; and made a cut across it, quite through to the inner bark; then,

from the centre of this cross cut, he made another about three inches in length, in a straight line, downward, and as if making a T, but taking care not to cut deeper than the inner bark; with the point of his knife, he then carefully raised the bark all round the cut.

He then cut off, with a sharp knife, from a beautiful white rose he wanted to increase, a slice rather longer than the T he had cut in the stock, and which contained an eye with a strong bud on it. From this slice he carefully removed all the wood, then cutting a piece off the top, he made it fit exactly into the cross cut he had first made, pushing the rest of the slice smoothly under the bark of the stock. He then placed a small piece of clay, prepared for the purpose, round the whole, to exclude the air, tying it round, but not too tightly, with a worsted thread to keep everything in its place. "Now, Adam," said Mr. Stock, when he had finished, "there is a lesson for you in the science of gardening; by this process you can have half a dozen different kinds of roses on the same stem, and, by using a neat wire frame, you may train them into all manner of beautiful shapes; but, after all, the training of nature, with a little judicious pruning, and a good rich soil, is the best for roses. I fear we are too early for this bud to have fair play, but as the atmosphere has been rather moist for the last few days, our rose has a fair chance of succeeding, and I wanted you to see how it was performed. And now let me see whether you know the names of the finest flowers we have in bloom this month." "I think," said Adam, "I could repeat nearly the whole, but they are very numerous. There are sunflowers and carnations, lupins, pinks, marigolds, larkspurs, wallflowers, snapdragons,"—

and here he paused. "Well," said his father, "you will lose your holiday, if you can give no larger list than that." "Ah! papa, you must not hurry me," said Adam; and he went on repeating most of the noble list of flowers in blossom during the beautiful month of June.

On the following day, Adam departed to pay a long promised visit in a distant part of the country, and our lessons must stop until his return, a matter of less importance, seeing that weeding, watering, and otherwise trimming up the garden, constituted the routine during his absence.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ruddy September, with wide wicker maunds,
Treads his full orchard now, and at all hours
Gathers delicious sweets, where are no souris."

THE first week of September had passed away before Adam returned home, and his first inquiries were about the garden. "You will find a great change there, Adam," replied his father; "but we must hear what you have got to tell us to-night, and to-morrow, after breakfast, we shall return to our labours in the garden." Accordingly the evening was one of happy enjoyment in the little circle; Adam told them all that had happened to him, and the happy and united family related in return all the little incidents that had occurred at home.

On the following morning, Mr. Stock and Adam went round the whole garden, which was found in beautiful order; for Mr. Stock had been unceasing in his exertions. The first

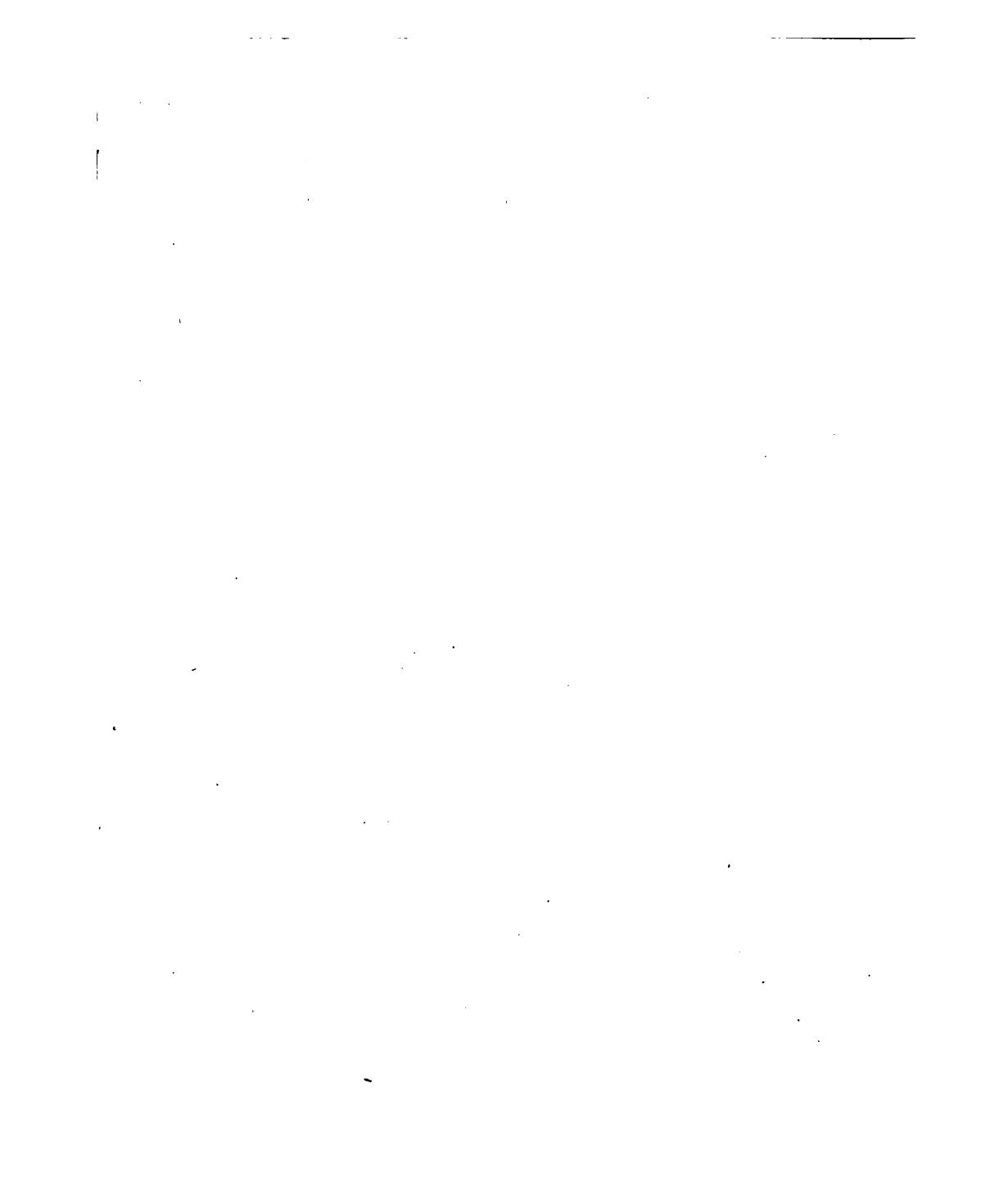
thing that struck Adam was the cucumber-beds, which were now entirely uncovered, and throwing out their leaves and fruit most luxuriantly. A new hot-bed had been prepared, but not so high as the last one, and Adam was delighted at the appearance it presented. The frames contained pots filled with cuttings of fuchsias, geraniums, roses, lavateras, verbenas, and a number of other flowers, besides numerous pipings of pinks and carnations; these were inserted neatly round the edges, and in the centre of each pot was sunk a smaller one, having the bottom hole stopped with clay, and then filled to the brim with water. This, his father told him, was to keep the cuttings in a moist state until they had taken root; which they had nearly all done, promising them a grand addition to their next year's store of flowers, if they were fortunate enough to save them during the winter. "So you see, Adam, I have not been idle during your absence," said Mr. Stock; "most of the beds you helped me to put in have disappeared, and I have nearly got in all our winter crops. The bed under the south wall, which is a good soil and dry, is sown with winter spinach; by-and-bye, when about an inch high, we must weed and thin it; then I have planted a good quantity of young brocoli-plants, which will be in perfection by spring; then here is a bed of onions for spring use; also carrots, radishes, and small salads; and here we have a small seed-bed of cabbage and cauliflower. Our celery is now coming forward, and will give you some employment every week in earthing up, for this must be done a little at a time. But let us to work, and shew that your holiday has not spoilt you."

So they set to work accordingly; Adam weeding and hoeing away with great perseverance. "Now, Adam," said Mr. Stock,

"as you have finished your weed-hoeing, I would have you dig yonder bed of light loamy soil, and dig it as deep, and make it as light as you can; and then plant about a hundred lettuces from the seed-bed sown in August; plant them in rows, six inches apart each way; and then see to watering the cauliflower and brocoli plants coming on for use next month."

Towards the end of the month, our gardeners turned their attention to the various flower roots and borders requiring their attention. The hyacinth and tulip beds were prepared; the anemone and ranunculus roots were planted out; auriculas shifted into pots; digging up all the flower borders, both for neatness and to destroy weed; transplanting and trimming the perennials; clipping all the box edgings and privet hedgeing about the place; rolling and weeding all the walks, until the whole garden was a picture of neatness and beauty.

One fine afternoon, at the end of the month, the whole family set off to a neighbouring wood, with sacks and satchels, upon a nutting expedition. By the time they had rambled about, and nearly filled their sacks, the sun, now shooting his almost level beams between the trunks of the trees, determined them to bend their steps homeward. On reaching the outskirts of the wood, they were struck with admiration and delight at the grandeur and beauty of the heavens. Above and around them nature appeared clothed in her richest and most vivid colours. In the centre was the golden glory of the setting sun, around it, mixed with streaks of gold, the clouds were dashed with pale green; and at a greater distance were masses of purple clouds, deeply crimsoned towards their edges, the extreme edge nearest











was carefully impressed on Adam's mind by his father, who also urged him to devote a little time every day to noting down the operations upon which they had been engaged. "All young persons," said Mr. Stock, "should devote a short time to putting down on paper the occurrences of each day and their thoughts upon them, doing this in as clear and simple language as possible. Let them once acquire this habit, and no difficulty will occur in after life to destroy it."

During the month of October they nearly finished putting in their winter crops. A bed of beans were sown, to be transplanted into rows an inch and a half apart; when about two inches above the ground, these were protected by hand-glasses when there was any appearance of frost. A few rows of early Charlton peas, to ripen in May, were sown in a south border, an inch and a half below the surface, and covered with straw, or pea-haulm, when the frosty nights set in. The lettuces, sown in August, were transplanted; a few under frames. The small cauliflowers were planted three together, so as to be covered by one hand-glass on wet and cold nights. New beds were prepared for cabbage plants, the ground being well manured, and dug one spade deep, and the plants placed two feet apart. The asparagus beds were dressed, the stalks being cut down to the ground, and the weeds in the alleys hoed away; the old beds were then covered with manure, well rotted, the alleys dug one spade deep, and the earth scattered over the beds. When this was done, a row of cabbages was planted in each alley. The flower borders were now dug up, the perennial plants neatly trimmed, or the roots divided, and the bulbs planted; the crocuses, and commoner sorts of tulips, which had been taken up when done flowering, and carefully

put away for their season of rest, were now planted about the borders in patches of threes or fours; while the tulips, of the better kind, were planted out in a bed prepared for them, and which afforded protection during the winter.

Towards the end of September, or early in October, the potatoes and carrots were dug up, and the pears and apples gathered,—the former being placed in a pit, in a dry part of the garden, having a layer of straw below and above them, and then covered with earth; the carrots were built up in layers, with some dry sand spread between each row.

The month of November has always been a subject of complaint with foreigners, and even our own countrymen, who are not blessed with robust health. The poet Cowper, a man of feeble frame, speaks of our cloudy skies, fogs, and dripping rains, as, “disposing much all hearts to sadness, and none more than mine.” But the true philosopher will not forget that these mists and rains, are preparing the soil for the future growth of the seeds lying in its bosom. Mr. Stock failed not to store Adam’s mind with such reflections as these, while they were still actively employed in their labours. They were now pretty forward with their winter crops, and chiefly occupied in trenching such ground as they did not intend cropping until the spring, laying it up in ridges, by which means the soil was greatly improved, the frost, the sun, and the air, contributing to mellow and prepare it for the spring crops.

For several days at the close of the month, the whole party employed themselves in collecting the fallen leaves, both in the lanes and in the neighbouring wood, these forming an excellent soil for the more delicate flowers, when thoroughly







THE PRINCESS MARINA AND HER SILVER FEATHERED SHOES.

CHAPTER I.

MANY ages ago, when the world was younger, and wicked magicians had power; when good fairies, with a busy kindness, went about giving comfort to sorrowing mothers, and weaving lucky spells to keep orphan babes from the harms of the evil-one; there dwelt near the shores of the Persian sea, an old shepherd and his wife: their names were Ben Hafiz and Sherzaran. All their wealth consisted in a small flock of sheep, and all their comfort in health, cheerfulness, and two loving hearts. They did not know the pains of hunger, for, like their flock, their food grew at their feet; and the same source brought them clothing. They possessed neither gold nor silver. They arose with the first whistle of the earliest bird, when they constantly went forth to a hill-top that overlooked their little cottage, and, with holy hearts, waited the coming up of the golden sun. After they had said a short and simple hymn of praise and thanksgiving for being allowed to share the glories of another day, they returned to fulfil the duties of it; he to the

tending of his flock; she to her spinning and housewifery. When the labours of the day were over, and the rays of the sun began to make long shadows, they sat down to their supper of new milk and household cakes; which having finished, they returned thanks for the comforts that had fallen to their lot; and, when the mountain-tops looked black in the grey sky, both they and the young lamb lay down to sleep.

It happened one clear and shiny morning, as Ben Hafiz was searching among the caverns in the neighbourhood of the sea-shore, for a lamb that had strayed from his fold, chancing to turn his eye towards the sea, whose green plain was gently ruffled into white and gold streaks by the morning sun and breeze, he perceived at the distance of two bow-shots from the shore, a black object, which, at first, he thought might be a remnant of some shipwreck. After a few minutes' watching, he found that it floated towards the land, and, therefore, resolved to wait its arrival. As it came closer in he observed a silver-winged dove flying round and round it, sometimes stooping towards it like a gull, and at others, hovering over it like a hawk watching for prey. When this thing had come within wading distance from the beach, Ben Hafiz went into the sea to secure his prize; and all the while this silver dove fluttered over his head, singing a low and tender note of joy. No sooner had he secured the object of his curiosity which proved to be a black chest, with holes in the top of it, than the bird changed into a colour of the most dazzling gold, and, circled with a rainbow, vanished into the blue heaven. The old shepherd, with one hand upon the chest, and up to his middle in the sea, stood looking towards heaven, and pondering the glory of this vision, when a small cry proceeded

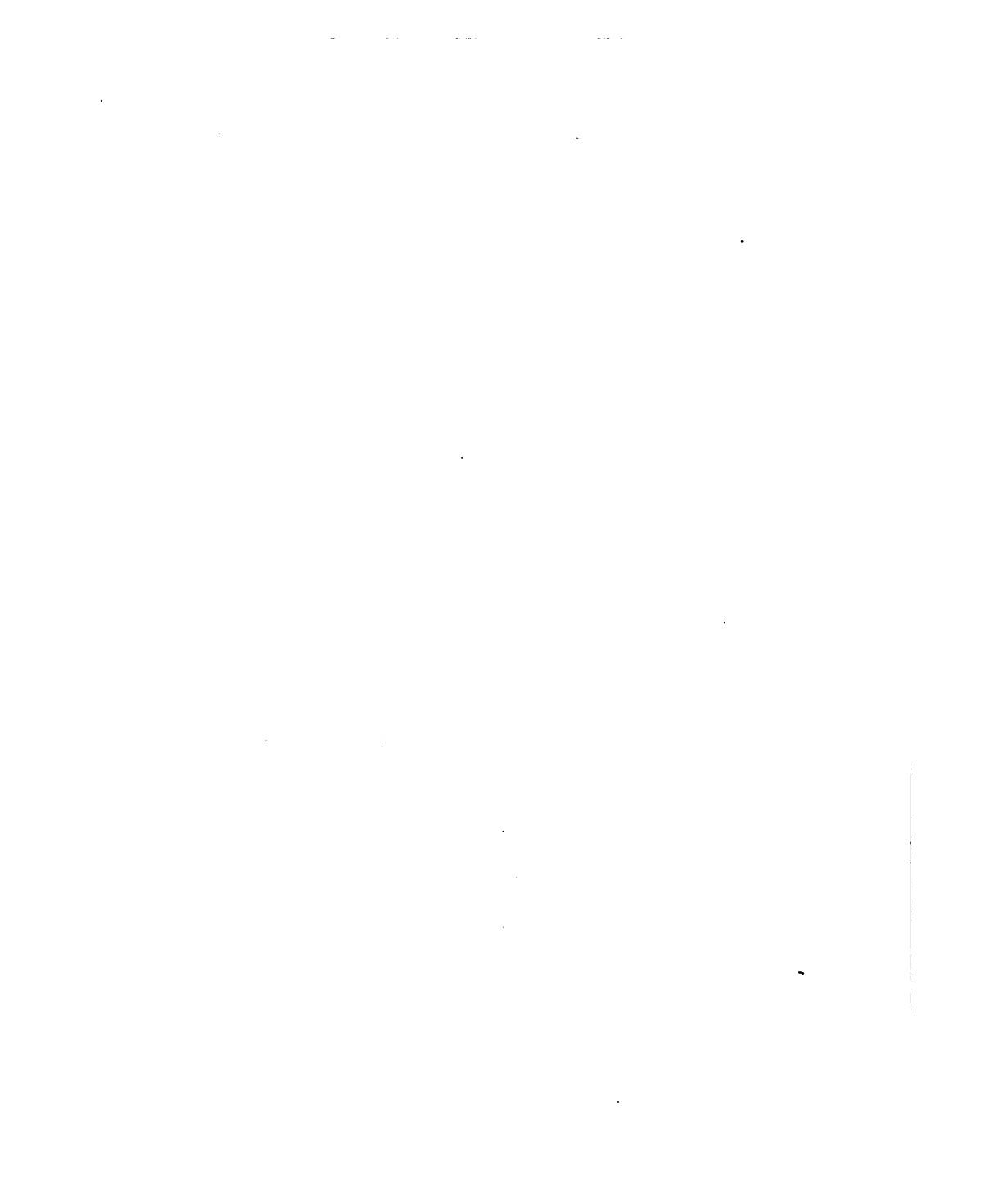
from the ark ; and upon dragging it ashore and opening the lid, a female babe appeared, softly cushioned upon the richest silk, and at its feet were a pair of shoes, wrought of silver feathers ; a richly chased gold ring, set with one costly stone ; and a small dagger, the handle of which was gold, inlaid with diamonds and emeralds.

Ben Hafiz wondered at the strange costliness of the articles, and having soothed the crying babe in his bosom, carried her home with all her dowry to his wife Sherzaran. The old couple resolved to cherish their little foundling, both for its innocent self, and because they believed it to be the offspring of some one, nothing less in rank than a prince.

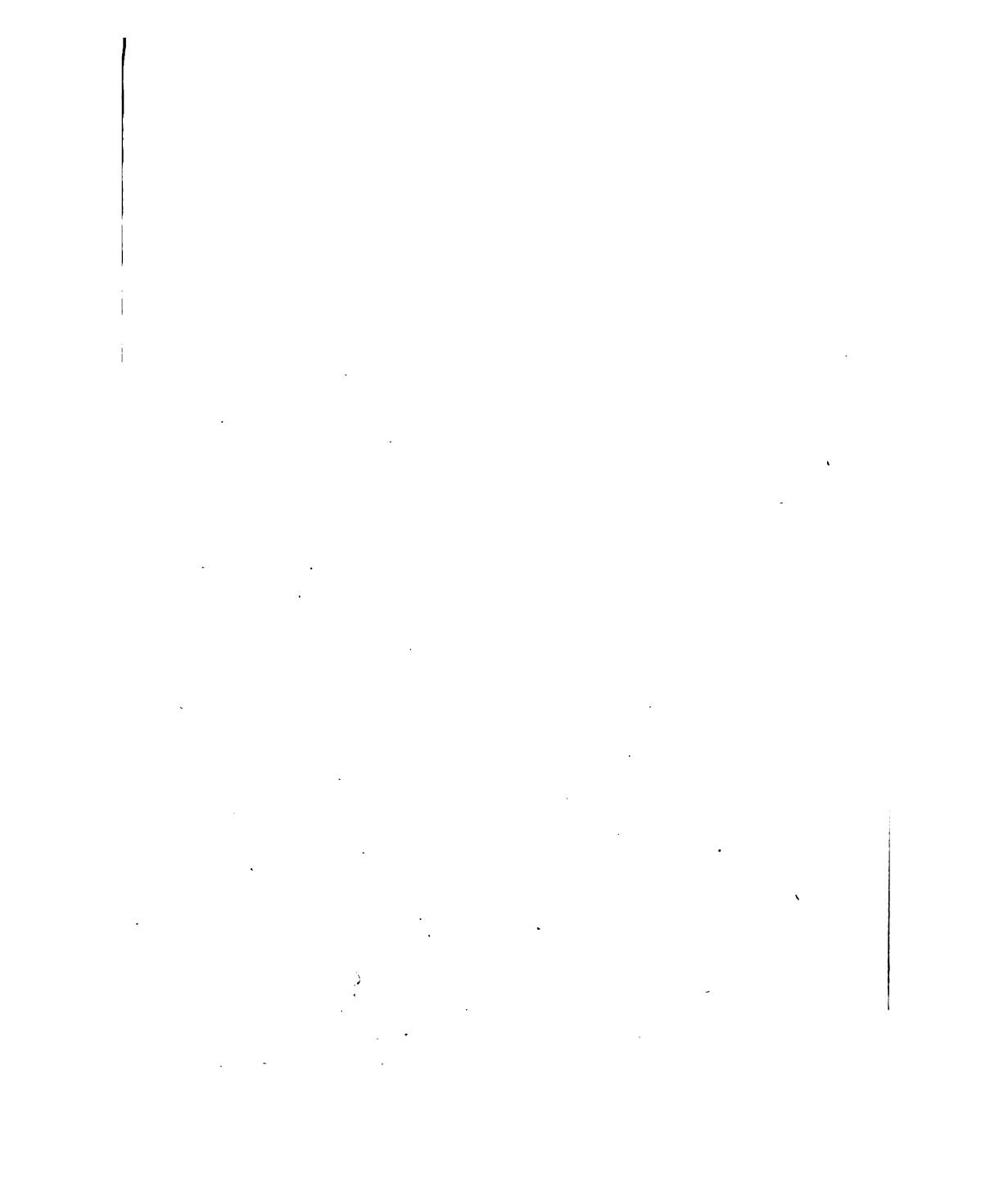
At night-fall, when their meal was ended, they passed the short hour before going to rest with talking over the event of the past day, and amusing themselves with the pretty innocence of the babe, that appeared to be but three months old. They also examined the quality of the gorgeous dagger, the elegant shape of the silver-feathered shoes, and the exceeding lustre of the ring. No sooner had Sherzaran taken this into her hand, than both perceived the room to be filled with a gracious odour, as of the breath of violets, and they felt an uncommon joy of heart ; but when she gave it to the little Narina to play with, the eyes of the babe were suddenly enlightened to an awful brilliance, her countenance became fixed for a moment with an intent look, and then broke into one of those radiant smiles that children are wont to do when they recognise their mother ; and all the while a hushing low murmur was heard in the room ; like the far-off tender note of the turtle-dove in a silent wood at sunset. Both noticed the sweet look and smile of the child, and Sherzaran reminded her husband,

that "children are said to see angels when they smile." "And if my old eyes are not going, wife," said Ben Hafiz, "I saw, over the head of the babe, while seated on your knee, a countenance of one of the shining ones, that looked upon her with a love and fondness that I can never forget. A blessed spirit watches over the child, and over us; for the breeze before sun-rise, coming from a garden of roses, never gave to my heart such a feeling of quiet joy, as the heavenly things I have seen this night."

Some time after this event, as Ben Hafiz was seated at the door of his cottage, watching his flock, that were eating their evening meal in the valley that lay before him, and the little infant, whom he had named Narina, was crawling on the grass around him, pulling the flowers, and laying them at his feet, and then looking up in his face with a playful smile, a desire came upon him that he would again prove the power of the wondrous ring; so, turning into the cottage, he brought it out, and placed it upon the forefinger of the child, when it instantly closed to the proper size, and her face and eyes became bright as before, while she laughed and struggled with outstretched arms. Upon removing the ring, it as suddenly increased to its original dimension. The marvel of this circumstance prompted Ben Hafiz to try whether it would fit one of his own fingers. It glided on to the forefinger of his right hand as though it had been made of the softest silk; and at the same moment he heard a soft and sweet voice in the air bidding him look up without fear. He raised his eyes and beheld, over the mountain ridge that enclosed his little valley, a bright spot in the heavens which quickly gathered up the rays of the setting







sun, and stretched forth into the blue sky, and increased and increased till he felt that he himself and the child were in the midst of the glory. In the deep and purple centre of the brightness he saw the winged form of an angel, and no sooner had he discovered it than his heart leaped at hearing again, close to his side, the same mild and sweet voice calling him by name. He turned his head, and there stood before him a female of a stately form, and beauty not to be described. Her eyes had a pensive look, which told that sorrow and anxiety had once been her portion. Her dress was white as the newly-opened lily, and it trembled like a vapour in the heat of noon-tide. The old shepherd prostrated himself to the earth before the vision.

“ Ben Hafiz (said the being of that golden eternity) thou hast done well in protecting the babe that was cast upon the waters: continue the good work, and follow strictly the instructions I am about to give thee. The ring thou must preserve constantly hung round the neck of Narina, or thine own; and whenever thou requirest instruction or guidance from heaven, thou hast need only, as upon the present occasion, to put it upon the forefinger of thy right hand, and immediately thy wants shall be supplied. The dagger must always be kept in thy bosom next to thy heart; and the silver-feathered shoes thou must desire thy wife Sherzaran to place every day at the foot of the little Narina’s bed, and never remove them from that spot. But above all things I charge thee (and here the voice of the spirit faltered with solemnity and earnestness), if a strange man with light golden hair, and straw-coloured beard, ever chance to seek the child in this place, allow him no communion with her,

and should he claim her as his own, resist his will to the uttermost, as if she were the last begotten of thy old age, the cherished one of thy bosom. Thou hast but to summon me with the ring, and I will be present with the performance of the act: that ring alone links me with the earth; preserve it, therefore, and I can ever attend to guard thee and the babe; lose it, and all power is for ever taken from me to hold converse with mortality. A dreadful gulph will then be drawn between me and all on earth, whom in the spirit I love as when my dwelling was among them in the flesh. Farewell—be constant to your trust, and you will be happy."

"O sacred companion of my father's spirit," said Ben Hafiz, "grant to thy servant the knowledge of thy former state." At this moment the shade of evening fell upon them, as of a cloud passing over a field: the glory dispersed; and looking up he saw nothing but a bright spot above the mountain head, and in the centre of it the same silver dove he had before beheld, speeding her way. Ben Hafiz on his knee, and the child holding fast his hand, remained fixedly gazing till the golden light had melted into the dark blue.

CHAPTER II.

NEARLY four years of the life of the little Princess Narina had passed away since we last left her with her old guardian, following with their eyes the flitting form of her preserving angel. During all this while the store of Ben Hafiz had improved and multiplied wonderfully; the valley in which

he lived was watered abundantly with the dews of heaven; the grass was greenest in all the country round; his sheep were always healthy—he never lost one either by straying or rapine—the jackal and the vulture came not near his fold—a heavenly Shepherd watched over and preserved the flock. Their wool was so fine, that it was purchased for the king of that country and the lords of his court. Ben Hafiz, with his wife Sherzaran, and their little child of the sea, were the happiest creatures in the world; his daily labour was a pastime; her duties in the cottage were never so quickly and pleasantly performed as since the time she had fostered the outcast and stranger child; while the days of Narina were spent either with the good dame at her spinning-wheel, or in her own little garden of roses, which bloomed as no roses ever bloomed before; or with the nightingales, whose songs she loved to hearken to, and whose wings she longed to have, that she might fly away with the blessed silver dove which daily made a circuit of their valley, and ended with three times fluttering round the cottage, and then darting off with the quickness of thought. She also passed a large portion of her time with gentle old Ben Hafiz, from whose simple wisdom she learned, that kindness to everything that breathes returned to the giver the truest and greatest happiness.

One evening, towards sunset, while he was mending the wattles that were to fold his flock for the night, and was humming a little hymn of thanks to the sinking sun for the blessings he had enjoyed through the day, he was startled at hearing the voice of one close to his side, and, upon turning round, he saw an old pedlar, who entreated him to purchase some of his wares. Ben Hafiz, at first, wondered how he

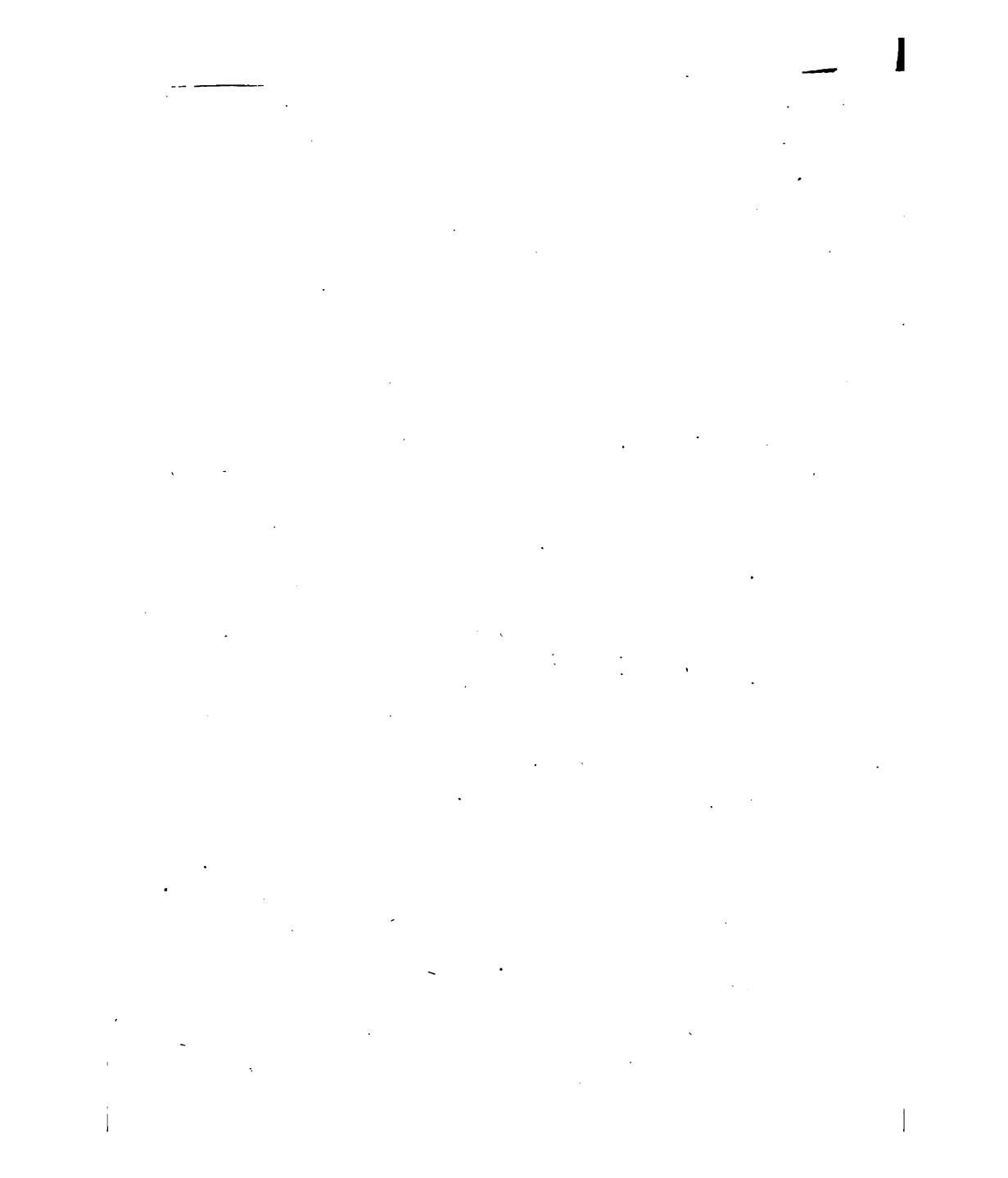
could have come upon him so suddenly without his having noticed his approach; continuing his occupation, however, and taking but slight notice of the stranger's appearance, he told him that he himself wanted none of his articles, but that, perhaps the dame in the cottage hard by might take a fancy to some of them. The pedlar turned upon his heel towards the hut, and the good old shepherd pursued his even-song.

"A fair evening to you, dame," said the traveller, "and many of them," as he cautiously thrust his head and shoulders into the room: "do you please to want any good wholesome medicines and drugs, or good oil of roses, or knitting-needles, or any choice necklaces? I have a large assortment. And if you have any fleece to dispose of I will exchange with you. I know your wool fetches a good price at market, and you will find my wares as fine of their kind. If once you deal with me, I am sure I shall have you for a regular customer. I have been many years a travelling merchant about this part of the country, and all the great folks buy of me."

"What you tell me may be very true," said the worthy old Sherzaran, "but I never deal with strangers for my fleeces; I can always sell them at a good market, and I am not fond of changing about. You *may* be no stranger in this country, but—" and then she looked him steadily in the face—"you are quite a stranger to *me*. No, good man, I do not want any of your wares."

At this moment the little Narina came trotting in, and the old dame observed that the pedlar's face changed to a frightful wolf-like expression as he caught sight of her. Then, in a moment, smoothing his brow with an innocent









smile, he inquired whose child she was; "For," said he, "she cannot be your grand-daughter, as I know you never had any children, and you have long since been too old to become a mother."

"Too old or too young," said the kind old Scherzaran, "she is mine, and so you may go about your business; I want nothing of you, and you shall have nothing from me."

"That," said he, "remains to be seen; I have come all the way from the furthest territory of the kingdom of Arabia, at the command of my sovereign, to discover, by my magic art, where his only child has been secreted, who was stolen from his palace one night by her false hag of a mother, and committed to the mercy of the waves in a cedar chest. It is of little use your attempting to deceive me; you know that your husband found her at sea. I am sent to bring her back, and my gracious lord and master has commanded me to reward with a chain of inestimable price the person who should have protected her." At these words, thinking to dazzle the eyes of the simple cottager, he drew from his bosom a superb gold chain, studded with the most rare and precious jewels, whose lustre seemed to turn back the declining light of the sun to broad noon. But good old Sherzaran was not to be put from her purpose; her great love for the little Narina, and the strong desire she had to fulfil her duty to the child, made her faithful to the sacred charge she had undertaken. "Your gold and your diamonds," said she, "are no proof that what you tell me is true; the child may be, and I doubt not is, the offspring of some great king or noble; but if he desire to have her restored to him, he must send some one very different in appearance from you to

fetch her." A thought then suddenly came into her head, for seeing that, during this conversation, the old pedlar had entered the cottage door, and as he stood in the room that there was no passage out but by him, she in a low voice told Narina to go to her little bed-room, and put on her silver-feathered shoes. The moment the villain heard these words he made a spring at the child; but Sherzaran, watching him all the while with the tender jealousy of an ewe over her lamb when an enemy is near, struggled between them. In an instant the little foundling was at her bed-side, and as soon the silver-feathered shoes were on her feet. The old dame called for help to her husband without, who, hearing the noise, looked up, and saw his infant charge spring from the window like a terrified bird, and, softly alighting on her feet, speed away towards the mountains, over their valley, with the skimming motion of a swallow when a rain-cloud is singing in the wind. Ben Hafiz immediately ran to the cottage, and bursting open the door, beheld his trusty partner on the ground, across the passage leading to the little Narina's room, and the old pedlar, whose form had now changed to that of a bird, huge and hairy, on the legs of a beast, striding over her, to follow the object of his pursuit. At the entrance of the shepherd he turned round, and was preparing to seize him in his talons, when the precious ring that hung round the neck of Ben Hafiz caught his eye. The charm of this jewel held him fixed so long as he remained looking upon it (for he could not approach him), but all the while, like a chained fury, he vented the most bitter curses upon the shepherd and his wife. This circumstance first brought Ben Hafiz to remember his ring, and the injunction

he had received from the guardian angel; but before he could pass it on to his finger, the horrid shape rushed through the door of the cottage, with the scream of a flock of vultures that are scared from their meal, leaving the faithful couple swooning on the ground at the horrid vision.

Upon returning to their senses, Narina was the first object of their thoughts, and inquiries of each other. Where to seek for her they could not tell, for the last glimpse that the shepherd had of her was, when she was darting through a pass in the mountains with the swiftness of an arrow. He however arose, and went forth, directing his steps towards the quarter whence he had caught the last appearance of her little form. He took care, at the same time, upon leaving his cottage, to look behind and around him, lest the dreadful object of their late trouble should be watching his motions. He had scarcely reached the boundary of his valley, when, in the deep gloom of that eastern evening, he perceived a light, as of a summer meteor, flit past him, and before he could turn to follow its course, it had increased to a splendid, yet mild radiance, in the midst of which he beheld the well-known form of his angel-visiter, while at the same moment his hand was clasped by the sweet little object of his search. "Go on, Ben Hafiz," said the gentle dweller of eternity; "be faithful to your trust, and you will be happy. No one was ever miserable in your world (the world I have left) who loved the truth, and performed what he felt to be his duty. In that world I had my sorrows, and they were of the deepest die; yet was I never wholly stricken down; I wept at the weakness and injustice of others, but never experienced that greatest of all afflictions—the reproaches

of an upbraiding heart. Hold on the same course you have hitherto done, and you will hereafter dwell in the mansions of tranquil felicity, and partake of the same blessed thoughts that have happily fallen to my lot. One more charge I leave with you, and that is, never to allow the finger of a stranger to be laid upon your little foundling. She is safe so long as the enemy who seeks her life cannot touch her. Farewell—be faithful—be happy."

With these words, the form melted into the night breeze, and the worthy Ben Hafiz returned home with his foster-child, who trotted by his side, one hand holding his, and the other her silver-feathered shoes. Their talk all the way was of the ugly old pedlar, and of the pretty shoes which saved her from his wicked intention to take her away. She never spoke of the blessed vision. No conversation on the part of her old foster-parents, whom she loved tenderly, could ever draw from her an observation concerning that heavenly guardian. She would at times sit for hours, her eyes glistening with delight, and features kindled into inexpressible loveliness and serenity, to all appearance listening to some sweet speech; and then she would suddenly turn to her amusements in her flower-garden, or to attend to the affectionate Sherzaran in the simple duties of the cottage. These hours of silent communion most frequently occurred before she went to rest for the night.

CHAPTER III.

TIME had rolled on since the last adventure of the little Narina with the ugly old pedlar-magician, and she had now attained the age of seven years. Pen cannot describe, and tongue cannot tell, the rare beauty of her face, or the delicacy and lightness of her form. In pretty timidity, restless playful action, and gentle demeanour, she resembled the antelope of the desert; while the mild and purely innocent expression of that almost perfect creature's eyes still continued the resemblance between them. Those of Narina were of that rich and deep azure which can be likened only to the heavenly sky of a southern climate. They were a deep, deep blue, and, when minutely examined, they impressed the beholder with a sensation amounting to awe; for the sweet wisdom of infinite goodness and benevolence had kindled them with that divine ray which distinguishes His immortal image from the limited and perishable beast of the field. She was a thoughtful and serious child in the midst of all her sweet playfulness and winning little pranks. She would retire, as it were, within the sanctuary of her mind, and fold up every outward appearance of consciousness, like a flower at night-fall, and commune with her own fancies. Who has not observed and felt the deep beauty of an infant, when serious and thoughtful?

Narina loved her guardians with more than common affection, and she was dutiful in proportion to her love; for affection, with obedience to the wishes of those we love, always go hand

in hand. But Narina never felt that she was the child of Ben Hafiz and Sherzaran. Her frequent communings with that heavenly visiter, and the strange yearnings of unerring nature, had taught her at this early age, that she had other alliances than with those kind old protectors;—much as she was bound to, and would fondle them. This constantly returning sensation imparted a dignity to her demeanour: she looked like a little lady, and not a humble peasant.

One evening, as they were seated round their fire, preparing their last meal of the day, while a storm of thunder and lightning, mingled with a furious wind and rain, was raging without, they heard, amid the stillness in the pauses of the blast, a low rap at the door, and a female voice imploring help and shelter from the hurricane. The old dame, with the consent of her husband, rises to give assistance to the wayfarer; when, upon opening the door, a tattered beggar, drenched with rain, steps over the threshold, and begins earnestly to demand some food and an asylum till the storm shall have ceased; also a direction to the nearest town. Her sudden manner of entering the cottage did not escape the observation of Ben Hafiz: he, however, desired his wife to give her some of their own supper, and to assist in drying her clothes at the fire; while he drew his seat close to the little Narina, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the stranger.

The storm continued to rage, and the guest having finished her meal and dried her garments, related to her entertainers the history of her travels, and concluded by informing them that she was then upon her way to the court of the King of Persia, where she had a message of great importance to deliver from the king of her own country, which nearly

concerned the welfare of the Persian monarch, and which her master was unwilling to entrust to his ambassador for fear of betrayal; that she was her sovereign's chief confidant, and had assumed this disguise that she might pass to the place of her destination unnoticed and unmolested. She concluded by thanking them for their hospitality, which she said should be richly rewarded upon her return from the palace; when a very different garb from that in which they then beheld her would be her portion; and moreover that a numerous retinue of attendants would be at her command. Before she departed, however, she requested leave to present to the little Narina the only gift she had at that time in her possession. It was a whistle of very ordinary appearance, but its qualities were described as greatly surpassing its humble pretensions. By the use of this instrument, the possessor would be able to charm the fiercest beast, or the most deadly human foe; and if at any time she wished to know the true thoughts of any person who might address a speech to her, one simple note on this ill-favoured little pipe, would explain to her the secret intention of the speaker. By means of it, also, she could hold conversation with any friend, though separated from her in the most distant part of the world.

All this while Ben Hafiz had never withdrawn his eyes from the stranger, and consequently had observed that, from the moment she had taken her seat, her glances were from time to time directed towards Narina with a strange expression of fierceness and malignity, although all the time the other features of her face assumed a smiling and alluring form. When, therefore, at the close of her description of the virtues of this whistle, she reached forward to give it to his little darling,

he put forth his hand to receive it of her. The stranger, however, withdrew the present, saying that it must be placed in the hand of the person for whom the gift was intended. "Then," answered Ben Hafiz, "it shall be equally useful to her, for as we are never separated, I can give her all the knowledge she may wish, respecting those who are removed from us, as well as the secret thoughts of her foes: and if ever we should be surprised by any wild beast coming into our valley, I can equally well protect her as she can herself." Still the beggar woman sought to urge the gift upon the little Narina, and her kind protector as steadily and firmly resisted her endeavours. "Nay, then," said the stranger, "my purpose must be fulfilled;" and with these words she darted forward to seize the child, but the worthy Ben Hafiz was prepared for her, and at that same instant he had slipped the ring on to the finger of his foundling. With this action, the whole scene in their cottage underwent a total change. The apartment was instantly filled with a blaze of light, and between the child and the stranger stood the form of the silver dove glittering in the golden flood, while that again was instantly transformed to the same heavenly attendant who had constantly answered their summons. The countenance and habit too of the beggar woman vanished, and instead of them appeared the figure of a man with fierce grey eyes, and yellow hair and beard. The spirit, with a face of deep anguish and resentment, uttered some words in a melancholy tone not understood by the shepherd and his wife. And all the while the countenance of the stranger (who against his will was compelled to look at the vision) was alternately filled with rage, disappointment, and shame. When the strange words

were ended, the light increased to a more intense degree, accompanied with a roaring as of a great conflagration, and in the midst, a loud yet mild voice was heard, which dismissed the enemy of the little Narina; for although neither door nor window of the cottage had opened, the three inhabitants found themselves alone with their heavenly guardian, who, turning upon them a countenance glowing with love, gentleness, and approbation, again comforted the shepherd with these kind words:—

“I now find, good Ben Hafiz, that you are to be trusted with the preservation of the little Narina. You have followed my instructions, and it is well that you did so. The stranger whom you received and kindly entertained this night, has been the bitterest enemy of my life, and is now, if not the only one, the cruellest persecutor of your lovely charge. Keep your faith with me, and hereafter you shall know more of our history. Happy was it for her and for me, that you so steadily followed my commands. Had you allowed that stranger to present the whistle to the child, he would have *touched* her; and from that moment she would have been in his power; and then my spirit shrinks to think what her fate would have been. You would have lost the comfort of your old age, your worldly prosperity would have departed from you; and what is worse than all, you would have forfeited your honour, and lost your own self-respect; and then, good Ben Hafiz, you could not have been happy. You have been too long in communion with the good Being that gave you life, and from whom you have received every gracious and holy thought, not to know that they are the happiest people who are the most virtuous and kind. Had your little charge re-

ceived the stranger's present without being touched by him, the gift would still have proved fatal to her; for, at the moment of using it, she would have been transformed to some loathsome reptile, and been doomed to inhabit that shape one hundred years; and so to creep about the earth doing nothing but whistling. The same misfortune would not have happened to you, because the malignity of the enemy is not directed against you; on the contrary, had it once come into your possession, you would in an instant have discovered the character of the giver of it. The full extent of its power can injure those only who are the objects of its maker's bitterest hatred. Well, therefore, have you acted, Ben Hafiz, in following my injunctions so strictly, and great shall be your reward if you remain faithful to the end. Farewell!—again I say, be faithful—be happy."

With these words, the glory of the vision suddenly diminished; the heavenly form had departed, and the room was lighted only by the sinking embers of the wood-fire, and the small flame of the table-lamp, which, from the contrast, scarcely relieved their eyes from a feeling of total darkness. The little Narina covered her face for some time with both hands, and then gravely and silently returned to her supper: and when the meal was finished, Ben Hafiz closed the labours of the day with a hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

CHAPTER IV.

Two more years in the life of Narina had passed since the last adventure, during which time she had increased—if that were possible—in beauty of face and person, as well as in gracefulness of action. The powers of her mind, too, had considerably augmented: with the slender assistance that the old shepherd and his wife could render her, she quickly attained the means of reading their language, and with this advantage at her command, a week rarely passed without her persuading her kind protectors, one or the other, to accompany her to the neighbouring town, that she might select some new book of poetry, or history of a great and good king and queen; and these she would read over and over again, learning by heart favourite passages of the poetry.

By the assistance also of such instruction, added to her own pretty taste and search, she had become perfectly acquainted with the forms, names, and different virtues of the flowers and herbs which in profusion adorned the valley where she dwelt. Her sweet and harmless manners had charmed the wild natures of the most unsocial birds; and the timid quadrupeds that haunted the most inaccessible precipices encircling the valley, had become accustomed to her approach, and only flew away in sport, to lure her on to the race. The previous adventure of the pedlar had taught her the virtue of her silver-feathered shoes, and she would now turn them to constant use: by their means she would cross the plain with the fleetness of a ring-dove, and lead on, or pursue

the antelope to the giddiest heights; then would she glance down the crags, leaving her playmates breathless behind. It was the prettiest sight to behold her with one arm round the neck of a gazelle, keeping pace with it at its greatest speed, all the while her feet scarcely appearing to move.

The liberty, however, which these wondrous shoes had afforded her, gave great uneasiness to the old shepherd and his wife, and no persuasions could induce them to allow her this wide and free range so far from her nest in the cottage, till she had seriously promised never to pass to the other side of the mountains surrounding the valley, or to allow any human being under any pretence whatever to approach her. She was therefore constantly before their eyes, and had any danger approached, Ben Hafiz could apply to his ring, while she, with her shoes, could have outstripped the wind.

An event shortly happened which proved the wisdom of their caution and watchful care over their precious charge. One morning, as the shepherd was seated in the porch of his cottage, fastening on the head of his crook, while his flock were scattered on the plain before him, "cropping their hasty meal," and at his side the busy Sherzaran dressing a fleece for the market, the silver dove suddenly flew past them, uttering a plaintive cry of alarm, and was seen hurrying away towards the brow of one of the distant mountains. Ben Hafiz instantly guessed that all was not right, and upon going forth to the front of his cottage, he perceived the little Narina afar off on the steep declivity of a mountain. One moment she was seen springing from crag to crag, and then for a moment was lost to sight; a third brought her to the plain, and at the same time placed her by the side of her fond old pro-

tectors. They quickly discovered the cause of her hasty and alarmed return, and had reason to congratulate themselves that the blessed dove and her magic shoes had restored her to her asylum; for, in a few minutes, they perceived, coming over the brow of a hill, several horsemen, who were galloping backwards and forwards, and scouring hither and thither, as if in search of something, or to discover the readiest path down to the plain. After a short lapse of time others arose in greater number, and waited for a signal from those who had preceded them to move forward. And now there was another pause, when a still more numerous band came up; and as they spread over the brow of the hill after issuing through the narrow pass, it was discovered that the whole company was the advance-guard of an army; for, in descending towards the plain, the rays of the morning sun played upon their armour and spears; and as the whole mass moved in different directions, one while it appeared dark, and then suddenly gleamed forth like flashes of lightning. And now a far-off blast of trumpets was heard, which was answered by another so remote as scarcely to reach the ear. This last troop having descended half way down the mountain, the wondering cottagers beheld a fourth and still more numerous company rise into view; and, as they approached the plain, the sound of a thousand musical instruments filled the air, with the clashing of cymbals and the chiming of bells. The multitude had by this time all descended, and the peaceful little valley was disturbed with the mingled sounds of trumpets, and neighing of horses, and the rushing hither and thither of soldiers in rich caparisons.

While nothing less than the thought of an approaching

war had occupied the thoughts of the cottagers, a horseman, more splendidly dressed, and mounted upon a roan charger, attended by a select band, all accoutered in golden tissue, studded with precious jewels, issued forth from the main body of the army, and rode up to the cottage porch where Ben Hafiz and his wife were standing, the little Narina being within the doorway, gravely contemplating the wonderful change that had taken place in her beloved valley.

"Ben Hafiz," said the chief, "I am the king of all the territory which extends from that part of the earth where the blessed sun first darts his fiery beams, to the borders of the great sea, in which he allays the scorching heat of the wheels of his golden chariot. From that distant clime I have come to visit the monarch of your own country, as well as to claim my long-lost child, who was charmed away from me by a false and malignant sorceress, that I had the ill-fortune to call my queen. I have with great pains discovered that my child is not only an inhabitant of this valley, but that you have been her faithful protector from the hour that she was charmed away from her father's arms. It is, therefore, my determination, not only to carry her back to my own court, but also to make you the richest man in my kingdom, as a reward for the care and fidelity with which you have guarded my daughter."

"Great prince," answered the good Ben Hafiz, "it is most true that I have been a father to a most beauteous child, whom, when an infant, I rescued from yonder sea; and to the best of my humble wit, I have protected and educated her. She is dear to me as the precious gift of sight; and no less calamity, now in my old age, than the destruction of these eyes, would be the bereavement of my dearly beloved little

Narina. And so tenderly do I hold her welfare, that, with all humility to the high mightiness in whose presence I now stand, a humble shepherd, I would yet firmly declare, that I cannot forego the protection of this beloved child, without stronger proof of her parentage than that which has now been offered to me. Far be it from me to put my poor self in array against so great a monarch, and attended by so magnificent a train; but the word of a poor shepherd is his richest store, and I have made an oath in heaven to preserve——”

“ Wretch ! ” said the prince, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke ; “ is it for one, base-born like thee, to presume to doubt the speech of a king who could command thee, and ten thousand of thy fellows, to be hewn in pieces, and their morsels to be scattered to the vultures ? ”

“ My body may be destroyed,” rejoined the steady Ben Hafiz, “ and my precious treasure may be carried away (mayhap for evil), but my truth and fidelity to her, no prince, were he lord of the whole earth, can even bend, still less break asunder.”

The fury of the king now passed beyond all bounds, so that in the violence of his transport the calm old shepherd recognised the cruel face and grey eyes of the pedlar. At this moment he ordered his attendants to follow him into the cottage ; and, springing from his horse, he seized the shepherd by the throat ; but the old man’s virtue was again rewarded ; for the jewelled dagger, which had always lain in his bosom, ready, in case he had need of its service, darted forth of its own accord and plunged to the hilt in the breast of the false king, who, with a loud curse and a deep groan, fell stone dead

at the feet of the faithful Ben Hafiz. In horror and amazement he beheld the event, but before he could collect his senses he saw the whole scene, horses and horsemen, vanish in a cloud of smoke, while the only remnant of the vision was a large shaggy beast, that scoured with a frightful noise across the plain. He looked again, and the valley had assumed its former peacefulness, with its silent sheep scattered over it, feeding as before.

The next act of Ben Hafiz was to search for the dagger, which he found safely restored to its former warm asylum, next his heart. He now applied to the ring; and no sooner had it encircled his finger, than his heavenly guardian stood before him in a different guise from any in which she had hitherto appeared. Her dress consisted of a silken robe of heavenly blue, sparkling with an amazing profusion of gems and other precious stones; her neck, bosom, and arms, too, were adorned with jewels of inestimable value; and on her head was a crown of gold that darted forth rays of many-coloured lights, which dazzled the eyes of the beholder.

"I am come before you, dear and faithful Ben Hafiz," said the mild voice of the heavenly one, "in my own character, that I formerly held when a dweller on earth." The gentle spirit now looked towards the little Narina, who had stepped forth from the cottage, and a yearning expression came across her face, which, had she been a mortal mother, might have been followed by tears.

"I was a queen," she continued, "but am now a happy angel. I was a queen, the daughter of a queen, and, through your fidelity, I shall be the mother of a queen. The man whom you have just slain was my lord's brother, and my most bitter foe. By his wicked machinations he turned from

me the heart of the most generous and tender husband that ever blessed the days of mortal woman. This bitter change in the affections of one so loving, and who had been so beloved in return, preyed upon a slender frame, and brought me to the grave. A short time before I left him for ever, I gave birth to yonder child; and, being warned by my godmother, who was a good fairy, of the evil intended her by her wicked uncle, an evil and powerful magician, and who sought to inherit the kingdom after the death of his brother, I caused her to be conveyed away from the palace, and committed in that black cedar chest to the mercy of the waves. My spirit had left its earthly dwelling before my little offspring had been many hours upon the waters. I need not bring to your recollection the vision of the silver dove hovering over the little ark, when you discovered it; and which contained all that bound me most strongly to earth.

“ Thus, accompanied only by the silver-feathered shoes, the ring, and the dagger (gifts of my godmother), and the tender blessings of a heart-broken mother, did my infant, my babe, my young firstborn, leave her royal home on her perilous voyage of life. The Good Spirit, whom now I adore in company with blessed angels, guided my precious burden to your sheltering care, my good and faithful Ben Hafiz, and worthy instrument are you of his great goodness.

“ And now, only one thing more have I to communicate. Should you hereafter be questioned by a tall and dark man, of melancholy but handsome aspect, concerning my child, observe him narrowly while you repeat to him my tale. Should he preserve a stern, unmoved countenance, then keep my child for ever, and let her not depart from your protecting

care; but if he betray emotion and sorrow for my fate,—” here the spirit’s voice trembled with a mortal tenderness and faltering,—“then surrender my child to his bosom, for he is her father.”

With these words the form melted into air, and the shepherd, drawing a deep breath, turned towards his little charge, who was kneeling in the entrance of the porch: her hands were firmly clasped: her countenance was deadly pale, but a serene and happy smile played on her lips, as her eyes, beaming with affectionate devotion, were bent forward towards the spot lately occupied by her angel-mother.

CHAPTER V.

UPON her return one day from the market in the neighbouring town, Dame Sherzaran brought intelligence that some famous king from the other side of the sea was coming in great pomp to the Persian court. “And if he be a young king, and a handsome one,” she added, “who knows but he may make our dear Narina his queen; for you know the good spirit told us she was the daughter of a queen, and would be a queen herself.” “You women,” said the old shepherd, “always have your heads running upon love and matrimony. So, forsooth, because you have found out that our little darling is a princess, and that a stranger king is coming among us to pay his court to our king, nothing less must come to pass but he must make a queen of her.” “Many greater wonders than that have happened,” said she; “but, queen or no queen, we will all go and see the show when he arrives.”

Some days after the above announcement on the part of Sherzaran, as the little Narina was at her favourite play with her pretty four-footed companions, on the summit of a mountain that looked immediately over the sea, she suddenly ceased from her sport, and came tripping down towards the cottage to inform her friends that, a long way off in the sea, a number of beautiful ships were sailing along, and that they appeared to be coming to the part of the coast nearest to their habitation. Ben Hafiz set forth as fast as his old legs would carry him, to a pathway in the cliffs, that led straightway down to the beach; from whence he could catch a sight of the sea, and from which spot he first saw the chest that served the little Narina for her early cradle, and in which she was rocked by the waves.

A gay scene was here presented to his view; for the time he had occupied in arriving at this place had brought the fleet much nearer to the land. It consisted of many vessels, some of them covered with burnished gold, mingled with the brightest colours, that mixed with the sun's rays, and cast beautiful reflections upon the blue and green waves. The masts were silver, and the sails were variously ordered; some of bright purple and gold, some orange, and some rose-coloured and silver. One alone was different from all the rest; it was a dark and melancholy ship; the sails, too, were of the same dismal hue; and the flag was black, bearing upon it a white heart with one half cut away.

The shepherd and his little darling were all the while the only spectators of this strange sight. After a short time, however, when the fleet had all drawn nearly close to the shore, they observed a few people running from the opposite side

of the valley, to the spot where they were standing ; these also had seen the fleet out at sea, and were come from the neighbourhood of the city to witness the landing of the crews. In a short time after, a large crowd was flocking to the same spot. Meanwhile the crews of the different vessels were busily engaged in landing and bringing to shore various articles of value, with rare animals of great beauty and stateliness ; horses also, richly caparisoned and of elegant figure. When the whole were landed, and drawn up in order of procession, one majestic figure, followed by his horse, came from the black ship and, having mounted, the order was given for the whole company to move towards the city.

The little Narina and her protector were lodged in a narrow recess of the cliff enclosing the passage, and above the road through which the procession was to pass, and were curiously contemplating the variety and splendour of the array. First came a troop of soldiers, clad in scarlet and gold, upon milk-white horses ; the foremost twelve of whom bore silver trumpets which, from time to time, they blew. Then came six horses of the most perfect shapes, and of different colours, each horse being led by a page in green and gold. These were followed by six yeomen dressed in gold tissue, each bearing a steel bow of extraordinary length and exceeding brightness. After these, six others succeeded, clad in blue and silver tissue, holding silver shields, richly embossed with gold. The same number of foot pages followed, in orange robes lined with purple, who bore spears of jet black ebony shafts, inlaid with gold figures. Then walked alone, and at a short distance, a single attendant in a tunic of white and silver, bearing a vase formed out of the largest ruby in the world, and mounted

upon a golden pedestal. Four came after the last, dressed in crimson and gold, each holding on his fist a milk-white eagle. Then followed four golden peacocks, each one led in a silver chain, by a little boy dressed in satin of sky blue. All these fair things were intended for presents to the King of Persia. Then came a company of twenty-five Ethiopians, tall men, and of the most swarthy skin; these were clad in white silk dresses, descending no lower than the knee, and fastened above their hips by golden girdles, inlaid with rubies and emeralds. These last were succeeded by a troop of archers in light armour. Then came the king, riding alone at a considerable distance; and the whole procession was completed by a company of spearmen, in red and gold, on grey horses.

The king was habited in a suit of coal-black armour, and his horse was of the same doleful complexion. As he rode at a sober pace, with the beaver of his helmet up, he displayed to view a pale and handsome countenance, sadly thoughtful, yet mild, and adorned with a short and curly black beard. He appeared to take little notice of the admiring multitude, but as he passed the spot in the cliff where the little Narina and her friend were standing, level with his own figure as he sat upon his lofty steed, his eyes suddenly rested upon the face of the child, and he involuntarily drew up the horse's rein, while a blush started to his cheek. He paused a moment, attentively considering the object of his notice, then passed on, at the same time beckoning to him an officer from the front rank behind him, whom he charged to inform himself of "the name and residence of the old man and child standing in yonder niche of the rock."

Shortly after the whole cavalcade had passed, and when

the foremost of the company had reached a road in the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, a distant sound of trumpets was heard, and over the summit of the hill was seen a troop of soldiers approaching, accompanied by a multitude of spectators. Others again succeeded, throng after throng, when the peaceful little valley again became filled with armed men, neighing steeds, and splendid colours. The King of Persia came, attended by the whole of his court and army, with long trains of camels, some white and others jet black. The king himself rode upon a beautiful white Arab horse, gorgeously caparisoned in red morocco harness, with gold studs and precious jewels. His own robe and turban blazed with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. Above his head was supported, by four horsemen, a spacious silk canopy, rose-coloured.

As the two companies came together, the Persian monarch left his cavalcade, and, drawing near, saluted his royal visiter, who, with much dignity and grace, received his princely welcome. The Persian guards then followed in the rear of the procession, and their king rode by the side of his mourning guest, both under the same canopy. In the space of two or three hours the great multitude had passed over the mountains and reached the city, and the little valley was once more left in silence to Ben Hafiz, his wife, and their thoughtful and wondering child.

The remainder of the day was spent in conjectures respecting the cause of the black king's visit; also, that of his sending to inquire the names and dwelling of Ben Hafiz and Narina. Sherzaran, of course, thought of nothing less than that her "rose-bud," as she called her, was to become a great queen, and she and her husband to be grandees.

"Heaven help your poor head!" said the worthy old Ben; "what pretty grandees an old shepherd and a fleece-dresser would make! What I want to know is, who this king can be, and why he should send to ask about us. I am not sure that he is any better than the wicked magician who has heretofore so troubled us." And then, recollecting the ring, he applied it to his finger for the purpose of gaining the desired information; but their angel protectress did not answer the summons, which greatly perplexed the old couple. They then concluded that it would, perhaps, prove serviceable to them only in cases where immediate danger threatened their little charge. In silence and anxiety, therefore, they implored a blessing on their endeavours for her welfare, and, hoping all for the best, lay down for the night in sleep and innocence.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following morning, shortly after sunrise, a man, richly dressed, and on horseback, rode up to the cottage, and inquired for Ben Hafiz. The good housewife informed him that her husband had left home to attend his flock; at the same time, she requested him to inform her what was the business of so fine a gentleman with a poor shepherd. "Good dame," said the messenger, "your husband will know my business when he hears my errand; suffice to say, I am come from the king who arrived yesterday, and must see Ben Hafiz: to whom, and no one else, am I ordered to deliver my master's commands."

"Ah, ah!" said the kind old soul; "I know your business as well as if you had told it to me; and you need not have huffed me off so, for I *can* keep a secret." Then, rubbing her hands, and laughing, "We shall be grand folks in our old days—I know we shall, for I have dreamt so three times." So saying, she trotted round to the end of the cottage, and pointed out to the horseman her husband in the distance; who, with Narina and his dog at his side, was seated upon the bank of a little brook under a palm tree. Away rode the messenger, and Sherzaran returned to her household work, and the nursing of her thoughts of their future greatness.

"Ben Hafiz," said the courier, after leaping the brook, and coming close to him, "you are commanded by the great king who arrived here yesterday, my master, to go to the court of the King of Persia, and to take with you the child that was standing at your side when his majesty passed under the cliffs upon leaving the sea-shore." "Who is this great king?" replied Ben Hafiz; "and what can he want with a poor shepherd and his child?" "All this you will hear when you come into my lord's presence." "But how are my poor legs to carry me to such a distance, when it would take some hours to ride there?" "That labour will be spared you; for, in about an hour from this time, a chariot from the king, your master, will come to your cottage to convey you both before my lord. You must, therefore, return home and prepare for your journey." So saying, the messenger turned his horse's head, and rode back the way he came.

Ben Hafiz and his little companion now bent their steps towards the cottage, hand in hand, for the purpose of being properly equipped, and in attendance when the royal chariot

should come to carry them before the stranger-king. The old shepherd had never been without the ring and the dagger; and, as he had more than once found the benefit of attending to the instructions he had received from the heavenly visiter, he still determined that they should accompany him. He also resolved that Narina, in case of danger, should go in her silver-feathered shoes. "I will go in them, dear Ben Hafiz," said she, "to please you, but I shall not want them." The confident tone of this speech, so different from any he had ever before heard from his darling, surprised the old man, and set him thinking.

The grand carriage now came for them, and the kind old Sherzaran hustled about the doorway, now and then humming a low tune; and then trotting in-doors to hasten the travellers; at one time clapping her hands, when she thought of what she hoped would come to pass; and at another, twitching some part of her dress to make it sit with propriety, as she appeared before the king's coachman and the royal attendants; and, lastly, as they drove from the door, following them with her blessings.

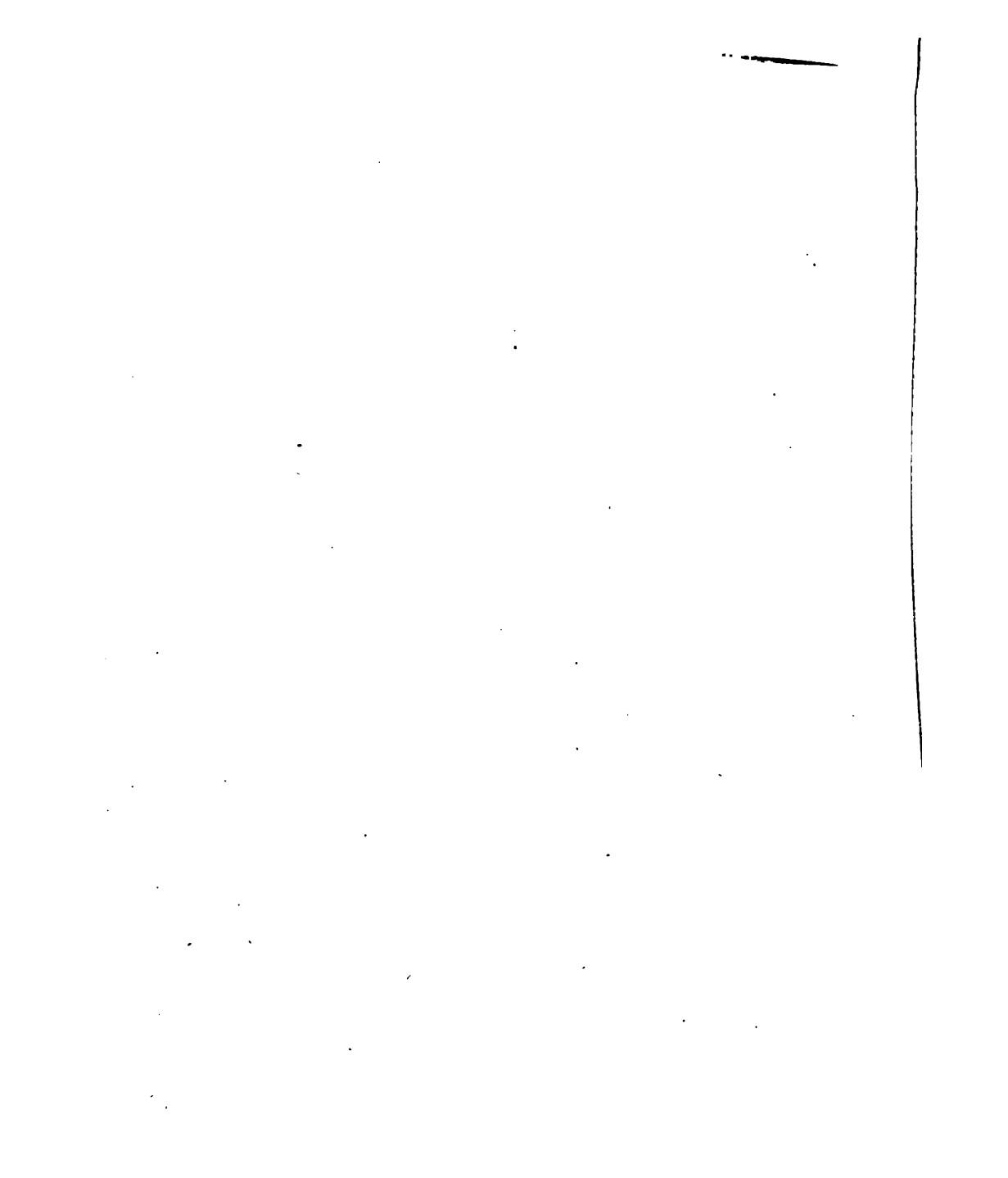
In due time the couple arrived at the gates of the palace, where a page was prepared to receive them, who led them through a number of galleries and apartments till they arrived at a particular one, when he took his leave, requesting them to remain till his lord should come. He had scarcely closed the door, when another on the opposite side of the room was opened, and the same tall, handsome, and sorrowful figure appeared before them whom they had observed, and who had so particularly noticed them, the day before. Immediately upon his entrance he fixed his eyes upon the child, and sud-

denly walked towards the window, where he remained for a considerable time in silence. At length, taking a deep breath, he turned round, and walking towards the two, he said,—“ Ben Hafiz, I have already inquired respecting you, and have learned that this child is not your own, but that you rescued her from peril, and with your good wife have protected and fostered her. Is it not so? Did you not also receive with her certain rare and precious articles that have been especially serviceable to you in cases where danger threatened the babe? Confess to me freely.”

“ Great king! and my lord,” said the unflinching old shepherd, as he looked steadily in his face, “ I also have heard much of *you*; and (pardon the boldness of an old man who has bound himself to perform a sacred duty), before I make known the whole history of this dear babe, I must be assured that your thoughts concerning one whom I shall not name, are altered, and that you are prepared both to receive and cherish her memory. When I feel that to be the case, I shall be able to set your heart at rest, and render you in all respects the *father* of your child. *I* am now her father; I have been her father; and, again I say, great king, pardon the boldness of one so humble in life compared with him to whom he is thus talking, her father I shall remain, till I discover one more worthy than myself to claim that title. I speak it not in boast, my lord, but I am so armed in honesty, resolution, and powerful weapons entrusted to me for her defence, that I fear no human attempts to force her from my protection.”

“ Excellent old man!” said the king; “ would that I had had such a friend at my side when my mind was poisoned against her of whom I was unworthy, and whom I now believe





[REDACTED]

to be in the company of the good and the blessed, and scarcely more free from unholy taint than when in the flesh she deigned to become my companion."

He had scarcely uttered these words than Narina, with a countenance glowing with delight, leaped into his arms, and with both hers encircling his neck, buried her face in his bosom. They sank down together upon a seat, and the old shepherd, quickly putting the ring upon the finger of the king, hurried from the room, which had instantly become conscious of a heavenly presence.

After such time had been passed as allowed of Narina to describe to her father the events of her life, with the uniform tenderness and watchful care of the good old shepherd and his wife, at his desire she left the room, and returned to it again accompanied by her faithful friend; when the king took him by the hand, and told him that it was his own wish, and particularly that of his daughter, that he and the affectionate Sherzaran should return with them to his own country, where they should pass the remainder of their days in peace, and in such occupation as they might choose for their own delight. "You shall still be my Narina's father," added he, "and I hope you will be my friend. As for the precious articles that were discovered in the chest on the sea, the shoes shall remain with her; the ring will be mine, for by means of its virtue I shall recover the society of one from whom I ought never to have been estranged; and you, as the long-tried champion and protector of our Narina, shall still keep the dagger in charge for her defence in time of need."

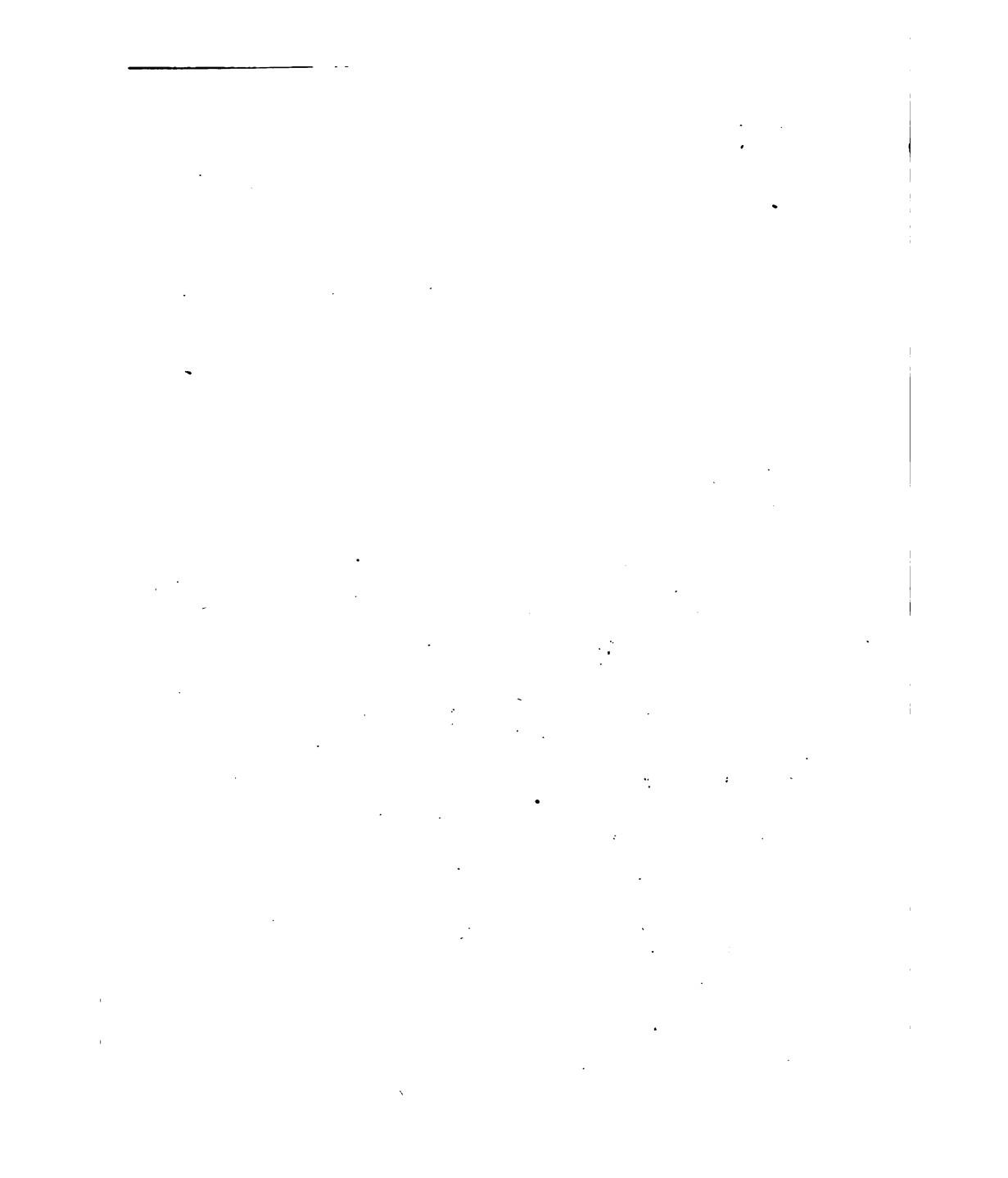
"It is hard to take with safety an old tree from its soil," said Ben Hafiz; "and still harder to change the course of

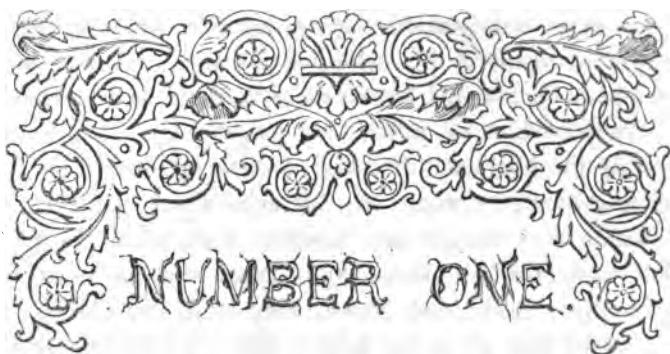
its growth and habit: if, therefore, my lord will permit me still to continue my peaceful employment of tending my old friends and fleecy companions, and once a day to come and look upon the face of her whose affectionate gratitude and cheerful obedience have been the delight of my heart for eleven happy years, I will follow him and her throughout the world."

The king instantly accorded with the worthy shepherd's request. Ben Hafiz and his wife were lodged that night in the palace. Who now was so happy as Sherzaran?—her dreams of greatness had been fulfilled! But how much more happy was her husband; for he closed his eyes for the night with the pleasing reflection of having performed his duty; added to which, he received the approbation of the celestial spirit, who informed him that, as he had been the protector of the helpless, true to his word, and faithful and zealous in his undertaking, he had already received his reward in this life, by the possession of a good and therefore happy conscience: "What your lot may be in the life to come, Ben Hafiz," said the angel-mother, "I may not disclose; rest satisfied, however, with the assurance that the Great Being, in whose sight I draw an eternity of bliss, can in nowise cast forth those who strive to imitate him in acts of long-suffering and loving-kindness."









WHEN Hector Howard was born, there was great joy among all the inmates of Howard Place,—his papa ordered an ox to be roasted whole on the village green, and the villagers, who were his tenants and servants, made a huge "bonfire" on the top of the hill; the bells rang merrily, and old and young danced and sung by the light of the moon. Mr. Howard was charmed that "Number One," as he called the infant, was a boy, and at his christening the festivities were renewed with still more boisterous manifestations of delight. Mrs. Howard, a kind, gentle woman, of course loved her little son, and thought that when his nurse pronounced him to be a perfect beauty (having papa's hair, mamma's eyes, and grand-mamma's mouth), she hardly did him justice. Hector was certainly a very pretty baby, and, moreover, good tempered and cheerful; but mammas and nurses, by over fondness, sometimes spoil their little treasures, and a "Number One" is usually placed in a position of more than ordinary peril.

When Hector was eighteen months old, he was a very fine fellow indeed, strong, and would have been healthy, had

not his nurse indulged him by giving him sweet cakes and sugarplums whenever he cried for them. This was unfortunate both for him and his nurse, as it disordered his stomach and rendered him so fretful and impatient, that he would whine by the hour, and, if asleep, instead of looking rosy and remaining quiet, he would toss his arms about, while his lips and hands were so hot and feverish, that, when his tender parents sent for the doctor, the doctor said he must have had improper food; and Nurse, very wickedly, did not tell him *all* she had given the baby. When persons do what is wrong, they are frequently so cowardly as to conceal it; whereas if they were to tell *all* the truth, the mischief might be remedied. In this case, if the doctor had known that the greedy baby had devoured two heart-cakes, a half-ripe pear, and a roll of pink and yellow sugarplums during his airing in the park, he could have relieved his sufferings much sooner than he did; and I must say, I think Nurse deserved to lose, as she did lose, several nights' rest in consequence.

When Hector grew older, from crying for cakes and sugarplums, he went on to cry for everything he wished for; and, if it were not immediately given him, would become violent. His dear mamma was in delicate health, and could not endure noise or agitation of any kind; if she had been well, I am sure she loved "Number One" too truly to have indulged him as his nurse did.

At five years old, having neither brother nor sister, he was still "Number One," and, unfortunately, constantly heard the nurse saying that, "Indeed Master Hector was an only child, and must not be contradicted, for his life was of great consequence to the family;" and the servants endured his

violence and rudeness, rather than hazard the displeasure of the nurse, who petted and spoiled the "Young Master" in a shameful way; and as her mistress suffered so much from ill health, she was out of the way of seeing or hearing, except what the nurse chose to tell her; and one servant, who ventured to tell Master Hector he was a very naughty boy, because he threw a tumbler of water in her face, received warning a few days after, and was not permitted to speak to her mistress.

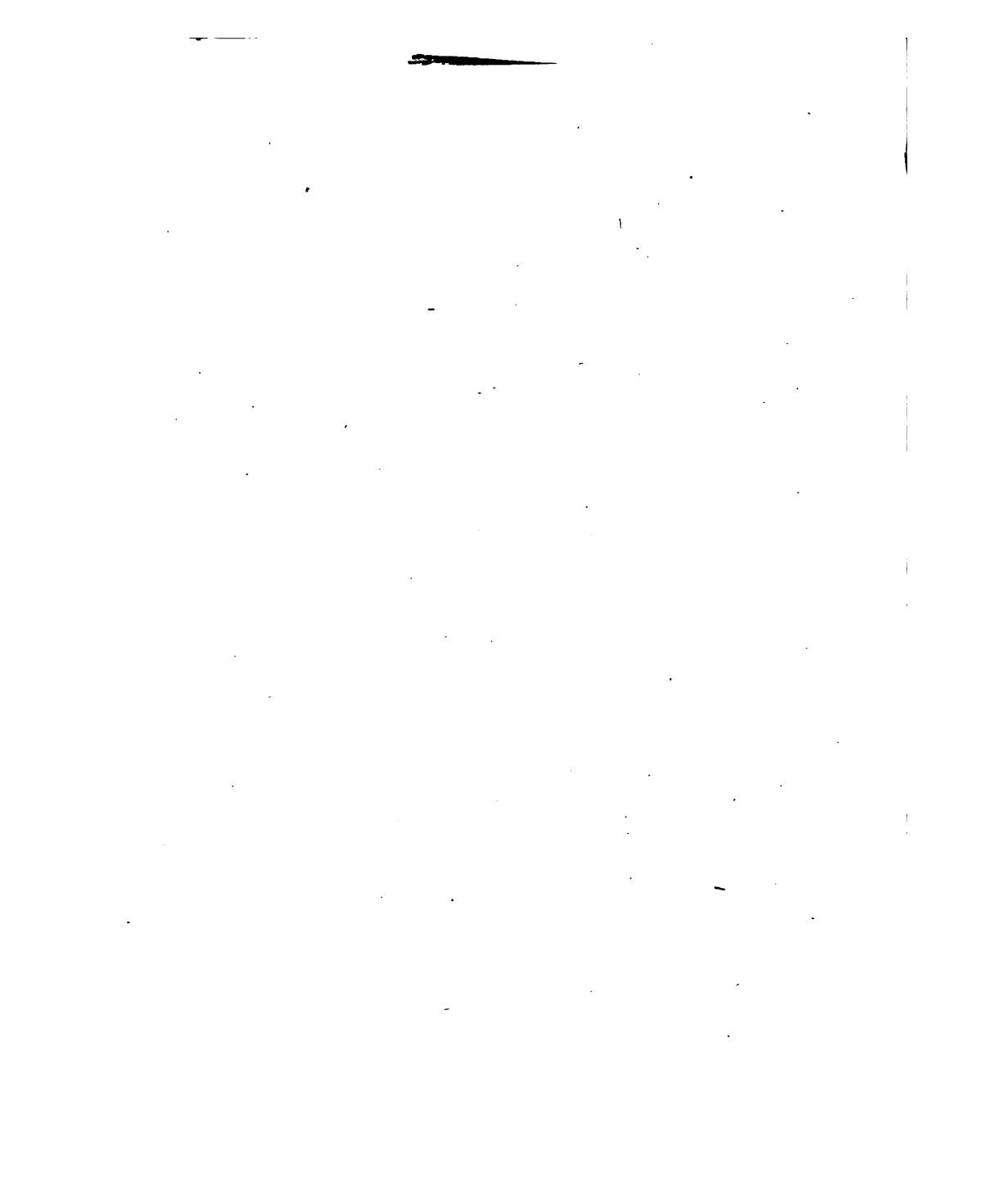
Children, who are prevented by the care and watchfulness of their parents from contracting bad habits, can never be sufficiently grateful to God for his goodness in having given them such sensible protectors. Mr. Howard was a great deal from home; he was a magistrate and a member of Parliament; and seldom saw Hector but when dressed, not only in his best clothes, but his best manners,—generally, when brought in after dinner, in a handsome velvet tunic, his fair hair curling abundantly over his shoulders, and then he was much admired by whatever company happened to be at the Place, and as he had no brothers or sisters, or even little cousins, to divide the caresses of the ladies and gentlemen who were assembled round the table, he grew at length to think that no one else in the world had a right to receive them, or partake of the dessert so thoughtlessly heaped upon his plate.

It chanced that a lady was dining one day at Howard Place, who possessed a very beautiful dog; Mrs. Howard had heard so much of the dog's beauty, that she had requested her to bring it with her, and the lady did so. It was remarkably small, having long silken hair; and its little limbs were so slender

and delicate, that it would run along the dining-table, in and out, amid the wine glasses, without upsetting anything or doing any injury whatever. This amused the company a great deal, and no one seemed more amused than Hector. He clapped his hands with delight, and kissed the long ears and tiny paws of the dog over and over again. The little animal had run once round the table in this manner, and had got as far as where Hector sat, on its second round, when it suddenly made a pause at his plate, looking wistfully at a piece of cake he was eating with an eagerness that is exceedingly ill-bred as well as unhealthy. I dare say the little dog had been as much accustomed to consider everything it saw made for its own especial use, as the little boy. At all events, putting its paw into Hector's plate, it seized, and as quickly swallowed, the largest piece of his favourite cake. I really am ashamed to tell you how a boy could have shewn such selfish violence; no one present could avoid seeing that it must have been of long growth, to have acquired such strength. In an instant the face, which before had been so joyous and lovely to look upon, became frightful from selfish disappointment and revenge, and instead of laughing at the little dog's trick, and rejoicing that he was able to return pleasure, for the pleasure the animal's dexterity and beauty had afforded him, he dealt it a violent blow, which flung it against a claret decanter, that rolled off the table into a lady's lap, but which she was kind enough to say was of little consequence. The little dog was not only stunned by the blow, but its head was severely wounded in several places by the sharp edges of the decanter, and one eye was so injured, that it could not be opened for several days. Mrs. Howard was greatly shocked at her son's conduct;







and, while Hector endeavoured to justify himself, by exclaiming—"He eat my cake!—how dare he eat my favourite cake?"—his papa carried him forcibly out of the room, and locking him up in a closet, put the key into his pocket, determined, when the violence of the child's temper was abated, to shew him how wickedly he had acted; and, in the meantime, to deliberate upon the best means of punishing his offence, and checking so selfish a disposition, which, of all others, causes us to be most hated by our fellow-creatures, and leaves us in the evening of life without friends. When Nurse heard of her darling's disgrace, instead of leaving him, as she ought to have done, to his papa's management, she went to the window of the closet, told him not to cry, gave him a piece of cake, and said there was great comfort for him in knowing that the little dog, which had caused him all this trouble, was so much hurt that it was obliged to have the doctor. Now, can you imagine anything worse than her conduct, or more likely to confirm a selfish and self-willed child in what was wrong? and yet, I am happy to say, that the idea of the dog suffering so much, made the little boy cry. When his papa, in a couple of hours, taking him into his dressing-room, told him of the sinfulness of indulging in such violence and selfishness, and of its results, Hector listened at first sullenly, but, by degrees, when he understood what his papa meant, and when his mind, which was naturally clear,—while his disposition (when not under the influence of temper) was kind,—was brought to see and feel, he threw his arms round his neck, and exclaimed—"Papa, papa, no one ever told me this before."

These simple and natural words touched his father's heart,

"And then they pick it up again, I suppose?" said Master Lycet, laughing.

"To be sure they do," replied Master Howard, seriously.

"But that is not what I call play," observed Nicholas; "I like a game of ball with my two brothers, while my sisters and the little ones look on, and shout, and enjoy it as much as ourselves."

"But does not that disturb you?"

"No. The very little ones sometimes run under our feet, but that only makes us all laugh the more; and sometimes we take our kites to the hill, and see whose will fly highest; and we are learning cricket; and we race our little Shetland ponies sometimes, only not too long, because we must not fatigue them; and we go nutting in the wood; and on wet days we dance and fence, and play small plays together."

"But," said Hector, "do not the young ones want your pony to ride, and your toys and things?"

"To be sure they do," replied Nicholas.

"And what do you do?"

"Let them have them; it is such a pleasant thing to make them happy."

Hector was very much puzzled to know how it was, that giving his toys to others to play with could make him happy; and while he was thinking it over, he took Nicholas to his play-room, and shewed him toys enough to set up a toy-shop, amongst which was the largest rocking-horse ever made in England."

"I will shew you how beautifully it goes," said Hector, springing on its back.

"Capital!" exclaimed his companion; "now let me try."

"Oh no!" replied Hector, "you can look at me; that will do for *you* quite as well."

"I beg your pardon," said young Lycet, fully sensible of his companion's selfish rudeness; "but at home we have all things so much in common that I did not think you would wish to keep all the fun to yourself."

Hector got down, looking sulky, and, tossing his head, replied: "Well, I dare say that may be the case; you are an eldest son, but I am an *only child*, and shall have the finest estate in the county."

"Not till your papa dies," answered Master Lycet, "and I am sure you do not wish for that."

Hector did not wish it, and felt the tears rush to his eyes at the idea. He changed the subject, and then took his acquaintance to the stable to shew him his little Arabian horse, which he mounted, and exhibited its paces, but never offered Nicholas a ride."

"I have not seen any pets," said Nick."

"I had rabbits, and hawks, and dogs, and silver pheasants once," answered Hector; "but when I wanted the servants to attend to me they were busy with the pets. I could not stand that, you know, and so gave them all away, except the dogs; and one tires of dogs, but they are about somewhere."

"Then I have not seen your books," observed young Lycet; "where are your favourite books?"

"I cannot say I have any *favourite* books," replied "Number One," blushing a little, for he knew his education had been neglected; but I cannot think how any boy of spirit can have *favourite* books. I have some books, but none worth looking at."

"I wonder at your having anything *not* worth looking at, as you are an only child," said Nicholas, bluntly; and then continued, "I am sure I would not change places with you,—it is so sweet to make one's brothers and sisters happy, and see them try to make you happy,—I would not change places—and become a 'Number One,'—no, not for all your beautiful things."

It was not polite to make these observations; but young Lycet was hurt at the rudeness and selfishness of his host, and was too fond at all times of speaking his mind, which, if rudely done, is selfishness in another form.

When the dinner was served, Master Howard's nurse came behind his chair to help him, as usual, picking out the nicest bits, and complaining, while he was devouring everything, that her "darling had no appetite." The footman carved; and was about placing the wing of a chicken upon Master Lycet's plate, when the nurse said, "Robert, Robert! you know Master Howard is so delicate that he never eats anything but the *liver-wing!*"

Robert, who had just entered the service, first apologised, and then said, "That was a difference in wings he never could understand; as surely the liver did not grow under one wing more than another."

Hector told him "He was very impertinent to make such an observation, and that he must leave the room."

The servant did so, muttering something about not entering it again, and spoilt children.

Young Lycet felt himself very uncomfortable; and at last asked if he was not to have the pleasure of seeing Master Howard's mamma. The nurse said her lady seldom left her

room; and then Nicholas told them, that his papa had said he hoped Master Howard would return with him to the Hall, as Mr. Howard would soon be home, and then Hector and himself were to be sent to school together. This was as great a surprise to the nurse as to "Number One." The former ran up to tell her mistress, and the latter cried over his tart.

Mrs. Howard confirmed young Lycet's information. The nurse attempted to remonstrate; the poor lady silenced her at once, and told her she desired to be alone. She had invited young Lycet, in accordance with a plan at last arranged by Mr. Howard, that his son might know at least one of his future companions; and not feel leaving home as much as if he went among total strangers. To spare his wife as much as possible the pain of parting from her child, when Mr. Howard returned he removed her to Brighton; so there was no leave-taking.

When Hector found that neither his nurse, his pony, nor any of his toys, beyond a cricket-ball and bat, were to go with him, he became quite violent; but Mr. Howard was firm, and though at the very last Hector clung to his knees, and promised to be all he wished, to school he went.

The gentleman to whom he was sent, only received fourteen pupils: those boys cared very little for young Howard's being an only child; but his selfishness and ill-temper annoyed them so much, that he very soon found himself shunned even by young Lycet, whose good humour, industry, and ability, rendered him an universal favourite; the greatest favourite, however, in the school, was a lad of the name of "Rhody." Rhody was an officer's youngest son, the youngest of eleven,

so he neither had much pocket-money to spend, nor many presents to receive: still the brightness of his spirits, his entire carelessness of self, and his universal ability, which he was always ready to exert for his fellow-pupils, made him most popular with all; and the contrast between him and Hector was so great, as to form a frequent subject for conversation amongst the young gentlemen.

Poor Hector! his character had become so defective that it was impossible to know at which end to commence amending it; his pride had grown into the rankest insolence; his helplessness rendered him a burden, which no one was willing to bear; he was thus thrown back upon his own resources, which were enfeebled for want of use; but his greediness, which a liberal supply of pocket-money enabled him to indulge, made him despised more than anything else; and his disdain of beef and mutton raised a frequent laugh at his expense: for all that, his education improved, his dislike of books yielded to emulation, and his excellent master (hopeless as the task seemed to every one else), trusted that time, and total absence from his blindly indulgent home, might at last overcome much that was evil, more particularly as occasional glimpses of better things were visible—at long intervals, to be sure, but even these glimpses left something to hope from. He had been nearly a year at school, when one morning his master was disturbed by a violent altercation in the play-ground; he entered the arena with an open letter he had been reading in his hand, and there saw young Howard, in a violent state of excitement; he had no means at the moment of ascertaining how the quarrel began, but he heard him say, “I, who shall be, and Nick Lyceet knows it, if he chooses to speak, the richest

man in the county; who never was expected to carve my own dinner, or feed myself, or eat——”

“Anything but liver-wings,” added Nicholas, spitefully enough.

“For shame! for shame!” said Rhody, “that’s not generous, Lycet, only you are vexed with him now.”

“I, who have been petted as an only child——”

“A ‘Number One,’ ” repeated two or three together.

“And always had my own way——” persisted Hector.

“Before you came to school,” interrupted another.

“We would all help you, if you would help us in return,” said a rosy-faced boy.

“Yes!” exclaimed Rhody, “so we would, with all our hearts. You know the maxim you wrote so often in your copy-book, Howard—‘One good turn deserves another,’ and ‘Give and take;’ and the fable, too, about a lion, who was glad of a mouse’s little teeth to nibble him out of the net; so, even if you were a lion, you might be civil to the mice.”

“I vote,” quoth an embryo M.P., “that we ask our master’s permission to send Master Howard to Coventry for a month, where no one is to do anything for him; mind, *no one*, and then he would find out how helpless the grandee ‘Number One’ may become.”

Hector Howard eyed the various speakers, one after the other, with a countenance swollen with indignation; and was about to say something very desperate, when Dr. Stanley, the master, came forward.

“I do not like this, young gentlemen,” he said; “it is very unlike the youths of England to fall upon one; and you Lycet, in particular, who know the defects of his education,

and came here as his friend; it takes a long time to eradicate errors whose growth commenced in his nurse's arms, and you must have observed the state of suffering he has lived in—" the lads looked astonished—"yes, positive suffering," he resumed. "Whoever indulges selfishness in youth will be scourged by selfishness in after life. The selfish man would desire to live amongst slaves, who would pamper and indulge him; but happily, in England, there are no slaves to live amongst." Some of the boys clapped their hands, but the reproving eye of the master was upon them. "There are," he continued, "a few whom interest or a weak affection may compel to endure the tyranny of selfishness; but such endurance could not be desired by a right-minded person, and, I think and believe, the time will come when Hector will agree with me."

"But, sir," said one of the boys, "he treats us as if we were his inferiors. We are all the sons of gentlemen, as well born as himself; and if he wants to be indulged he should conciliate. I am not to be insulted because my father has only a thousand a year, while his father has ten."

"We never had any talk about property until he came amongst us, sir," exclaimed another.

"Well, well," said the master, "I will inquire into the origin of this disturbance by-and-by. I have received a letter from Mr. Howard this morning, and he wishes to have his son home for a month."

Hector sprang to the Doctor's side. "Oh, sir! you will let me go, will you not?"

"I think your own heart will tell you that you do not deserve the indulgence,—and yet! but come into my room." The Doctor led the way, and Hector followed.

"I know what the Doctor is going to tell our most royal 'Number One,'" said young Rhody, rubbing his hands. "I had a letter from mamma this morning, and she visits Mrs. Howard's sister. I know what the 'only child' will hear, and I was greatly tempted to tell it out before you all when he insulted us, stuffing his gold down our throats, as if every guinea was a sponge-cake; but I did not like to hurt him as I knew what he will have to suffer. Well might the Doctor say, that whoever indulges selfishness in youth will be scourged by selfishness in after life."

"Is his poor mamma dead?" inquired Lyset.

"No, indeed; but you know how much Hector has been petted."

"To be sure we do."

"And how delighted he is at the prospect of being always 'Number One.'"

"Yes, yes, we do," exclaimed the boys.

"And how he rejoices at not being *troubled*, as he calls it, with brothers and sisters."

"Oh, to be sure, we *all* know that, Rhody; have you nothing else to tell us?"

"Yes I have; he has got a new brother and sister."

"What, both at once!" exclaimed several.

"Yes; I will read you a bit of mamma's letter." They gathered in a circle round him. "You will be astonished to hear that your schoolfellow, Hector Howard, so long considered the only heir to his father's property, is so no longer, his mamma having, the day before yesterday, presented his papa with twins."

At this, some of the boys to whom Hector had been very

overbearing, gave a shout, but the good feeling of others suppressed it; and all began talking immediately on the probable effects of this information, and conjectured how he would bear it. After a time they re-entered the school-room, but Hector was not there; I fear that the delicacy evinced by Rhody in not proclaiming the news before Hector (who frequently treated him with contempt, because of his comparative poverty) was hardly appreciated as it deserved to be by his companions. Rhody felt his narrow means more acutely than could be imagined; he turned with a careless air from the confectioner's basket, when he would have liked a cake as well as any other boy, and kept looking straightforward, instead of into the toyshop or fruiterer's, knowing that his purse was indeed slender. He often longed to help Hector with his lessons, but he knew that if he did so his schoolmates would say he was mean; and Hector, seeing Rhody so anxious to help all except himself, felt much annoyed at being excluded from such valuable aid; but now matters, at least so the goodnatured Rhody thought, were much changed. "Number One" was now only one of three. He glided from the school-room, and met the wardrobe woman on the stairs, who said Master Howard would not suffer her to pack his trunk. The next moment Rhody was at the door of Hector's pretty bedchamber—he knocked, at first there was no answer, again, when there was a surly "Come in," and Rhody entered. Hector was standing beside his open trunk, some of his clothes lying on the floor, some in the drawers.

"What do you want?" inquired young Howard.

"I knew you were going home," replied Rhody, "and thought I would come and help you."

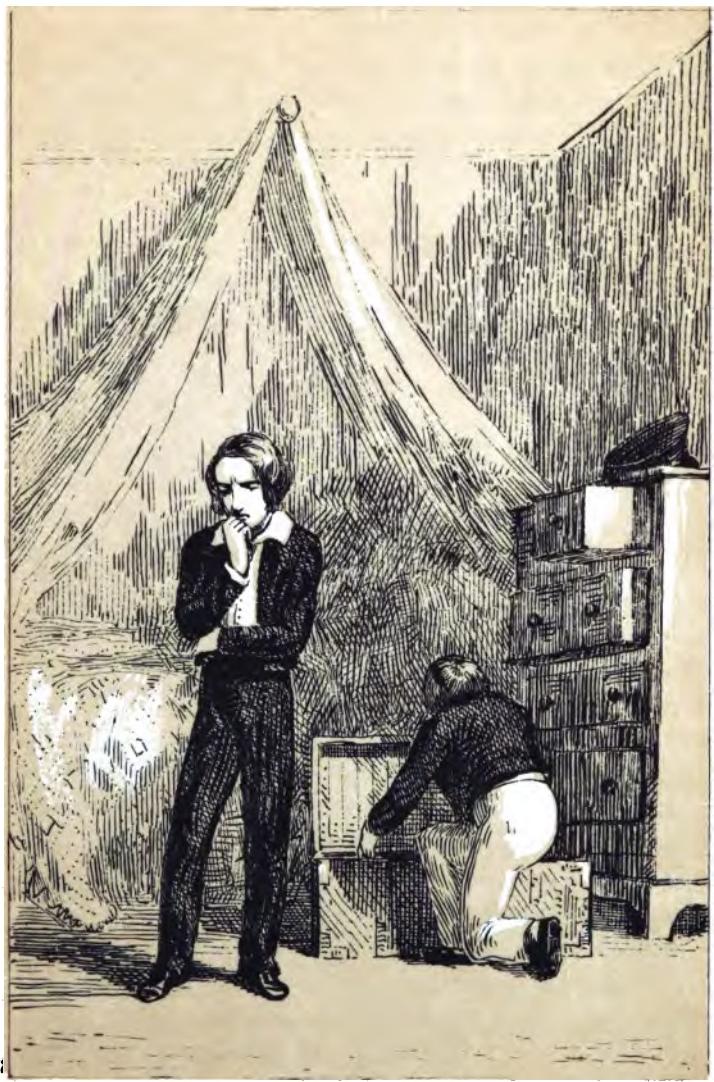
"I do not want any help," was the sulky reply.

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for he felt that they were true. While Hector's body had been pampered, while he had been nursed in every species of self-indulgence, his mind had been weakened by the want of the wholesomest of all exercises—self-restraint; and at an age when boys ought to be able to practice forbearance, and enjoy the luxury of sharing what they have with those around them, the poor little fellow had only taken his first lesson in this most endearing of all qualities.

"May I kiss and make friends with the dog, papa," he said, "and buy it a gold collar?"

"My dear," answered his papa, "the dog is of so generous a nature that he will readily forgive you. I am sure he would even lick the hand that dealt him so bitter a blow; but the collar of gold would be a poor recompense for the bruises he has received. Kindness and forbearance, Hector, are of more real value than gold, as you will find when you are as old as your father."

Mr. Howard spoke seriously to his wife of the growing faults in Hector's character, which he attributed to the evil management of the nurse. Mrs. Howard, ill and weak as she continued to be, summoned the woman, who pleaded her love for "the beautiful, dear young gentleman" in extenuation of her indulgence, and promised to do her best to "go against him," if she could. Mr. Howard saw that she was too weak-minded and indulgent to understand her duty, and resolved to do something at once, but was unfortunately called away from home before anything was accomplished.

Hector, like all boys, was fond of horses, and it is very natural and right to be fond of so fine and noble an animal; but it does not follow that, because young gentlemen like

horses, they are also to like the society of grooms; yet, I am sorry to say, Hector was almost as fond of the grooms as he was of the horses. When attended in his rides, the groom was sure to say how glad he would be if his papa kept hounds; that when *he* came to be a man he hoped he would do so; that he ought, for as he was an **ONLY** son, he would have the finest fortune in the county; it was so lucky for him that he was "Number One," all alone, not plagued like young Master Lycet with seven brothers and sisters,—having the name of *eldest* son, and yet getting so little by it; it was a fine thing, he said, to continue "Number One," a fine thing for any young gentleman, who could then do as he liked, and be his own master. But it was not only nurses and grooms who said wrong and foolish things in the boy's hearing; finely dressed but silly ladies, when they smoothed his ringlets and kissed him, said he "was a pretty boy, and between his beauty and his fortune would be sure to be a great favourite;" and even sober gentlemen spoke in the child's hearing of "the careful manner in which Mr. Howard lived, and which must secure his son an immense fortune hereafter."

Master Nicholas Lycet, the young gentleman of whom the groom had spoken, came to see him one day. He was three or four years older than "Number One." "Master Howard," said Nick, "you are often very lonely, I suppose?"

"No," said Hector, "not *very*."

"Well I should think you were. What do you do when you want some one to play with you?"

"Oh! why I play by myself, at ball, and the servants pick it up, and then I throw it again."

neither boys spoke, but Hector felt he had a friend, and Rhody that he had done right; and that evening, in a sort of school conclave, that was discussing the merits, or rather demerits, of the proud and selfish subject of my story, Rhody stood forth his champion.

"It's all very well for us," he said, "who have been properly brought up,—watched by papas, who not being of very great consequence in the state, were able to stay at home and attend to us; watched by mammas with tender care, and yet, if the truth must be told, with sufficient strength of mind and body to keep us in healthful subjection; our tempers alternately teased and pleased by juvenile brothers and sisters, whom we are forced to give way to, by the double motive of love and interest; first, you know, we love them; and, if we did not, we should have no peace unless we yielded. It's all very well for us to be the dear, delightful, amiable fellows we are. But think how poor Hector has been brought up; you have heard Lycket's stories of his home, dozens of times, and my only astonishment is that he is as good as he is, and I'd lay ten to—but I forgot, the Doctor will not suffer us to bet—only—I'll—I'll eat my hand! if Hector Howard is not as fine a fellow as—"

"As yourself," shouted some of the lads.

"No! no!" said orator Rhody, "but as *yourselves*."

When Hector got home, his papa met him with a cheerful countenance; wished him joy, and took him immediately to his mother's room. His mamma kissed him as tenderly as ever, and then he was told to kiss his "lovely little brother and sister."

"I declare," said the nurse (not *his* nurse, however),

"Miss Caroline has her brother's nose, and Master Leopold his eyes.

Hector thought them hideous both, and turned away his head. "I can't kiss babies," he said.

"Well, my dear," observed his father, "you'll get used to them in time; they quite enliven the house."

"Where is Nurse?" inquired Hector.

"Gone back to her native county, my dear," answered Mr. Howard; "I could not suffer her to spoil all my children, you know; but do not cry, Hector, she is provided for and happy, for, much as she spoilt you, I am sure she only meant to do what was right."

Hector went to the stable to see his pony; but, to his great disappointment, though the pony was there, looking sleek, and fat, and happy, there was no one to saddle him: one groom had been sent to fetch the doctor, because little Miss Caroline had sneezed very much, and they feared she had taken cold, and the other was helping to put the horses to the carriage, that the boy-baby (who had not sneezed), might have an airing round the Park; the helpers were out of the way. Hector stormed, as he used to do, but there was no one to mind him, and his dignity felt sorely insulted by the tittering of two of the maids, whom he overheard declare, that "Master Howard was as good as a play-actor." The sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the green sward looked so firm and so fresh, that when his temper cooled a little, he thought it barely possible that he could saddle the pony himself; at first he hoped nobody would see him, and he accomplished his task admirably; in a few minutes he was up and away, forgetful of all his annoyances, and, for the first time in his life,

enjoying that noble feeling of independence which proceeds from self-exertion. He galloped up the hill in the Deer Park, and then drew up to peer through the thickets beneath at the deer, and the pretty does with their young fawns; he then looked into the valley beyond, where the stately stags, dappled and shining in the sunbeams, were enjoying their existence. An old man was seated half way down the other side of the hill on a bundle of sticks. Hector rode down to him.

"What are you waiting for?" he inquired.

"For my brother, young master, for my brother, who will be here presently to carry my sticks," was the reply.

"Your brother! do you love your brother?"

"To be sure I do, my gay young master; he is a very good lad."

"A lad! old man," exclaimed Hector.

"Ay, young gentleman, a matter of twenty-five years younger than me. Mother and father died soon after he was born, and I nursed him up, and took care of him, and now he is both son and brother to my old age; I did my duty to him, and, according to the course of nature, he does his duty to me now."

"And were you an only son before he was born?" inquired Hector eagerly.

"Indeed was I, and thought it funny enough to have a baby-brother; but he was a pretty boy, a very pretty boy—and a good boy, which was better."

Hector rode more soberly home, thinking, perhaps, of what he had heard.

Master Howard had now spent a week at home, and was fully convinced, that though his papa and mamma were as affectionate as ever to him, his position was totally changed;

he was a dear and cherished object, but he was not the *only one*. He had made up his mind, I am sorry to say, to dislike the babies; but you must remember that Hector was by no means a hard or bad-hearted boy, he was only a mismanaged one,—his faults had not only been increased, but frequently, in a great degree, created by over indulgence; and though he said, very wickedly, that he hated the poor little helpless things who engrossed all the attention of the servants and visitors, yet he could not hear them cry without pain, and was once detected stuffing a piece of barley-sugar into the girl-baby's mouth.

Still he was not so happy at home as he used to be, and returned to school far more willingly than his father expected. The boys had been commanded by their good master, not to revert to the past, but to receive Hector kindly; and the warm shake he gave Rhody's hand, made that youth declare that he was "all right!" It was a great credit to those young gentlemen, that they neither teased nor taunted him, whom they quizzed a little sometimes among themselves as *the late 'Number One'*; and though there were occasional outbreaks of temper, and particularly of selfishness, it is due to Hector to record, that he had begun to combat both; and when he left the good Doctor for Eton, he left with a much higher character than that with which he came. He was still too unyielding to have been beloved; but those who observed the bitter struggle he frequently made to overcome past habits, said he would be sure to conquer in the end.

At Eton he was frequently reminded of his father's words, that "kindness and forbearance are of more real value than gold." Rhody had gone to sea as a midshipman; Lycet was at

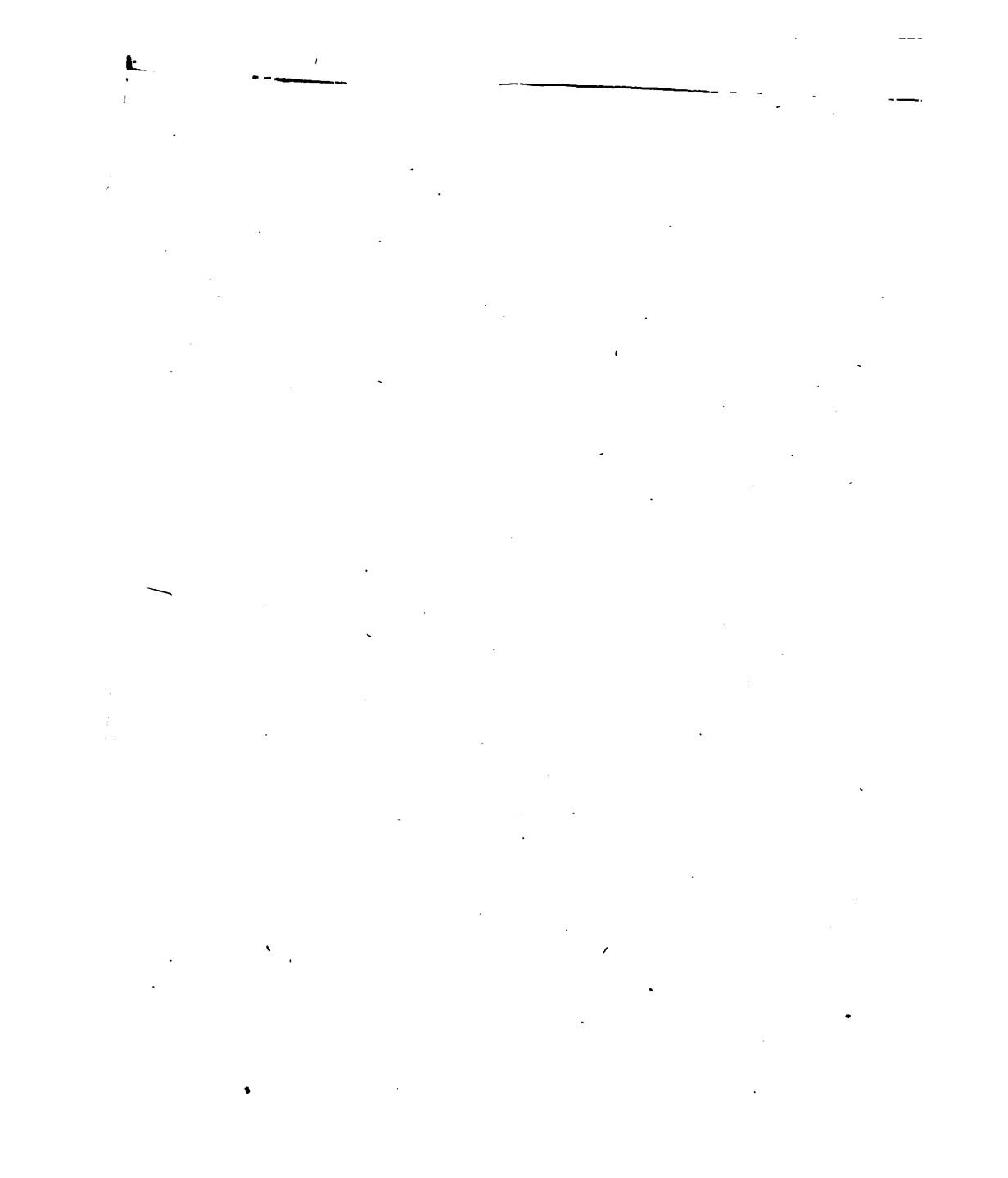
Rugby: he had therefore no friends at Eton, but constantly came in contact with selfish fellows, who entertained no kindness or forbearance towards him. His home indulgences were not increased by the addition, in a couple of years, of another girl, and, in another year, a boy; so that, instead of being "Number One," in a short time Hector was an unit of "Number Five;" still he felt that his home was better regulated than in the old times; his mamma's health was re-established; and his brothers and sisters were not permitted the indulgences or extravagances, which, however pleasant at the time, caused him so much after pain.

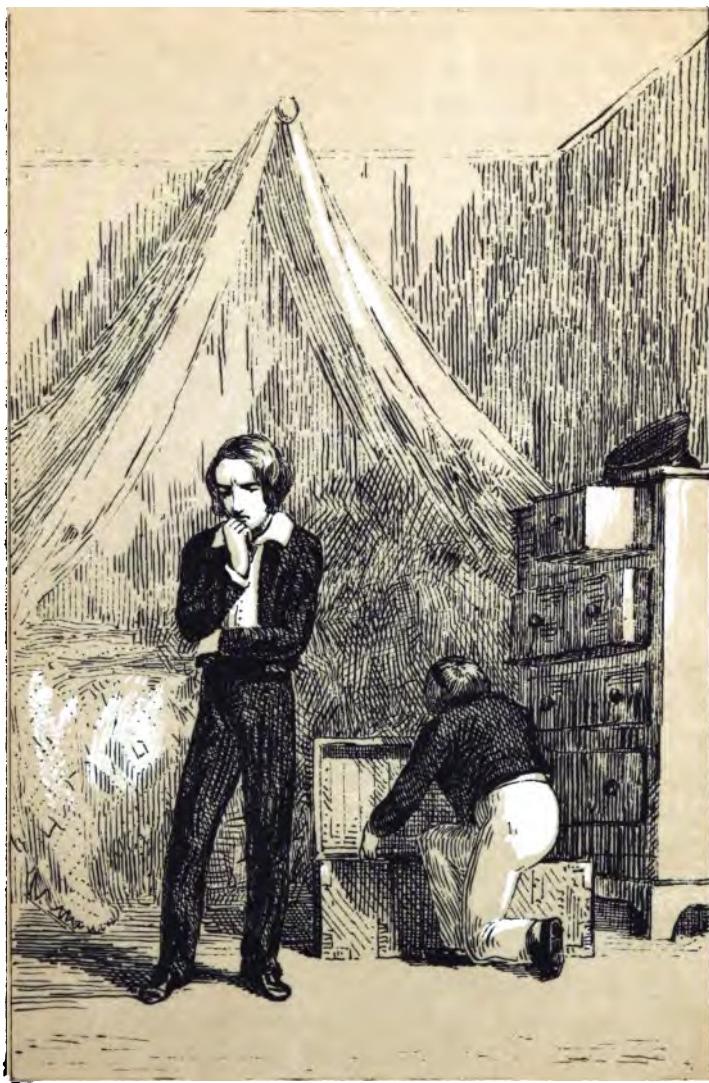
As he grew to be a man, his father sometimes consulted him on matters of business; and, if he could have loved his brothers and sisters, he might have been happy. His unfortunate jealousy of the love their parents shewed them (and jealousy is one of the first fruits of selfishness) always disturbed him; and at College he was frequently reminded, by the sinful homage paid to wealth and rank, that, if he had not had four brothers and sisters, he should not have been contradicted and overlooked, as he sometimes either felt or fancied he was.

Time passed on, he left Oxford, and had been some time abroad; and yet returned sooner than he wished, and with bitter feelings towards the younger members of his family, because his father said he could not (in justice to his family) permit him to remain longer. On his voyage home he was seized with rheumatic fever, and, while suffering its agonies, landed at Plymouth amongst strangers; when he began gradually to recover, he directed his foreign servant where to write. "But they do not care for me," he thought; "they would











family to the hill in the Deer Park, and told them the first idea that a younger brother could be a real blessing to an elder one was given him by the old man, seated on the bundle of wood; and that, although his unfortunate selfishness had so frequently overwhelmed his good feelings, he often and often thought of the poor old man's little tale. "I am so changed," he said, "as to wonder at my past, and rejoice in a new life. If I had not such a brother and sister I should, in all probability, have died in a strange inn; but certainly I should have continued violent and selfish, deserving to live unbeloved and die unlamented; a stately, cold, unsympathised with, and unsympathising "*Number One*."



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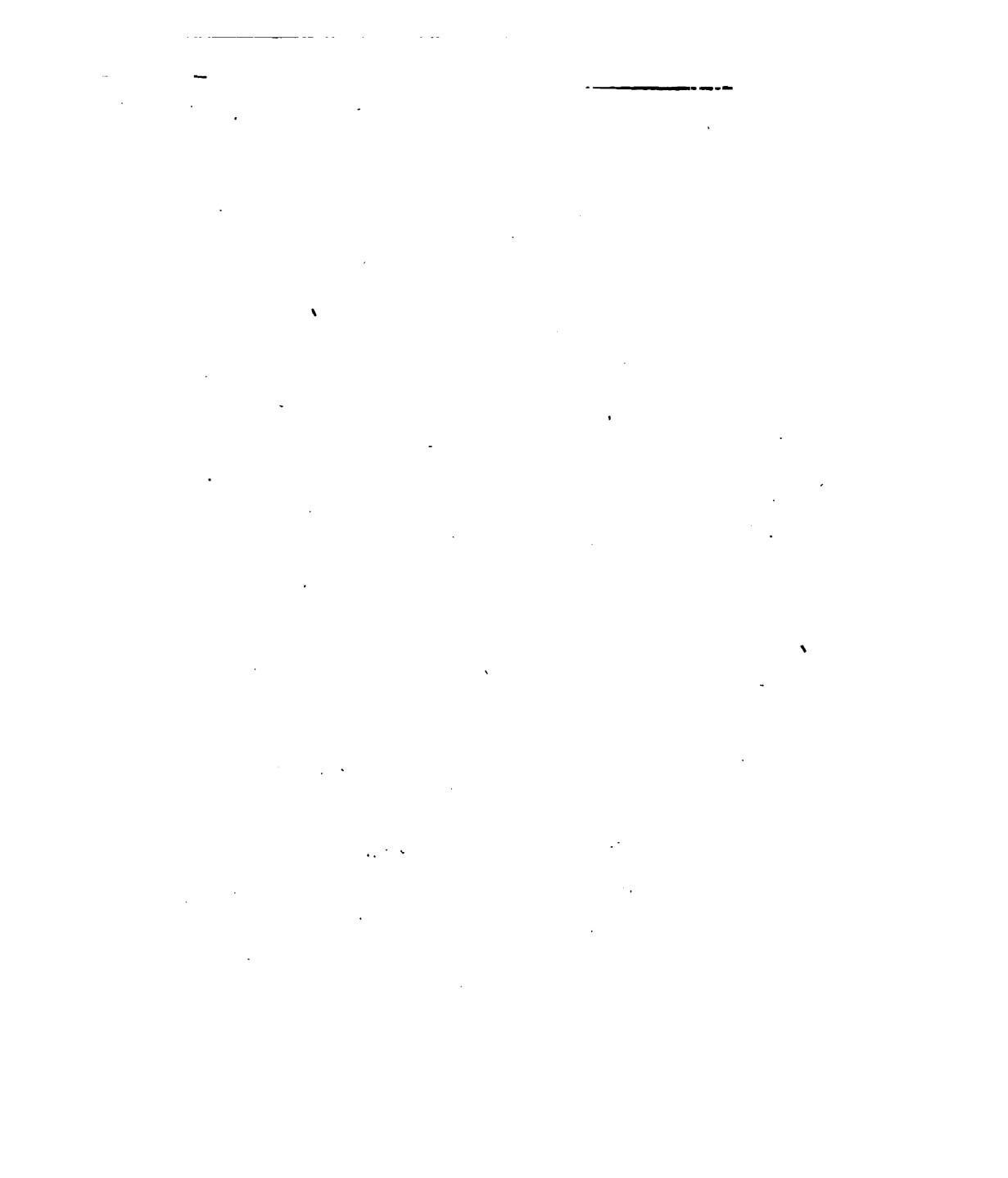
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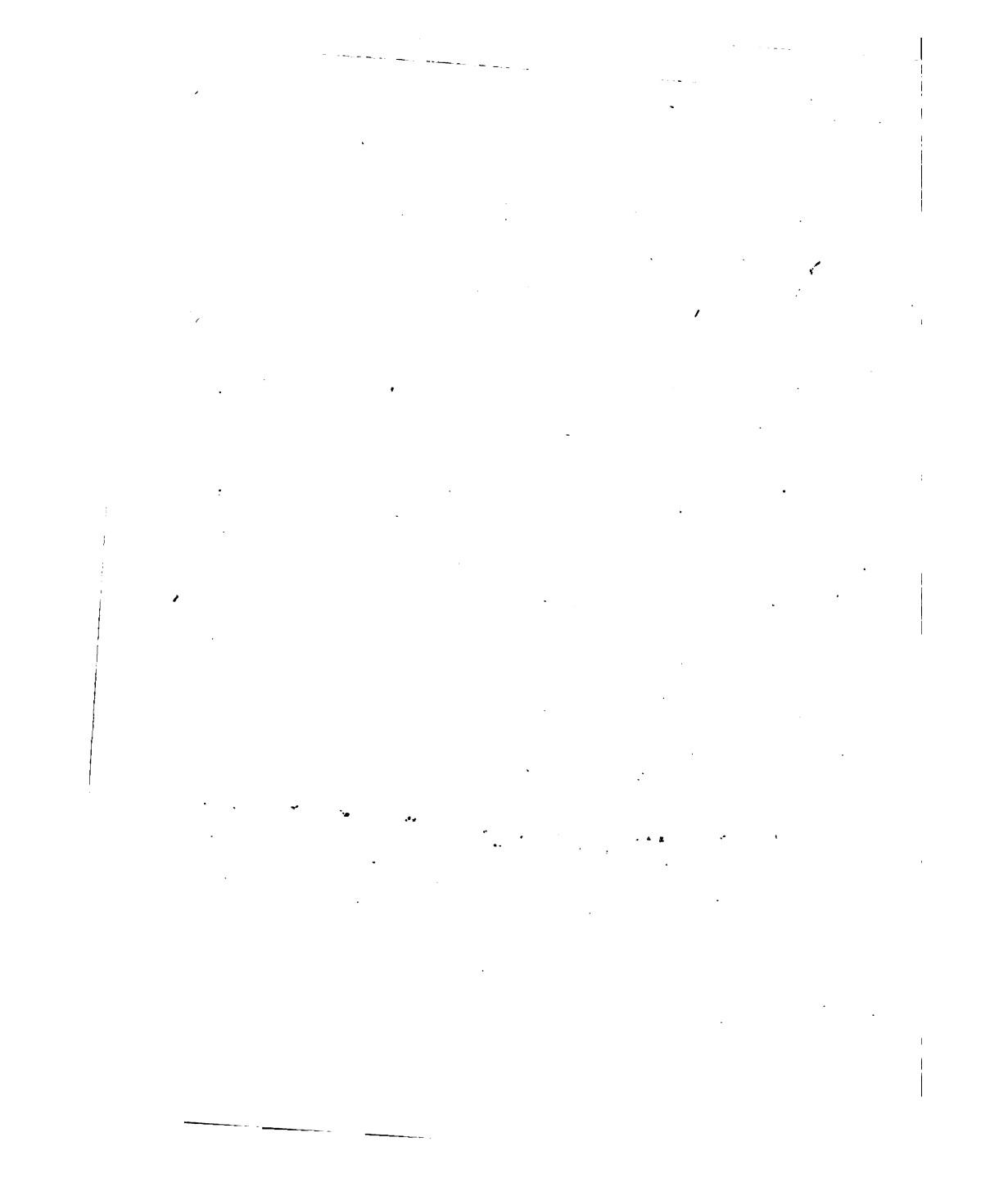
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DAME BARTON was an honest, hard-working woman, who lived with her husband and son in a small hut under Dover cliffs. Her husband was a fisherman, and as industrious as herself; for he laboured night and day at his trade to support his wife and child, till one dreadful day he was drowned in endeavouring to save the crew of a ship that was wrecked in sight of the cottage.

About three months after his death, as little John Barton was sitting one evening mending a net for a neighbour opposite to his mother, he suddenly exclaimed, "O mother! how tired you must be of spinning! you have sat at your wheel ever since four o'clock this morning, and now it is seven o'clock, yet you have hardly stirred from your work."

"It is the only means I have of getting you a bit of bread, Johnny, since your poor father left us."

"Don't cry, mother," said little John, running towards her; "but I do so wish that I could do something myself to earn money enough to keep you from sticking so close to that bur—bur—burring wheel. I mean, something of real

use to you," continued he, as his mother looked at the net which he had been mending; "I wish I could do something better than mending the meshes of old nets."

"You do enough for your age, dear," said his mother; "and we shall manage to go on quite well while the summer lasts: all I dread to think of is the winter."

"O mother! if you should have your rheumatism come on then, what would you do? I wish I were older, to work for you."

"I cannot bear to think of it," answered his mother, weeping; "if I should have my old complaint come back, I should not be able to work any longer; and then who is to take care of my poor Johnny? I have not a friend in the world that I could send to for help, if I were ill."

"Do n't you recollect, mother, the French gentleman you have often told me about? Perhaps he would help you, if he could know you are so poor."

"But he lives in Paris, and I can't write; so how is he to know the state I am in?" answered his mother; "or else I am sure he would never suffer any one belonging to the deliverer of his child to die of want. Besides, I well remember (for many's the time I have made my dear husband tell me the tale) when the child fell over the side of the vessel which was just ready to sail, and your dear father, plunging into the waves, brought him back his infant safe and sound, and smiling up in his face; the gentleman, after bending his head for a minute over the dear dripping babe, to hide his streaming eyes (for, let a gentleman be never so manly, it is more than he can do to keep from crying like one of us, when he sees his own flesh and blood saved from death), he

turned to your poor father, and said, in a fluttering-like, yet grand kind of voice, too—‘Barton,’ says he, ‘you have done more for me than if you had saved my own life; I can never hope to repay you for the happiness you have given me at this moment, yet——’ Before the gentleman could finish what he was going to say, your good father turned away, saying, ‘Lord bless your honour, do n’t thank me; it’s no more than what you’d have done for my Johnny, I’ll swear, if you’d seen him drop overboard, like your young thing there.’ Your father was proud enough, then, Johnny, and he told me he guessed that the gentleman was going to give him money, so he jumped into his boat which lay alongside, and the vessel sailed away immediately, and he never heard anything more of the gentleman: but though your father did n’t want anything at that time from anybody, being able to gain his own living comfortably and honestly, much less to have a reward for having saved an innocent fellow-creature’s life; yet I can’t help wishing that he’d made a friend of the gentleman, who could n’t but be grateful.”

“How long ago was this, mother?” said John, after thinking a little while.

“It was eight years since, come Midsummer Day; I should surely remember it,” continued Dame Barton, “for when my good John Barton came home with an honest flush on his brow, and first told me the story, I looked on you, and thanked God that it was not my own dear Johnny who had run the chance of being drowned, instead of the little stranger. You were then a little more than two years old, for to-morrow’s the 3rd of June, you know, your birth-day, Johnny; and then you will be exactly ten years old.”

"Do you think the gentleman has forgotten what my father did for him, mother?" asked Johnny, after another and a longer pause.

"I don't think he has, but I can't say, for gentlefolk are apt to be forgetful. Perhaps, however, he has never been to England since then."

Little John said no more, but went on very busily with his work, so busily, indeed, that when his mother looked at him again, she saw that he had finished his job.

"Why, how quickly you have worked, Johnny," said she; "you didn't think to have done that net till to-morrow morning, did you?"

"No, mother," answered John; "but when I am talking to you, and thinking hard, it's surprising how the work gets on; I'm glad I've done it, though," continued he, rising to put by his mesh and twine; "because I shall be able to take it to Bill Haul to-night, instead of to-morrow, as I promised."

"But it's getting dark, dear, I am going to put away my wheel," said his mother.

"O, it's not too late, mother, I shall be there and back before you have put by your spinning-wheel, and got the haddocks out ready for supper; so good bye, good bye, mother," added he, seeing that she did not prevent his going, and off he ran.

"He's a dear, good little soul, and that's the truth on 't," said Dame Barton to herself, as she listened to the eager footsteps of the boy, which crashed among the shingles, growing fainter and fainter every minute, till at last their sound could no longer be distinguished from the restless washing of the

waves on the beach. "I'm sure I ought n't to be the one to check him when he's doing a goodnatured turn for a neighbour."

It was a beautiful evening; and as little John Barton ran along the beach, he took off his hat, and unbuttoned his shirt collar that he might enjoy the cool breeze, for the day had been very sultry.

"This air blows towards France," said he, half aloud, "for I know that France lies over there across the blue waters, and Paris is in France, and he lives in Paris. O, how I do wish," exclaimed he, passionately, and suddenly stopping short, and straining his eyes over the wide sea, "how I do wish I could go to Paris—I would find him out—I would see him—I would tell him—I will, I must go," said he, interrupting himself, and again running forward. When he arrived at the cottage where his friend Bill Haul lived, he found a strange man there, speaking with Bill's father, whom he did not at first take any notice of, but kept on talking with Bill about the net; however, presently he noticed that the man talked in a different tone from what he usually heard, and used his arms very violently while he spoke, and, at last, John thought he heard him say the word France, though in the same curious voice he had before noticed.

"Isn't that man a Frenchman, Bill, that's talking to your father?" asked John.

"Yes, he's wanting father to buy a cargo of apples and eggs he has brought from France, and he's in a hurry to strike his bargain, because he wants to be aboard again by four o'clock to-morrow morning; but never mind him, Jack, he speaks such gibberish, that—"

"Did you say he was going to France at four to-morrow morning, Bill?" interrupted little John.

"Yes, the tide serves them to make the harbour of Boulogne, I heard him say, so he wants to be off--do but hear what a chattering the French Mounseer makes," said Bill, who was about fourteen years of age, and thought it looked manly to ridicule a Frenchman. By this time the bargain was concluded between the fisherman and the apple-merchant; and as the latter left the cottage, John Barton took rather a hasty leave of his friend, and ran after the stranger, whom he overtook just as he reached the beach.

"Sir, Mr. Frenchman," said John, as he approached him, somewhat out of breath, "Sir, I want to speak to you, if you please."

"Heh, what you say, littel boy?" said the man, turning round.

"A'nt you going to France, sir?" said John.

"Yes, I am, at to-morrow morning; but what den, my littel shild?"

"Why, sir, I want very much to go to France, and if you'd be so good as to take me in your boat—"

"Take you in my boat! what for should I do that?" answered the Frenchman.

"Why, I can give you nothing for taking me, to be sure," said John; "I have neither money nor anything else of my own, to give away, but I will work as well and hard as ever I can; I can mend nets, and I can tar boats, and I can splice ropes, and I can—"

"Stop, stop! stay!" interrupted the Frenchman; "I was not tinking of what you could give me, or what you could

do for me; but I was tinking what should be the use if I was to take you in my *bateau*—in my boat."

"O, then you will take me, sir! O thank you, sir," said John, eagerly, "what use, did you say, sir? O, I want very much to go to France, to find a gentleman, who I hope will be a friend to my poor mother."

"Your moder, did you say, my littel friend—if you want to go to France to do good to your moder, you must be de *bon fils*—de good son, so you shall go wid me in my *bateau*."

"O, thank you, kind Frenchman," said John, taking his hand and shaking it, and pressing it to his bosom, so overjoyed that he scarcely knew what he did or what he said; "then I will come to the harbour, by four to-morrow, and you will be there and take me, I shall be sure to find you."

"*Oui*, yes," returned the Frenchman; "you may come, but be sure you do not be too late after—you must be quite *positivement* a littel before four, because I would not lose de *marais*, dat is to say de what you call de tide, for de universe." So saying, he walked away in the direction of Dover town, leaving John to pursue his way home to the hut under the cliffs.

By this time the twilight had gradually given way to the coming on of night; and John Barton had been so earnestly engaged in talking and arranging his plan of going to France, that he had not perceived the increasing darkness. The sea that lay calmly before him, and the wide heavens that were above him, were both so exactly the same deep blue colour, that they seemed to touch and be one vast space, excepting that the waters beneath now and then broke into little white sparkles on the tops of the waves, and the sky over his head

was bright with many stars. The cliffs around, with their white fronts stretching down towards the beach, looked cold and ghastly, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the flapping wings of a solitary sea-gull, and the distant cry of the sailors, keeping time to their pulling altogether, as they hauled in their cables.

Little John could not help stopping for a moment to look round upon a scene, which, although seen by him every day, yet seemed now to look particularly beautiful, and at the same time of a kind of awful loveliness. Now that he stood quite alone, and had time to think, he felt that he had just done a very bold thing in undertaking to make so long a voyage of his own accord, and without having asked the advice of any one, no not even the advice of his own mother. And then came the thought of what she would say when she found what he had done. "I know," thought he, "I am doing right, for I am trying to do good to my mother, and perhaps if I were to have asked her leave first, she would have been afraid to let such a little boy as I am go all alone, and with strangers, too—but then no one would hurt such a little fellow as I am; and then she would think, that I should never be able to travel in France, because I have no money, and I can't speak French, which I have heard everybody speaks in France, even the little boys and girls, and she would be afraid I should have no bed, and be obliged to lie in the fields, and then she would perhaps forbid me to go, which I should be very sorry for, because I should not like to disobey her, yet all the time I should know I ought to go, for though there will be a great many difficulties, yet I feel that if I try hard and do my best to get through them and help myself, that God will be so good and

kind as to take care of me." Little John, as he thought of all this, looked over the blue waters, and felt the tears come in his eyes, and a kind of swelling sensation come over his breast, and it seemed to him as if he had never prayed so earnestly in all his life, though he could not say a word. Just then he recollect ed that it must be very late, and that he had stayed away from home so long that his mother would be uneasy; so he ran as quickly as he could towards the hut, determining that he had better not mention his intention of going to his mother at all.

"Why, Johnny dear," said she, as he bounced into the cottage quite out of breath, "what a long time you have been away. I suppose neighbour Haul kept you."

John felt inclined to say, "yes, mother," but he knew it would not be quite the truth, so he said "I stayed a little while talking with Bill Haul, mother, and I stayed the rest of the time on the beach, but, if you please, mother, I would rather you wouldn't ask me what I stayed there for."

"Very well, dear," said his mother; "no harm, I dare say."

"No indeed, mother," answered John; and they sat down to their supper of dried fish, onions, and brown bread.

"What ails you, child, a'n't you hungry?" said his mother, observing that he cut off his usual portion of bread and fish, but that, instead of eating it at once, he took only a small piece of each, and put by the rest.

"Thank'ee mother, I don't wish the whole of it to-night," said John, for he thought that he should want something to take with him the next morning, and he did not like to deprive his mother of any more than he could help, as she could so ill afford to spare it. And then he was still more glad that he had not told his mother of his intended voyage, for even if

she had allowed him to go, she would have given him everything she had in the house, and left herself entirely without food.

When the time came for going to bed, and little John wished his mother "good night," as she placed her hand as usual on his head, and said, "God bless you, my comfort," he again felt the swelling sensation at his breast, and was very much inclined to throw himself into her arms, and tell her all he intended to do for her; but he checked himself, and saying, "May God be a friend to us, mother," kissed her fervently and tenderly, and ran hastily into his own little room, where he threw himself on his straw mattrass, and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke, he was alarmed to see that it was already daylight, and feared that the sun must be risen. He jumped up, put on his clothes as quickly as he could, put up his two remaining checked shirts in a bundle together, with two more pair of grey stockings, and tying his best handkerchief (which his mother had given him for a keepsake) round her spinning-wheel, as a sort of farewell remembrance, for he could not write, he left the cottage, and ran as fast as he could along the sea-beach, eating part of the remainder of his supper as he went. It was not until he had reached the harbour, that he found the sun was already up, for the cliffs hindered him from seeing it while he was on the beach underneath them; he was afraid it was very late, and asked a man, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at a crab that lay kicking on its back among some sea-weed, what o'clock it was. The man carelessly answered, without looking up, "past four."

"O, dear, I shall be too late; what shall I do?" exclaimed little John. "Master," continued he, turning again to the man, who was now scraping some sand with his foot over the sprawling

crab, "I say, Master, have you seen a Frenchman about here this morning?"

The man stared for a moment full in little John's face, and said, "Lord, how should I know;" and then returned again to his stupid cruel amusement.

"O dear me, what shall I do—but I had better not stay here," thought little John; "I must do as well as I can, and try to find him out for myself." He went towards a few men whom he saw at a little distance, who seemed to be watching some fishing-boats going out. As he pushed into the midst of them, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and, on looking round, he saw his friend the Frenchman.

"Ah, my littel *ami*, my littel friend," said he, "you are very good time here, I see."

"O, I am glad I have found you, I was afraid I should be too late, for a man told me just now that it was past four o'clock."

"No, no such ting," answered the Frenchman; "it is half an hour past tree only."

"O, I am so glad," replied John, "for then there will be time for me to run and leave a message with Bill Haul for my mother, who, I am afraid, will be frightened when she finds I have gone away."

The Frenchman agreed, telling him to mind and be back in time, and so John went to Bill Haul, and told him all about his intended journey to France, begging him to go every day and see his mother, and be kind to her, for his sake, while he was away. Bill Haul promised all this, for he loved little John Barton for his goodnature and obliging disposition, and when John returned to the harbour, he felt much happier

than he did before, now that he knew his mother would know where he was; and that she would have some one to go and help her in his absence. At first, John Barton was very happy on board the Frenchman's boat, helping him and two other men, who were aboard, to work the vessel; but when he had been there about an hour and a half, he began to feel very sick at the stomach, and his head ached so much, that he had a great mind to ask Jacques Bontemps (which was the Frenchman's name) if he might go into the cabin and lie down for a little while; but as he saw that he and the men were busy, he thought he would manage as well as he could for himself; so seeing a large boat-cloak in a corner, he threw himself upon it, and had not lain long there before he felt quite recovered, which, perhaps, would not have been the case if he had gone below, as the warm air of a confined cabin is more likely to bring on sea-sickness than to relieve it. The fresh air of the deck, and his being constantly at work, soon made him quite well; and when the Frenchman came to him to see if he wanted any breakfast, he found that he was very hungry. He produced a small bit of dried fish and some crust, which was all that was left of his provision, and began to eat it.

"Ah, my poor littel *ami*! What, is dat all what you have for your *dejeuné*—for your breakfast? Stop, stop! Stay, let me see if I cannot give you something better."

The kind Jacques went and fetched him some boiled eggs, wine, and some bread. John thanked him, and eat it very heartily; but he mixed some water with the wine. Jacques Bontemps, who was watching him, said, "Ah, ha! it is all very well dat you put de water to de wine now, but you

will like it quite by itself when you have been a littel time in France. What for are you going to France?" continued he, "and for how long time?"

John answered that he did not know how long he should be there, but he was going to try and find out a gentleman who lived in Paris.

"And what name is de gentleman? and what street in Paris does he live in?" asked Jacques.

But when little John told him he knew neither, and that he had no money, nor could he speak a word of French, the goodnatured Frenchman lifted up his hands and eyes in astonishment: "My poor littel friend," he exclaimed, "how will you do to travel all dat way if you have no got money? I would myself go wid you and shew you de way, but I must not leave my *métier*—my trade; and I have very little money to give away, but what I can give I will." So saying the good man took out a half-franc piece * and fifteen sous,† and gave them to little John Barton, who had never possessed so large a sum in all his life.

The vessel just then requiring the captain's attention, he left the little boy, bidding him rest himself, as he would have a long way to walk soon. So John threw himself again upon the boat-cloak, where he slept soundly some hours.

He was awakened by a loud confused noise, and starting upon his feet, he found that the vessel was alongside the quay in the port of Boulogne, where a great number of people were assembled to witness the arrival of a steam-packet from London.

* A small silver coin, worth five-pence English.

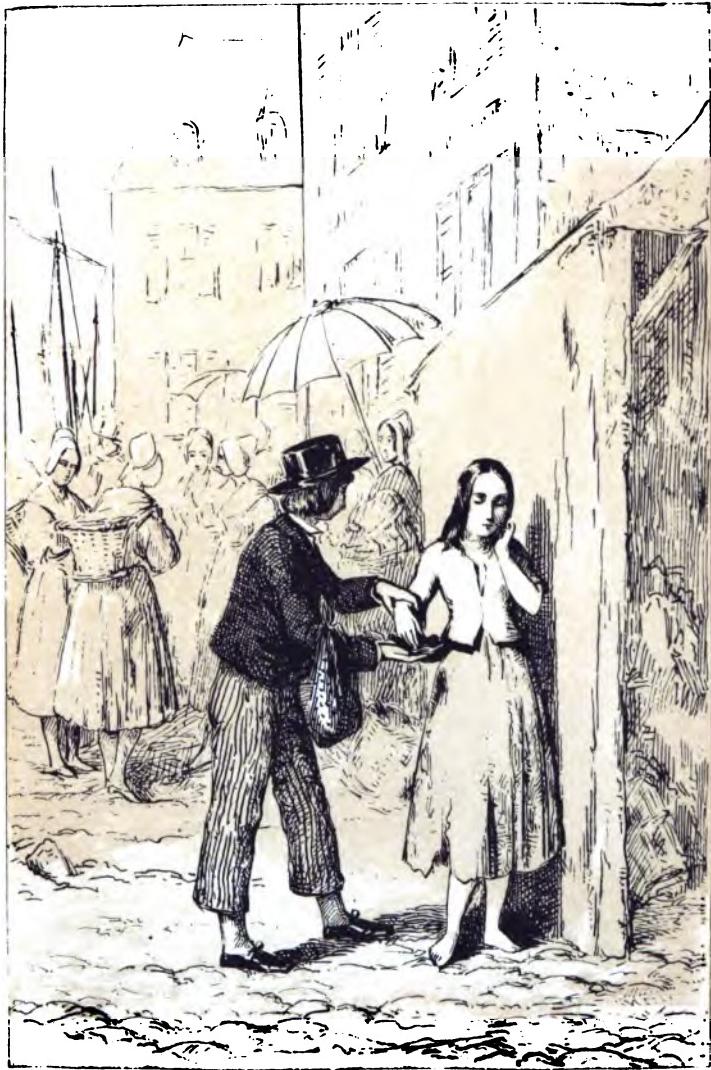
† A sou is worth about an English halfpenny.

All these people seemed to be talking at once, and at the very top of their voices. He saw some men dressed in green coats adorned with silver, with canes in their hands, who seemed to be ordering every one about, and now and then some of them conducted the people who left the packet-boat to a small house at a little distance, surrounded with white pillars. There were also some strange-looking women, with very short dark blue woollen petticoats on, curious little figured cotton caps on their heads, very long gold ear-rings, round baskets strapped to their backs, and heavy wooden-soled slippers on, which went clicket-i-clack, clicket-i-clack, every time they moved a step, and added to the noise they made by screaming and bawling to each other. Then he noticed a number of young men and boys who held little cards in their hands, which they seemed to be endeavouring to force upon every one who landed, talking, like all the rest, as loud as they possibly could. Even some fishermen and sailors, who were assisting Bontemps to moor his boat, all shouted in the same high tone of voice as every one else. John Barton could not help remarking how different they were to the English sailors at Dover, who seemed to do double the work, though they spoke not a word, perhaps, the whole time, much less made such a bustle and a hubbub as these strange sailors did. What made all this noise seem still more confusing to little John was, that not one word of what he heard around did he understand. No; nothing was spoken everywhere about him but French; — he was now in France! He felt still more helpless and desolate when he had taken leave of his kind friend, Jacques Bontemps, and was wandering along one of the streets of Boulogne, uncertain which way to go; however, he was determined to keep

up his spirits, and not to give way to fear and anxiety till there should be real occasion for them. He now began to feel extremely thirsty, and therefore looked about for some place where he might get a draught of water or milk, but it was in vain; there was not a single shop which seemed at all likely to sell anything of the kind. At last he determined to ask, as well as he could, for some at the first shop he should come to of any kind. It happened to be a baker's; he went in, and tried hard to make the woman he found there understand what he wanted, but in vain.

John, disappointed, left the shop, fearing he should never be able to make any one understand him in France; he walked on, and at the end of the street came to a square open place that looked like a market. To his great joy he saw on one of the stalls some fine ripe cherries and strawberries, and upon producing a sou the woman placed in his hand a large cabbage-leaf full of fruit. As he was eating it, and thinking how much better his bargain was here, than the little paper pottles with, perhaps, half a dozen strawberries in them, given for the same money in England, he saw standing opposite to him, at a small distance, a little beggar-girl, whose eyes were fixed longingly on the juicy fruit he held in his hand, but directly she perceived he noticed her, she hastily withdrew them. Her face was extremely pale and thin; her eyes, though of a beautiful dark brown, looked hollow and sickly; her clothes hung in rags about her; and her little tender feet were bare. John Barton went towards her, and held his leaf of fruit before her. She hesitated, and looked up in his face; he took her hand, which was hot and parched, and placing it among the tempting red berries, he said, "Do eat some, little dear!"







from home, as, from her wandering about the streets alone and hungry, he did not think it probable that she lived there; he found also, that he could make this little creature understand his meaning, better than any one else he had spoken to since he had been in France. Well, they were just trotting off together, when suddenly John recollects that he did not know which way he ought to turn to go towards Paris. He turned to his little companion and said, "Paris, Paris," two or three times; then pointed to himself, and then all around. The child only shook her head and smiled.

John Barton did not know how to make her comprehend his meaning, when just at that moment a stage-coach came by, and stopped just where the two children were standing. On it were some words in French, and among them was one which John made out to be Paris; he pointed to it, and when the little girl saw what he meant she screamed out with joy, and exclaiming, "*A Paris! à Paris! O, quel bonheur! nous allons à Paris!*"* she skipped about like a little mad thing.

John thus found out that the word Paris was written the same way in France as in England—but that the French people sounded it differently. The little girl now took his hand, and led him straight up the hilly street they were then in, and when they came to the top, she turned round and pointed across the town. John looked round and saw the wide sea, over which he had so lately passed, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams, at a little distance off. The day was so clear, that he could distinctly see the cliffs of England; and

* "To Paris! to Paris! O what happiness! let us go to Paris!"

as he looked upon them, he thought of his own dear mother, and prayed that he might soon return to her with good news. They then entered a gate under some huge walls, on the top of which the trees were growing; and after they had walked through some more streets, they came out at another gate like the former, and they found themselves on a straight road, upon which, at some distance off, John again saw the stage-coach travelling slowly along. They trudged on, keeping it in sight for some time, but it went much faster than they could possibly walk, and so it was not long before they lost it altogether; but still they kept walking on, John every now and then looking at his little companion, to see if she seemed tired. But, on the contrary, she appeared to be gay and brisk, and as if she had been well accustomed to walking; she now and then ran to the side of the road, to gather the weeds which she would stick into John's hat, and then smile in his face, as if trying to shew how happy she was. Once or twice she endeavoured to get his bundle from him, but when he found that she only wanted to carry it for him, that she might save him the trouble, he would not let her have it, though she continually put her hand on it. However, when she found nothing could make him give it up, she ran and gathered some very large dock-leaves out of the hedge, and held them over John's and her own head to keep the heat of the sun off, all the time smiling and playing several little graceful tricks, as if she mocked a fine lady with her parasol, to the great delight of our friend John, who, as he watched her sweet cheerful countenance and winning actions, thought he had never beheld such a pretty creature in all his life. Suddenly she stopped, and pointing to herself, she said, "Julie, Julie;"

then pointing to him, she looked up in his face with an asking look, to which he replied, "John," for he could not but directly understand that she meant to tell him her name and inquire his.

"*Tchon! Tchon! Ah, que c'est drôle!*"* exclaimed the child, laughing, and again she frisked about; then she came back to him, and stroking his face, said, in a half-laughing, half-soothing tone, "*Ah, mon pauvre Tchon!*"†

Little John could not help laughing too, so he patted her on the cheek, saying, "O, you dear little Julie!" which made her laugh and skip about ten times more; so these two merry little travellers went on and on, for many a long mile, without feeling tired, so happy they were with each other.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they began to feel both hungry and tired, so John began to look about for some house where they might rest and get something to eat; and as he spied a cottage at a little distance, he went towards it, and, upon looking in, he saw a woman standing at a table, cutting some slices off an immensely large brown loaf, and giving a piece to each of her children, six of whom were sitting round the table, with a large bowl of milk before them. Julie, who had likewise peeped in, went towards the woman, and said something to her, when immediately the good woman came to where John was standing, and led him to the table, where she made him sit down, and placed a bowl of milk and two large slices of bread before him and Julie, all the time encouraging them to eat by her kind looks and tone of voice. They were soon quite at home with this good

* "Tchon! Tchon! O, how droll!"

† "Ah, my poor Tchon!"

family, for though they could not make out a single word that John said, yet his goodnatured face, and, to them, curious language, soon won the children to take a fancy to him; and as for Julie, no one could look at her beautiful face and winning manners, without loving her directly. When they had finished their pleasant meal, John took out two of his sous, and offered them timidly to the woman, who put back his hand, with some remarks, which John could not understand, but he saw by her action that she refused his money; he thanked her very heartily several times, hoping, by the tone of his voice, to make himself understood; and he took hold of her hand, and drew her face towards him, and kissed her very affectionately. The woman returned his caresses with a very gentle manner, and then went towards a door at the other end of the apartment. She opened it, and pointing to a small bed which stood in the next room, looked at him, and then spoke some words to Julie. John shook his head, in token that they had no place to sleep in, and the good woman seemed to settle that they should remain with her that night. Our two little travellers, after a good game of romps with the children of the cottage, on some hay which was lying in a field behind the house, went to bed, and slept soundly till six o'clock on the following morning. The good woman having given them some bread and milk for breakfast, our two little travellers took an affectionate leave of her, and proceeded on their journey. We will not follow them, day by day, in all their adventures: it will be sufficient to say, that what with John's goodnatured face, and frank active manners, together with Julie's pretty voice, and sweet engaging looks when she spoke to strangers, our two little wanderers were

never in want of a supper or a bed. Once, indeed, they met with a very cross man, who would have nothing to say to them; so that they were forced to endure the pain of hunger, and lie all night in the open air; but even then they were not down-hearted, for John luckily found some wild strawberries, which he gathered for Julie; and when night came, he made up a nice bed for her on some hay, which he piled up in the corner of a meadow, under a thick hedge, and covered her up with his coarse, but warm, blue sea-jacket. It was, fortunately, a fine warm night in July, so that, instead of feeling sorry they had no bed, John could not help being very grateful and happy, as he looked up at the deep blue sky over his head, which was sparkling with thousands of bright stars. As he was silently thanking God for his protection, and for being able to help himself, he suddenly heard voices on the other side of the hedge. He listened, but could not make out a word, as the voices talked in French. He rose softly from his bed of hay, and crept to that of Julie, who was at a little distance. He awakened her very gently, and placed his fingers on his lips, in token that she should listen in silence. Julie, who saw his signs by the star-light, after having hearkened to the voices with great attention, suddenly started up, and drew John quietly, but quickly from the spot. He saw that her face was much agitated, and she looked pale and frightened. He had distinguished in the midst of the conversation he had just overheard, the name of the cross man, who had refused them a supper and bed that evening. He particularly recollects it, because it was written over the man's door, "Lion;" and Julie had laughed when she read it, as if she had meant to say that it was a good name for such a cross person. Well, he now

noticed that Julie was leading him back to the village where Mr. Lion lived, and that she at last stopped at his door. She knocked loudly, and at last the man came to the window, and asked, in a gruff tone, what they wanted. Julie only spoke a few words in a loud whisper, when he hastened down stairs, muttering all the way, and opened the door for them. After bringing the children in, he immediately called up some workmen who slept in the house, and placing them at the doors and windows, with sticks in their hands, he gave them some directions in a frightened tone of voice, and seemed to be expecting something in great alarm. They did not wait long before they heard a voice at one of the window shutters. All the workmen immediately sallied out, and, after a short scuffle, they came in again, bringing with them two men, bound hand and foot, who no sooner uttered a word, than John discovered them to be the same men whose voices he had heard in the meadow. He now found that Julie had overheard them plotting an attack on Mr. Lion's house; and had, in fact, returned good for evil, by coming and warning him of his danger, although he had been so unkind as to refuse them a little food and a night's lodging. The man himself seemed now to be ashamed of his behaviour, for he pulled out a golden coin, and offered it to Julie, but she shook her head, and John stepped forward and put back his hand, for he would not be paid for doing a good action, especially by a man whom he did not respect, even though he felt that that piece of money would be of very great use to him and Julie on their journey: so he took her hand, and without wishing him good-bye, they both left the house, and went to their pleasant beds in the meadow, where they both slept soundly till morning,

when they jumped up betimes, and continued their journey as merrily and happily as usual.

Often and often did John Barton thank God for having brought him and his dear little friend Julie together. Had he unkindly eaten all his fruit, instead of sharing it with the poor little stranger, he never could have managed his journey half so well, so that he felt how true the proverb was that he had heard his mother repeat—"a good deed always meets its reward."

By being constantly together, and helping and loving each other, John and Julie at last came to understand each other's signs almost as well as by talking ; and, by degrees, John learnt to understand a few words of French, and Julie of English.

At length, after about fifteen days' travelling, by the help of Julie's inquiring the way in all the towns they passed through, and by noticing all the stage coaches that passed them on the road, the two little wanderers entered the city of Paris.

Here then, at last, was our hero in Paris ; at which place he had, for the last fortnight, been so anxious to arrive. But how was he to proceed in order to find out the French gentleman, who, he hoped, would be a friend to his mother ? He did not even know his name, and as he looked at the rows and rows of houses that surrounded him on all sides of this immense town, his heart almost failed him, when he recollect ed that he did not even know the name of the street in which the gentleman lived.

However, he tried to keep up his spirits, for he recollect ed that he had never found grieving or crying do him any good, or help him forward in anything ; so he began to think what

he had better first do, in order to set about looking for the French gentleman.

At this moment, a rude boy, passing quickly and unconcernedly, happened to knock down a basket of fine peaches belonging to a fruit-woman, whose stall was just opposite to the spot where our two little friends were standing.

John immediately, with his usual active goodnature, ran to assist the woman in picking up her fruit, and replacing it in the basket; and she, after having bestowed a few hard words on the awkward boy, turned and thanked our hero, and then gave him a fine peach for his pains. John, although he felt rather hungry, yet (as he always did, when anything nice was given to him) instantly gave it to Julie, because he thought that she, being a little girl, and weaker than himself, must want it still more than he.

The fruit-woman, who observed this action of his, was very much pleased, and immediately placed another peach in his hands for himself.

While the children were eating their peaches, and still standing by the stall, a lady bought some fruit of the woman, and then wished to have it sent home to her house.

The fruit-woman, who liked John's honest face, and his kindness to the little girl, desired him to carry it to the lady's house; and when Julie had made him understand what he was to do, he took the basket, and, accompanied by his little friend (who would never leave him for an instant), he followed the lady home. Upon his arriving there, he delivered the basket of fruit to a servant, and the lady, who was pleased with the two children, gave them each a *cinque-sous* piece.*

* A small coin, worth two-pence halfpenny, English.

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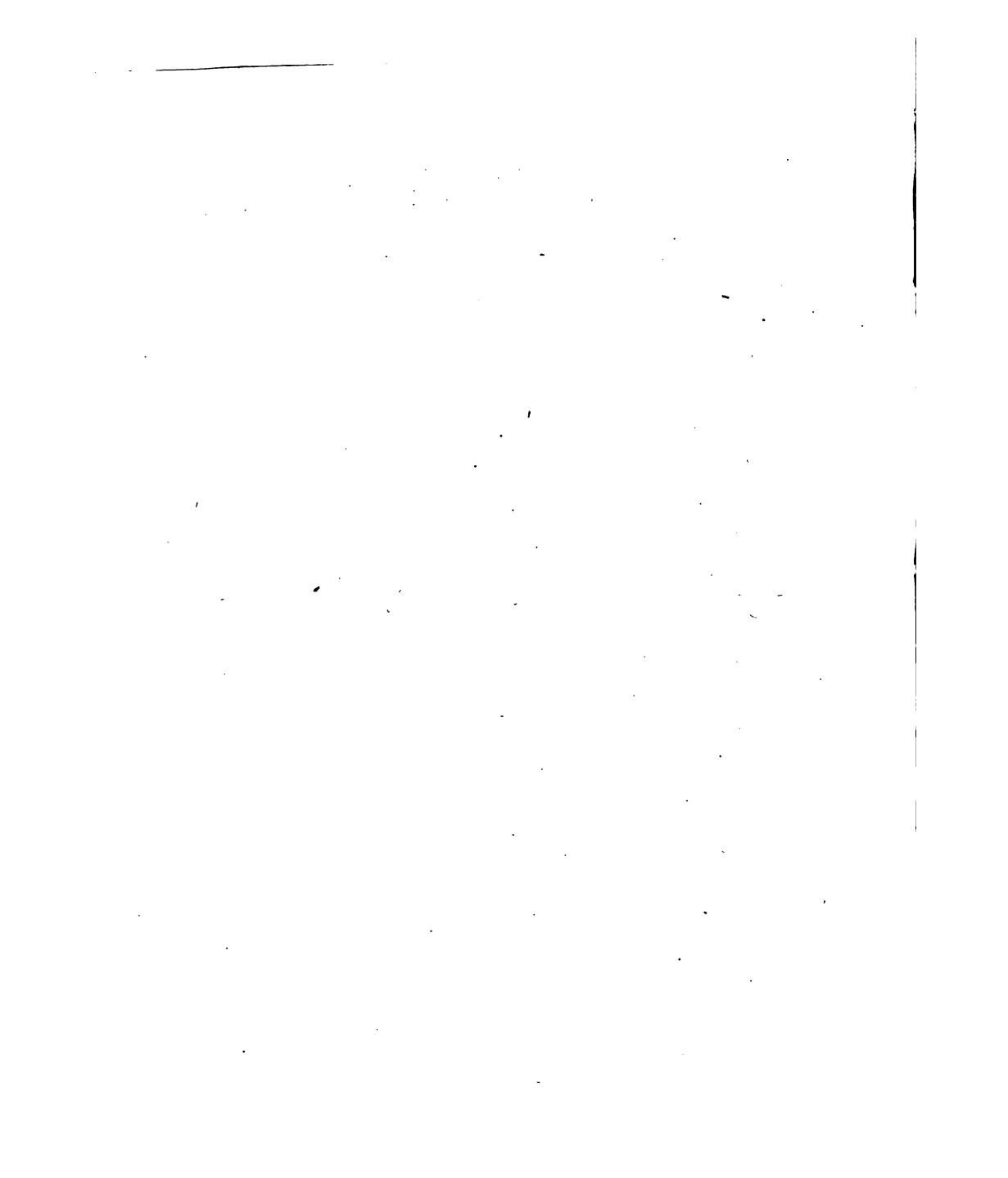
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VENDEUR DE FRUIT







John, thinking this to be the price of the fruit, immediately returned with it to the fruit-woman, who was still more pleased with him, from this fresh proof of his honesty and goodness. He now made his usual signs to Julie that she should inquire about a sleeping place. He soon saw by the smiling looks of the good woman, that their petition for a night's lodging was granted, and he felt very grateful that they had so soon found a home in that great busy city, where every one seemed to be so much occupied with their own thoughts and business, that John had felt much more solitary and neglected since he had come amongst them, than he had ever felt whilst he was travelling along through country roads and meadows, and had only come now and then to a cottage, where the people seemed to have more leisure and inclination to attend to him. In fact, the good fruit-woman had quite taken a fancy to the two strange children, from their honesty, good behaviour, and fondness for each other, and she felt scarcely less pleased than they did, when they were both happily settled in her nice little lodgings.

In return for all the kindness to them, John endeavoured to make himself as useful as possible to her; and he really was a great assistance to his kind friend, by carrying the baskets of fruit to the houses of the people who purchased them at the stall, and by going on all kinds of errands for her, when out of doors, and when at home, by rubbing the fruit, arranging it in the baskets for the next day's sale, picking out the best leaves and placing them among the fruit so as to make it look more tempting, besides various other little jobs in the household, which made him quite a valuable helpmate.

As for little Julie, she was not able to do much to assist, but her sweet merry face, happy voice, and playful gaiety, made her a most charming companion to their kind friend; and as for her young protector, John, he doted upon her more and more every day, while she, on her part, was so fondly attached to him that she would never, upon any account, be prevailed upon to quit him. In all his walks she accompanied him; during his work she would constantly sit by him, and either sing him some songs, of which she seemed to know an immense number, or merely smile, pat his face, chatter French to him, dance about, and, in short, use every means in her power to amuse and please him; or if he were sent on any message, she was sure to be trotting beside him, helping him to carry the basket or parcel, and trying, by all kinds of little winning ways, to make the way seem short and pleasant.

In the meantime, John Barton never for a moment lost sight of the main object which had induced him to come to Paris, so far from his own dear mother, and his own home in the little cottage under the cliffs. Whenever he was out, in all his long ramblings through the large city, he never failed to look at all the faces he met, in the hope of seeing one like that which he had often heard his mother describe as belonging to the French gentleman, who had been so much benefited by his father. Every name that he saw written up, he took pains to spell out as well as he could, for he thought he had heard his mother mention it, though he could not recollect the exact sound, and he thought that, if he were to see it, it might be recalled to his mind; these were very slender chances, and the poor little boy began at last to despair of ever suc-

ceeding, when an event occurred which proved that God never deserts those that are really persevering, cheerful, and hearty in their efforts to *help themselves*.

One fine morning John was sent with a message from the fruit-woman to one of her customers who lived in a distant part of the city, and, as he was returning, he stopped for an instant to look at a handsome cabriolet which stood opposite the door of a fine large house. Just at that moment a piercing scream from Julie made him turn his head abruptly round, and, to his horror, he beheld her stretched upon the pavement apparently dead! whilst a gentleman was bending over her, and raising her from the ground.

John ran towards his darling little friend, and lifting her head gently in his arms, beheld her face perfectly pale and motionless. He burst into tears at this dreadful sight, and broke forth into reproaches against the gentleman (who, in passing quickly to his cabriolet, appeared to have knocked the little girl down), forgetting that he was speaking English, and would therefore most probably not be understood.

However, the gentleman mildly replied, in the same language, though with a foreign accent, " My little friend, I am exceedingly sorry to have hurt your sister; but I cannot imagine how it was she fell, for I scarcely seemed to touch her. I think it must have been something else which frightened her, for the poor little thing is in a swoon. Baptiste," added he, calling to a servant who stood by, " lift this little one carefully in your arms, and lay her on the sofa in the parlour."

The servant obeyed: and John, seeing they were carrying away his dear little Julie, loudly protested against it.

"My dear little friend," said the gentleman, leading John into the house, "be patient; we are only going to try to recover your sister from her fainting fit."

John followed the gentleman into a superbly furnished apartment, where he saw his beloved little friend placed carefully on a soft sofa, where she continued to lie for some time, perfectly still and pale. As John hung over her, sobbing, and endeavouring as well as he could to assist in the efforts made by the gentleman and his servants to restore her, he at last beheld her colour come a little into her cheeks, and he had the pleasure of feeling her breath come upon his face as she sighed and turned a little round.

"*Où est mon cher papa? J'ai cru l'avoir vu. Est ce un songe?*"* said she, in a faint voice.

"Great God! it is my child! it is my little Julie! it is my dear daughter!" exclaimed the gentleman, and rushing to the sofa, he caught the little girl in his arms and covered her with kisses, while she, in her turn, flung her arms round his neck and stifled him with weeping and joyful caresses.

John in astonishment beheld this scene, and wondered what could be its meaning, when the gentleman, after indulging in a long embrace of his dear little girl, at last turned to where he was standing, and said:—"And how came you, my little Englishman, to be with my dear child?" "Is Julie your daughter, Sir?" asked John, in amazement.

"Yes, my long-lost child, for whom I have grieved these last two years; and whom I feared I should never see again; but come, tell me how you came to be with her; come tell me the whole story."

* "Where is my dear papa? I thought I had seen him. Is it a dream?"









John recollects, at this moment, that his kind friend the fruit-woman would be uneasy at his long stay, so he told the gentleman that he believed he ought to return to her to relieve her anxiety; but the gentleman would not hear of his leaving him, and despatched a footman to bid the fruit-woman not to feel anxious for the two children, as they were perfectly safe.

By this time the poor little Julie had quite recovered from the effects of her swoon (which was only occasioned by the sudden shock of surprise and joy in seeing her dear papa after so long a separation), and she could now sit up on the sofa, and talk with her usual sprightliness. With her eyes and lips glistening with mingled new-fallen tears and beaming smiles, and her cheek resting on her kind father's bosom, she chatted away to him with such a happy tone of voice, as made her father stop every now and then to kiss her for joy, and gave John a sensation of such proud gladness as he had never in his life felt before. "And now, my brave little fellow," said the gentleman, turning to John after his daughter had stopped speaking, "it is but fair, you, who have been so kind a protector to my poor little wandering child, should be told who she is, and indeed her whole story, which she has just been relating to me; I see you did not understand her, but you may be sure that, in the course of her tale, she did not forget to mention your kindness to her, my little friend; at any rate, her father will never forget it."

So saying, the gentleman shook John Barton very heartily by the hand, and after doing so two or three times, he continued: "Having lost my dear wife when my little Julie was very young, I was compelled to trust the child very much

to the care of servants; and one afternoon, when she was about five years old, the maid who had the charge of her returned home with the dreadful news, that, in the course of their walk, she had suddenly missed Mademoiselle Julie, and that she had searched everywhere in Paris for her, but in vain. The agony I then suffered," said the gentleman, looking affectionately at his little girl, "can only be equalled by the delight I now feel in again beholding my child, whom I have so long mourned as lost to me for ever. Her loss was so sudden and strange, as to seem almost like a dream; no trace whatever could be discovered of the cause of her removal, and after the strictest inquiry and search were made throughout Paris, I was compelled to give up my efforts for her recovery as perfectly hopeless. The cause of her extraordinary disappearance is explained by the account Julie has just given me. She says, 'That while she was walking with the servant in the gardens of the Tuilleries, she saw a very beautiful butterfly, which she begged the maid to try and catch for her, but as this latter was busily engaged in talking with some acquaintance, and did not attend to her request, she tried to run after it herself, and as she was pursuing it behind one of the many statues which adorn the gardens, a tall woman with glaring black eyes started out, caught her up in her arms, and ran off with her as quickly as possible; at the same time covering her mouth with her dirty brown hand so tightly as almost to stifle her, in order that she might not cry out for help. My poor little girl tells me, that from that day she went through the most shocking hardships; that the horrid gipsey used to beat her dreadfully, if she did not perform tasks which were much too hard for her possibly to

accomplish; that she stripped all her nice clothes off, and dressed her in filthy rags; that she used to make her walk miles and miles with her about the country, till her feet used to bleed, and till she was obliged to drop down by the road-side and cry for very weariness; and that she never gave her sufficient food to eat. This cruel usage was all because my child would never obey her in two things—no threats, no entreaties, could prevail upon her either to beg or steal; both of which this wicked wretch wanted her to do, and had stolen her for the purpose. At last my poor little Julie found an opportunity of escaping from the power of this horrid fiend: she ran away; and had not wandered far, when she met with you, my kind good little boy, to whom she is indebted for supporting her in her misery, and, at last, for conducting her to the arms of her sorrowing father. May God Almighty bless and reward you for it, and render your parents as happy as the possession of so good a son ought already to make them, and as he deserves they should be. But I have forgotten all this time to ask your name, my brave boy; twice in her life have I nearly lost my darling. Her first preserver I entirely lost sight of; but you, her second deliverer, must receive the reward due to one who has rendered so important a service to the now happy Béliard."

"Béliard! Béliard! that's it!" exclaimed John, utterly regardless of the gentleman's question; "I knew I should remember it if I once heard it. And is Béliard really your name, sir?" added he, eagerly.

"Certainly, my little friend," answered the gentleman astonished; "and what then?". "And you say you nearly lost your little Julie twice in her life!—O, it must be, it must be!

O, my dear, dear mother! my dear mother!" exclaimed John, nearly crying with joy, as he started from his chair, and ran to the window, just as if he could have really looked out towards his own house and his dear mother.

The gentleman, amazed at this strange behaviour of the little boy's, asked him what he meant by his exclamations, and also reminded him that he had not yet told him his name.

"O, sir, I am almost sure you will remember it, for it was my poor father's as well as mine—John Barton."

"Good heavens! and are you the son of the brave seaman who rescued my dear infant from the waves? Twice has my darling Julie been saved from perishing by the generous Bartons."

You may easily imagine, that Monsieur Béliard, upon discovering that the wife and mother of the two preservers of his child was living in want and misery, hastened to relieve her. On the very day following, he set out for England, accompanied by John and Julie (whom he would not trust from his sight for an instant), but not till he had first called upon the good fruit-woman and handsomely rewarded her for her kindness to the two children. He also stopped a day at Boulogne, for the purpose of recompensing the good Jacques Bontemps.

At last the impatient John had the happiness of embracing his dear mother, for whom he had done so much, and of seeing her provided for comfortably during the remainder of her life, by the generosity of Monsieur Béliard, and all this he could not help feeling was owing to his exertions, his humanity, and his reliance upon the goodness of God.





THE FAVORITE SCHOLAR.

PART I.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Johann Engelhardt, the schoolmaster and curate of Pappenheim, sate in his dressing-gown and slippers outside his garden-door, before a little writing-table, enjoying the luxurious independence of the Saturday afternoon in revising, for the hundredth time, his manuscript "Treatise on the Dual of the Greek Nouns." Barbara, his old servant, was busied within the kitchen, preparing cherry-cake for the Sunday's dinner.

"Barbara," inquired the Curate, "has Friedrich been here this afternoon?"

"No," said she; "what should he come for, the poor boy? Was he not in the school this morning?"

"No," returned the Curate; "but make the cake big enough, Barbara; he shall dine with us to-morrow."

"Butcher Metsger," said Barbara, "dines like a prince on Sundays; there are two joints, and vegetables, and a pudding; but for all that, Friedrich would much rather dine here. It

is a pity he cannot live with us, for they never can make a butcher of him!"

"The Lord's will be done," returned the curate sighing; "he knows that which is best for us all, and yet——" he did not finish his sentence, but he began a calculation in his own mind, which he had made at least a dozen times before, namely, whether the income which barely sufficed for two persons could be made to maintain three. The calculation ended with another deep sigh, by which we may conclude that the result of it was not satisfactory.

"Barbara," again began the Curate, "see that, on Monday, my every-day coat is mended at the elbows, and on Tuesday let it be folded neatly, and put in the press; a few days' rest now and then is good for everything." Barbara said that this should be attended to, adding that she had looked out his walking shoes, and that they should be oiled and made ready for Wednesday. The Curate said that was right, and then Barbara having made two cherry-cakes instead of one, in expectation of the morrow's guest, went out with them on her head to the bakehouse. The Curate then filled his pipe, lighted it, and began to pace slowly up and down the middle alley of his garden; and while he is so doing we will give the reader a little information which he ought to possess for the better understanding of our story.

According to the ancient regulations of the grammar-school in Pappenheim, it was required that the master, four times in the year, that is to say, at the end of each quarter, should drink a certain quantity of a certain mineral water, on which occasion he received his prescribed quarterly payment of about two pounds sterling.

At the end of every quarter, therefore, he drank mineral water. This, of course, concerned himself, and was his own private affair: but had our dear young readers heard, on the close of the quarterly Saturday afternoon, when the worthy schoolmaster made known, in a clear tone of voice and in language easy to be understood, that, on the following Monday he should drink the mineral waters, and had heard thereupon the murmur of applause, and had seen the nodding of heads and the broad grins of delight that followed, he would have been quite sure that the scholars, every one of them, had in it their share of pleasure also.

The truth was, that this announcement of the Schoolmaster's, which to unlearned ears simply expressed his intention of drinking mineral waters on the next Monday, was just the same to the scholars as if he had gone on to say, and that, on Tuesday, he should receive presents from their parents; and on Wednesday, that he should take them (the scholars) all a long ramble. In all this the scholars had a long perspective of happiness; first, there was a whole holiday on Monday for play; secondly, on Tuesday, there was the home preparation of presents, cakes, and dried fruits, eggs and cheeses, part of which they themselves were to eat with the master, to say nothing of the pickings and gleanings which they had beforehand; and thirdly and lastly, there was, on Wednesday, the ramble beyond the limits of their own narrow valley, and sometimes even the climbing to the top of a mountain, whence they got a peep into the wide world.

Thus much told, we return to the Curate, whom we left smoking his pipe in the middle alley of his garden. Whilst he was thus encircled, as it were, by a halo of fragrance, the

door in the angle of the garden-wall slowly opened, and a head was thrust cautiously in, and then as cautiously withdrawn again and the door closed, but so softly as not to catch the ear of the Curate. The head that was thrust in was that of a boy of perhaps twelve years of age, fine-featured, and delicately complexioned, whose abundant hair, wavy rather than curled, fell upon his shoulders, and was partially covered by a little black cap, which sate gracefully on the crown of his head, and just touched the tip of his right ear. Had we or the Curate been near enough, that momentary glimpse would have sufficed to shew an expression of apprehension and trouble on that young countenance. The Curate walked on, and as the boy has apparently withdrawn himself, we will take this opportunity of making the reader better acquainted with him.

Friedrich Seyfried, ridiculed by his companions for his love of books, and for his fits of absence and abstraction of mind, was the son of a poor but learned man, whose books, though found on the shelves of the erudite, brought money into nobody's pocket but the printer's. He died whilst his son was yet too young to remember him; and his widow, who after his death maintained herself and her son by the embroidery of carpets, had now been dead also a few months. Friedrich had been carefully and well nurtured by his mother, and he had been long the favourite scholar of the Curate, who, after his mother's death, took him to remain in his house until some one of his relations offered to provide for him.

The relations, however, made no haste with these offers, and when they did, they were, unfortunately, by no means successful. The first who made trial of him was an apothecary, the half-brother of his mother. For a few weeks, all went

on very well; the apothecary was charmed with his knowledge of Latin and Greek, and already began to employ him in compounding of medicines. Unfortunately, however, one day, as he was ordered by the cook to prepare mug-wort for the roast goose, in a fit of absence of mind he gave her wormwood instead. A Michaelmas goose cooked with wormwood was an unheard of dish: the goose was spoiled. Friedrich, that same night, was sent back to the Curate's, with a polite note from the apothecary, saying that he would not have his life embittered by so unskilful a person.

The next attempt was with the half-brother of Friedrich's father, who was a shopkeeper and gingerbread-baker; but things went on no better here than at the apothecary's, for whilst the poor lad was learning the compounding of gingerbread, his mind was afloat among his books and his learning, and, mistaking salt for sugar, he shook a whole dishful into the mass, which was intended for Basle gingerbread, and ruined the whole baking. His uncle, who was a passionate man, gave him a box on the ear as warning to leave, and bade him tell the Curate that he would not lose his property and his profits in that way for any book-worm in the world.

Friedrich returned to the school-house humbled and mortified, and the apothecary and the gingerbread-baker, who supped together that night, agreed that a "boy whose head was always running a wool-gathering could not be much better than an idiot."

The Curate's was a spare table. Very little sufficed for him and old Barbara, and poor Friedrich had no chance of getting fat there. The butcher's wife, as she saw his thin fingers turning over the leaves of the hymn-book in church,

had compassion on him, and as her husband was his godfather, she persuaded him to make a trial of him. Friedrich had no taste for killing cattle, but nevertheless, after his former failure, he went there with the determination to be useful. Nothing reconciled the Curate to the thought of his being a butcher, but the knowledge that he would have enough to eat.

The good Curate was consoling his mind with this reflection at the very moment when Friedrich opened the garden-door.

Friedrich was still standing outside, with his hand upon the lock, and an expression of irresolution on his countenance, when Barbara, who was returning from the bakehouse, came unexpectedly upon him.

"How now, Friedrich," cried she, "are you here?"

"Oh Barbara," said he, almost crying, "what will he say?"

"So then, they have sent you back again, have they?" asked the old woman. "Well, and what blunder have you made this time; spoiled another goose, have you?"

By this time they were in the kitchen, and Friedrich, throwing himself into a low seat, unburdened his conscience to Barbara. "I know they are very angry," said he, "and I do not wonder, for only think—and I cannot conceive how I did it—I emptied a gall into a mess of sausage-meat, and it was never found out till the half of Pappenheim were eating their dinners to-day!"

Barbara burst into a violent fit of laughter, and Friedrich, who thought the affair anything but amusing, sate looking very mournful, and twisting a piece of paper between his fingers.

"What have you there?" asked she, wiping away the tears of her laughter with her apron.

"It is a note for the Curate," said the boy; "they made me promise to give it him, for they know that I never broke my word. It is something very bad about me, and it will make him angry I know; but he shall see it for all that."

Barbara took it, and read what was written: "Hum!" said she, when she had finished, "it is the old story over again; he won't have his life and the lives of his customers embittered by any one who cannot tell a nail in a wall from a sausage-pan:" again the old woman laughed, and then went through the porch into the garden, where, his pipe being ended, the Curate had seated himself again at his writing-desk.

When Barbara returned, she looked almost as grave as Friedrich himself, and bade him go to the Curate in the garden.

Friedrich stole softly to the front of the little writing-desk, and stood like a culprit; the Curate, in whose hand was the piece of paper which Barbara had given him, eyed him severely.

"Friedrich," said he, "what is to be done? I would maintain you willingly, if I could, the Lord knows; but, as I cannot, it is high time that you learned to get your own living. As to studying, you must give that up; you have not one farthing for that."

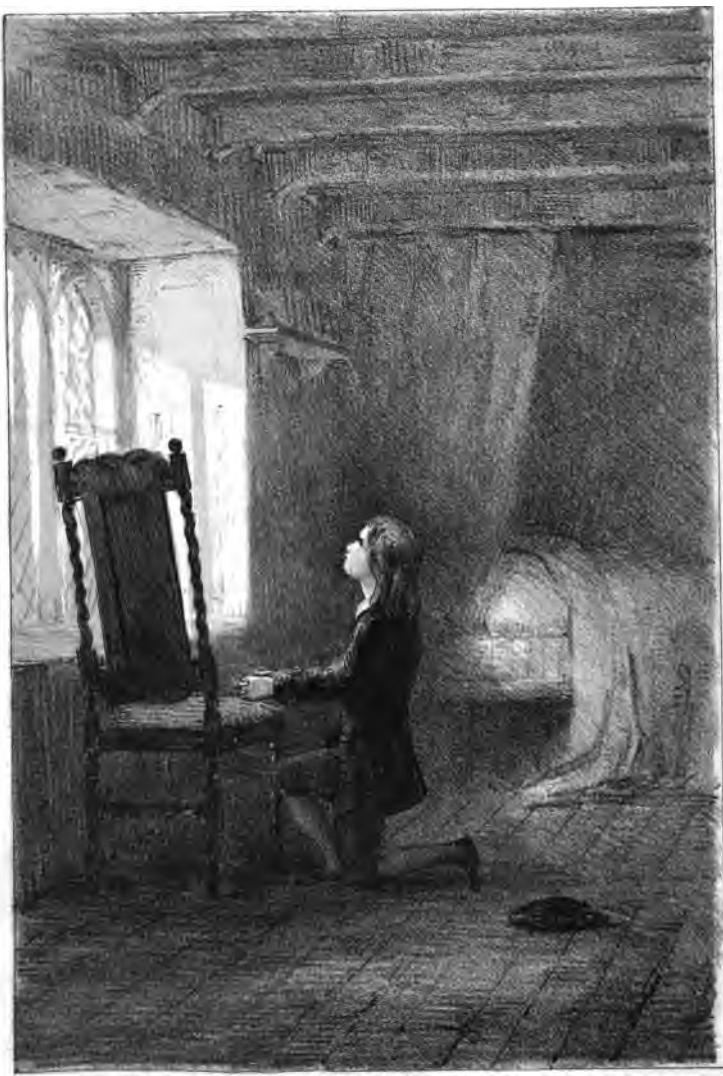
"O, reverend sir!" answered the poor boy, "I have the very best will to get my own living, but I cannot, I cannot! and why, He knows best who created me. I went to my godfather's with the firmest determination to be mindful, and not to give you any more trouble; but, neither my head nor my hand is good for any trade. When I was at the apothecary's, if I went to fetch herbs out of the ingredient-room, then came "*Beatus ille qui procul*" into my head, and I brought the wrong thing; and at the gingerbread-maker's, even while I

was trying to do right, and to avoid both the anger and the laughter of them all, I was sure to mistake one thing for another; and at my godfather's, if I took a sausage by the end, it was sure to slip out of my fingers; if I took hold of it by both ends, they all laughed at me, and asked if I thought it would run away."

The Curate smiled too at this simple and candid confession.

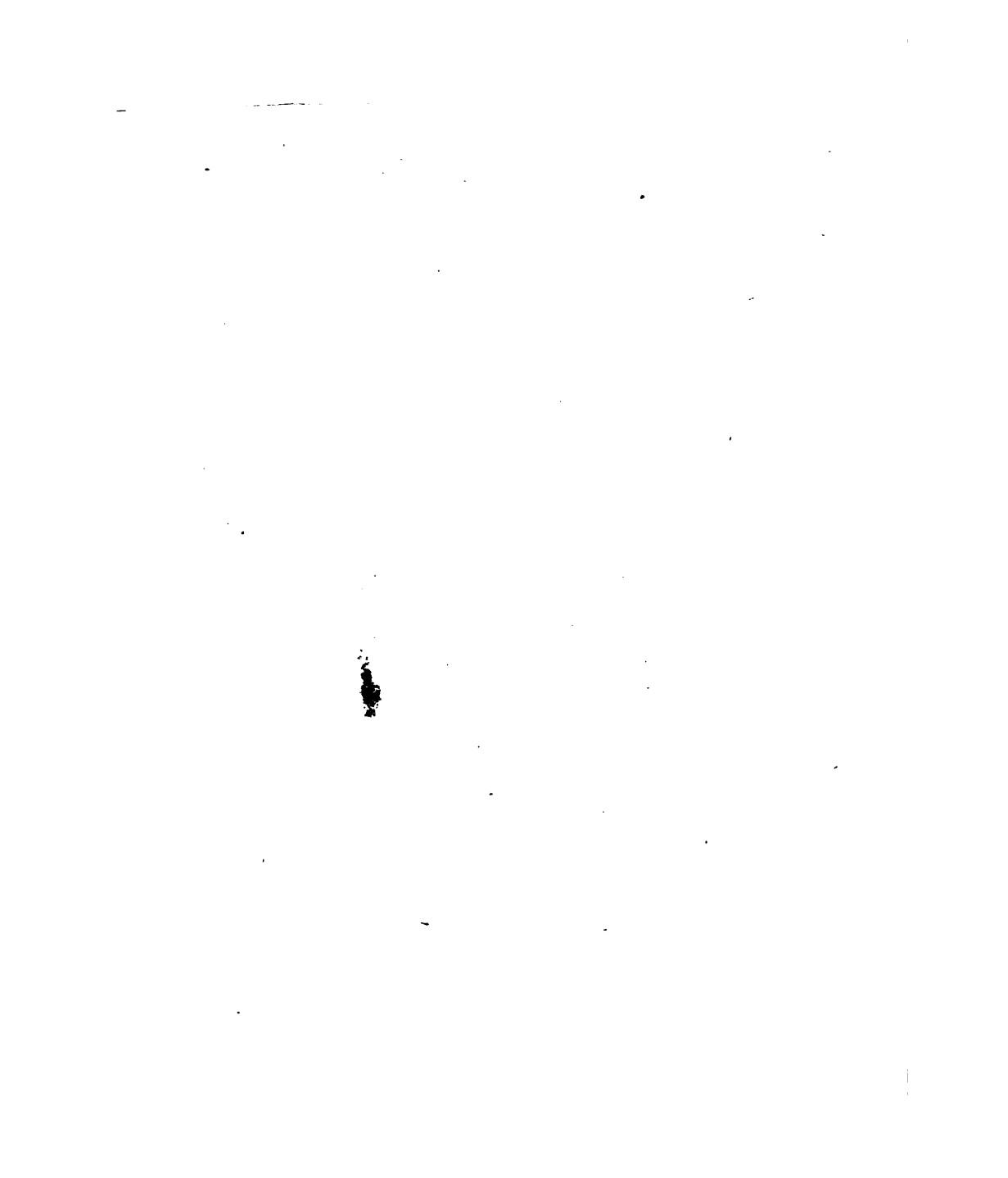
That smile went to the poor boy's heart, and he said mournfully, and with tears in his eyes, "I know not that which the Almighty wills for me, poor orphan! It seems to me as if everything excepting books burnt my fingers, and yet I must renounce books for ever! My soul thirsts after the fountains of knowledge; I feel the thirst as the reaper feels his in harvest-time, and yet I must renounce the very means which would satisfy it! Oh, reverend sir, you have your pleasure in books, you know what it is; you are the only person in Pappenheim who can understand me! I have displeased you, I know, but, oh cast me not off! tell me only to whom I could turn myself!"

The Curate turned his face from the boy, and fixing his eyes upon the garden-bed opposite, as if studying the growing cabbages, said, with a somewhat tremulous voice: "Friedrich, I think that, hitherto, we have forgotten over our books the right person, namely, the Almighty; that is to say, I think that we have, hitherto, studied too much, and prayed too little. Instead, as hitherto, of going here and there, and knocking at the doors of friends and relations, we should have given all honour and preference to the Father in heaven, and have knocked at his door: 'Knock, and it shall be opened to you,' he says; and his gracious words are, 'Call on me in



air

ay



thy need, and I will help thee, and thou shalt praise me.' He alone is it who has for every Samuel a temple, for every David a harp, and for every son of Saphet a prophet's mantle. And, my poor Friedrich, he who has created this thirst in thee, will also shew thee a fountain of water in the desert! But we must seek that which we need from him in prayer."

Friedrich heard the words of his kind, fatherly friend. He made no reply, but went at once into the little cell-like chamber which had been hitherto allotted to him, in the old school-house, as his sleeping-room; and there, bolting the door upon himself, poured out all his griefs before his Father in heaven, with many tears.

PART II.

IT was now Wednesday morning, the morning of the great quarterly ramble; and already, soon after daybreak, the Latin scholars were assembled in the court of the school-house, waiting for the Curate, Friedrich, and the curate's dog, who always made one of the party on such occasions.

Long before the scholars had assembled in the court,—before the dog's impatient bark was heard,—almost before the very day had dawned,—Friedrich had poured forth his heart earnestly at the throne of mercy:—"Lord, I am in thy hands: provide for me as thou best knowest how."

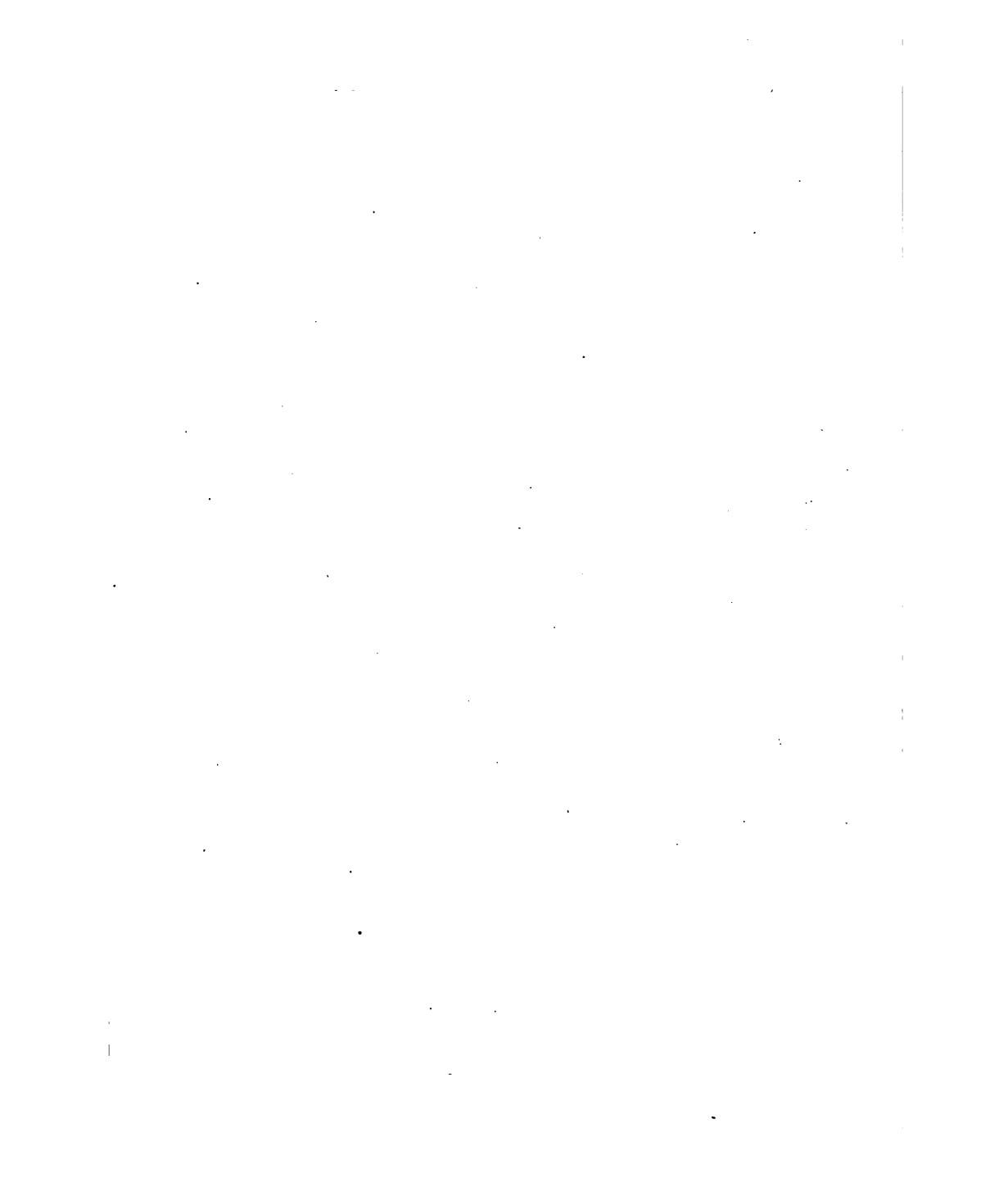
The sun shone bright and warm; spangles of dew hung and sparkled on every leaf and flower; fleecy mist-clouds rose upwards from the valley, and reflected the light of the sun;

the curate's poodle ran bounding on and barked; and the scholars went on, laughing and talking. A whole day of sunshine and freedom was before them; for it was the established rule of these rambles that the whole day, from morning to night, was to be spent under the free heavens; nor were they once to enter under a roof: and for this reason a certain number of the elder, or Latin class, carried with them whatever was needful for the day's sustenance: that which they required from nature on her side was a shady tree, a spring of water, dry wood, and a place in which to make a fire.

The eldest scholar carried, in a sort of quiver on his back, two Cologne pipes, with a bag filled with fine tobacco swung from his button-hole; while the tinder-box and matches were stowed away in his trousers'-pockets. His brother was laden, on his part, with a copper kettle, the three-legged stand for which, tied to a string, he carried in his hand, and from which, with a brass ladle, he drew sounds rather loud than harmonious. No. 3 carried a piece of beef, which his mother, the butcher's wife, had sent, wrapped in cabbage leaves, and tied in a napkin: and here it may be remarked, that after the dog had once got scent of this bag, he never afterwards left his side. A fourth boy carried the manchet bread and the milk cakes; all which, however, were put into a bag, tied by the Curate with a gordian knot, in order that he might be out of the way of temptation. No. 5 might be supposed to be carrying eggs, so carefully did he walk along with the basket which he held on his arm. Eggs, however, he had not, but a coffee service, which his grandmother had lent for the day, and the care of which she had laid upon his conscience. No. 6 carried a ball-shaped coffee-pot, which







served its bearer as an instrument on which to accompany No. 2. To Friedrich was nothing entrusted, excepting "Falkenstein's Chronicle," because, as his friend the Curate remarked, he was fit for nothing but books.

Off they went; and our friendly young reader must be so good as to go with them, over hills and through valleys, six miles, at least, to the village Fosse.

This place had its name from the canal by which, as is well known, Charlemagne intended to unite the two great rivers of his kingdom, the Rhine and the Danube. Of this magnificent attempt, this Fosse, or ditch, is all that remains.

The scholars came to a stand under two pine-trees by a fish-pond near the edge of the Fosse; nor was it very long before they had a good fire burning, above which was placed the brass kettle, and within it that handsome round of beef, which had made the arm of the butcher's son ache with carrying.

"You," said the Curate, well pleased, to one of his scholars, "must skim the broth; and you," added he, fixing his eye on Friedrich, "must take care that no carp leaps out of the pond into the kettle."

"Yes, certainly," answered poor Friedrich, who was deeply thinking on Charlemagne and the village Fosse; and all his companions laughed in chorus.

Meantime, a deputation of boys, who had been sent to the next village, with an invitation from the Curate to the schoolmaster, returned, bringing him with them, and bringing also a quantity of plates and knives and forks, which they had been ordered to borrow from his wife.

The dinner, which was very well cooked, consisted of two

courses; white bread-soup, and boiled beef. A better dinner need not have been set before a king;—but, alas! at the moment of eating, it was discovered that the mustard was forgotten, and instead thereof the Curate's pomatum-pot had been brought!

After dinner the discourse naturally turned on the Fossa Carolina, or Charlemagne's Ditch; and the village school-master told its story in the following manner:—

“ In the year of our Lord 793, Charlemagne, being at peace with all his enemies, betook himself to Eichstadt, where Winifred, or Bonifacius, the apostle of the Germans, had created a bishop's see. In those days the vast forests swarmed with wild bulls, enormous moose-deer, and bears; and powerful hunters came from far and near to hunt in the old woods. Charlemagne also, who was a lover of the chase, went often forth a-hunting from the little convent of St. Willibald, where he had taken up his abode.

“ One day, after he had dined in the convent from his favourite dish of roast venison, and had enjoyed a little after-dinner nap, he went out with the fat prior upon the walls with which, for its better security, the convent was surrounded, in order to enjoy the fresh air and the fine prospect.

“ And it was a magnificent prospect that Charlemagne had from the convent walls. North, south, east, and west, he saw his kingdom stretching before him; and then was it that he first formed the grand idea of uniting the two ends of his realm, and thus opening a safe highway for traffic.

“ The good prior strengthened the king's idea, but not, indeed, because he cared about trade or traffic, but because there stood just opposite to the convent, upon a point of the

hills, in the very middle of the marsh; a heathen temple. To be sure, it had then no longer its priests, nor was any regular worship or sacrifice performed there; yet still it kept alive many a dark and fearful superstition. The prior, to whom this temple was as a thorn in the eye, turned now the king's attention to it, well knowing that the defender of the church could, if he would, remove an idol temple, even of the greatest antiquity.

"With Charlemagne, the doing of a thing followed its resolve, as quickly and surely as the thunder follows the lightning; therefore the cutting of the great canal was commenced immediately. The convent of St. Willibald, which was as well placed for this work as for the chase, was made its headquarters, and the people for twelve miles round were summoned to labour at the great undertaking.

"In the beginning all went on well. The labourers, who were serfs, or slaves of the soil, came to it with the greatest readiness. Many and many had never seen the great Frank-King, and seized now with joy the opportunity of beholding him face to face; others feared his heavy hand and his sharp sword; others, again, had fought under his banner, and pressed to come forward once more into his presence. The season and the weather were the most favourable in the world, and the soil, which was clay and sand, was very easy to work. In three weeks' time the canal had advanced to the state in which it now is.

"Charlemagne, in the joy of his work, had quite forgotten the good prior's heathen temple. One evening, however, as he was riding home to the convent, within sight of the place, a sunbeam streamed from an opening in the evening clouds,

and lighted it up. Charlemagne thought of his promise to the prior to have this abomination removed. He blamed himself, as for a sin, that he had neglected spiritual for temporal things; and gave orders that on the next day the labourers, instead of working in the Fosse, should go and level to the very ground this place of offence to the good monks.

"On the evening of the next day, accordingly, nothing remained in the place but overturned stones; part of which are now sunk into the marsh, and others have served in later years for foundation and corner-stones of the village and church which sprung up there.

"The king, however, had lost the hearts of the people by thus demolishing the old temple. Most of them, although baptised, were nothing but ignorant heathens, and were as much annoyed by this sudden destruction of their temple, as the people of old, who said to Joas, 'Give us thy son, that he may die; inasmuch as he has broken down the altar of Baal, and has hewn down the grove thereof.' In order, therefore, to revenge themselves, they resolved not again to work at the Fosse.

"The next morning, therefore, a messenger came to the king in St. Willibald's convent, with the tidings that the overseer of the work stood alone in the Fosse: the labourers had all vanished in the night, like storks in autumn. The king had no army with him at that time with which to drive the disobedient forth from their glens, their woods, and their hiding-places, and before he could arrange any mode of compulsion he was called away to chastise the insurgent Saxons."

Here the schoolmaster was interrupted by the return of the scholars, who had been in search of wood to make up the

fire for the preparation of coffee; and with them, to the surprise of the Curate and his friend, came two strangers, a gentleman and lady, who were in deep mourning, and whose appearance was that of people of wealth and condition. Their countenances were amiable and kind, but expressive of a deep melancholy; they seemed like persons who had lost some beloved friend, and were upon a journey which should remove them from the neighbourhood where everything reminded them of their loss.

The Curate received them in the most friendly manner, and invited them to spend an hour with him and his wandering school, and to be pleased to drink a cup of the coffee, which his Latin cooks should instantly prepare. The invitation was thankfully accepted.

The gentlemen filled and lighted their pipes, and the lady, by her own choice, busied herself in assisting the boys in the preparation of the coffee. Better coffee never was presented to a select company of ladies. But ah! the white sugar which had been brought put them all into the utmost perplexity. Friedrich, instead of sugar, had given out a quantity of broken alabaster, which, a short time before, had been collected in a quarry, and now lay in the Curate's cupboard. The error was rather excusable, because broken alabaster resembled broken white sugar. But who can tell the shame and mortification of poor Friedrich! The apothecary's Michaelmas goose, the salted gingerbread, and the embittered sausages, seemed at once to fly in his face. He could have cried with humiliation. And then, what was to be done? Must they all drink their coffee, like the Arabs in the desert, without sugar, and that through his fault? He sate with downcast eyes, and said not a word in his own excuse. Fortunately,

however, for him, at the very moment when he heard the whispered jeering of his school-companions around him, the kind-hearted strangers set all right by declaring that they had a good store of sugar-candy in their travelling-carriage, a short distance off. To Friedrich they seemed like angels from heaven.

A short quarter of an hour set all right, and the lady graciously declared that the coffee was only the clearer for standing so long.

"Friedrich," said the Curate, anxious to reinstate his poor favourite in the good opinion of his guests, and at the same time meaning to inculcate a moral lesson to the boys, who still jeered him about his stone-sugar, "come here; canst thou not tell us something for our entertainment?"

Friedrich rose up, blushed, and looked round the company.

"Thou canst tell us that which the Miller's George did when his enemy threw a cherry-stone at him, canst thou not?" asked the Curate.

Friedrich bowed, and, turning himself towards the strangers, began as follows:—"The Miller's George sate one Sunday evening upon the bench by the door, learning out of his prayer-book. It was always very difficult for George to learn; and for that reason he learnt every thing aloud, which drew upon him the ridicule of his school companions. Just at that moment there came up to him one of his young persecutors, the constable's son Hans, and threw a cherry-stone at his eye, which hurt him very much. George, however, took no notice, but remained sitting on the bench; and only said to himself, 'What pain it gives me! If I had had no eye-lids to my eyes, like the carp in my father's mill-dam, it would have knocked my eye out!' He

then took up the cherry-stone, examined it on this side and on that, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. After that he went on learning; and the lesson which he was driving into his head was this: ‘And since we daily sin greatly, and deserve punishment, ought we not, on our part, heartily to forgive, and be willing to do good to those that sin against us?’ and all the time he was learning it, he was obliged to keep wiping away the water which ran from his eye with his shirt sleeve.

“ Eight days after this, as he was feeling in his pocket, he found the cherry-stone; and he thought to himself, that that was not the best way of keeping it, so he went into the garden and set it like a bean, in the soil near the garden hedge: and, as it generally happens with seed when it is sown, the kernel of the cherry-stone shot forth, and sprang up, and grew a foot in height every year. One day George looked at it, and bent it this way and that; and ‘Now,’ said he to himself, ‘if I let it grow on just as it pleases, it will be no better than the constable’s Hans, who, everybody says, is wilder than an unbroken colt.’ So he fetched the schoolmaster, who understood how to manage this as well as children, and asked him to look at his young cherry-tree. The schoolmaster directly cut off all the wild shoots, and grafted upon the stock the real great-heart cherry. After this the tree grew and grew, and all the nobler shoots spread themselves high and wide, till the tree was larger and finer than any in the garden.

“ Anybody who had not seen it for twenty years, would no more have known it than they would have known the Miller’s George himself. Very handsome and richly ornamented were they both, on a certain Sunday evening, as they stood together; the tree with its thousands of leaves and abundant crimson fruit,

and he with manly beauty, and grace, and joy, in his countenance. Nor were either of them known again by a man who crept along under the garden hedge, as if he feared to shew himself again in that village. The Miller's George, however, knew this prodigal son, in the torn coat and worn-out shoes, to be no other than his old enemy the constable's Hans ; but he behaved just as if he knew him not, and called him to his garden gate. ' Friend,' said he, ' you are weary, and hungry, and thirsty ; come and sit under my tree, and I will give you bread to eat, and wine to drink, and then you shall proceed on your journey.'

" Hans knew the voice ; he saw where he was ; and, with tears in his eyes—tears of repentance and remorse—sat down under the tree, and, for the first time in his life, earnestly prayed God to forgive him."

When Friedrich had ended his story, the stranger gentleman commended it greatly, but the lady said nothing : tears were rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks. The gentleman, who knew very well the cause of his wife's tears, and that it had nothing to do with the story she had just heard, inquired from the boy if he could not relate something more to them. Friedrich, who, on finishing his former story, had withdrawn to his place among the boys, at a hint from the Curate, again approached ; and wishing to say something which should, as he thought, be applicable to the lady who wept, and was in mourning, he bowed, and began, in a low voice, as follows :—

" Once upon a time, a mother went over the sea in a little boat, towards her home in Heligoland ; and her thoughts travelled far quicker than her boat in the moonlight. But the little daughter that lay in her lap did not let the mother dream long about home, but pointed between the fluttering sails up to

Heaven, and said: ‘Eh! what large glow-worms are raining down from the stars: if they would only fall on the deck, instead of into the sea, I would take them with me, and lay them under the rose-bushes in our garden, when we get home.’

“ But that little maiden was weak in health, and never again was to see her earthly home. Her mother sighed, and said to her, ‘They are not glow-worms that thou seest falling there: and beyond the stars there lies a great and most beautiful garden; God himself has planted it, and holy angels are its guardians; and many times they come down to the earth, and fetch up there the spirits of children who die, that they may grow up there, and joyfully wait there till their fathers and mothers join them. The trees in that garden bear twelve times in the year golden apples, juicy as peaches, and more fragrant than strawberries; and the trees there are never yellow and leafless, as with us, but always bear leaves and fruits and flowers. The trees, however, are very tall, and the children cannot reach the apples; the angels, therefore, that fly past come and shake the branches, and the apples fall on the velvet-green grass below. And sometimes, if the angels be not very careful, they strike down the snowy flowers with their wings; and then it happens sometimes, that the evening wind blows them over the garden-wall down to the earth. But then they do not remain long, but fade away like the rose-tint from thy cheek, my poor child!’

“ The little ship in awhile ended its voyage, and the mother stepped on the shore of her native Heligoland. Behind her they carried out of the ship a little chest of ebony wood. It contained—not rubies nor pearls, nor fine linen nor

purple; but something more precious than all these—the bones of the dead child."

Friedrich's voice trembled as he spoke the last words, for he was thinking of his own mother's funeral, and, glancing round, he saw that the Curate shook his head, and that the lady was weeping more than ever.

"I have done something wrong again! I have made another mistake!" thought poor Friedrich, and stole back to his seat among the boys.

"My wife," said the stranger gentleman, drawing the Curate aside, "weeps for our son, our only child. It is but eight days since his remains were laid in the churchyard of St. John's, in our city. This very autumn he was to have entered the class which I teach as rector of the Gymnasium in Nürnberg."

At these words of the stranger, the Curate, and the village schoolmaster who had approached them, stood in astonishment, and began to emulate each other in shewing their respect to so celebrated and distinguished a man. He received their demonstrations of regard with a grateful pressure of the hand, and motioning them to resume their seats, one on each side of him, continued thus:—

"Yes, my Friedrich was a son—I can say it now as a father—like which the world has but few. He occasioned me none of the disagreeables which the instruction of an only son often brings with it. Peace and quietness were his element; the library his world. Love to God, humility, and willingness to be useful to his fellow-creatures, were the marked features of his character. He could already anticipate the pleasure of making a figure in the learned world, for he had advanced far

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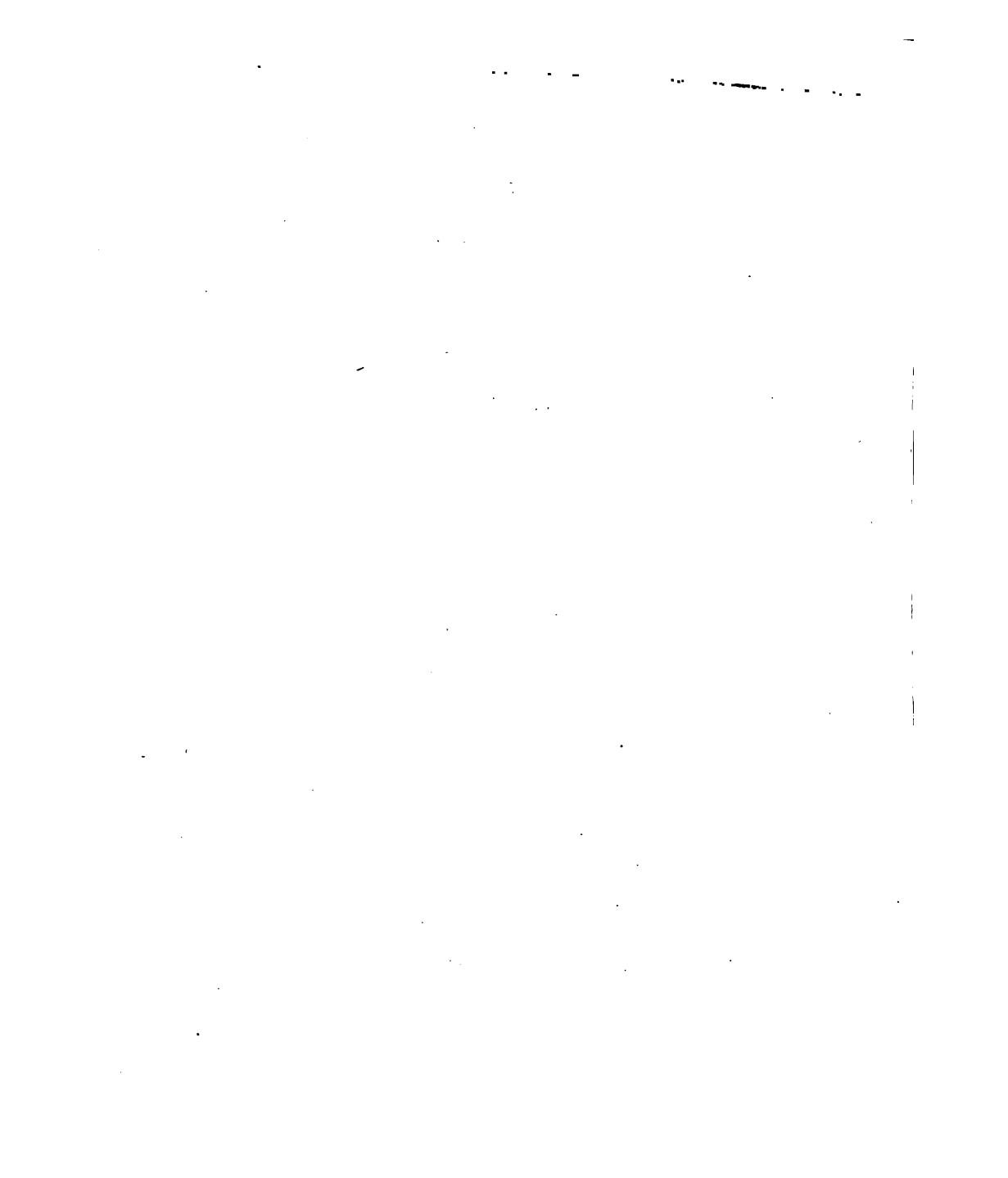
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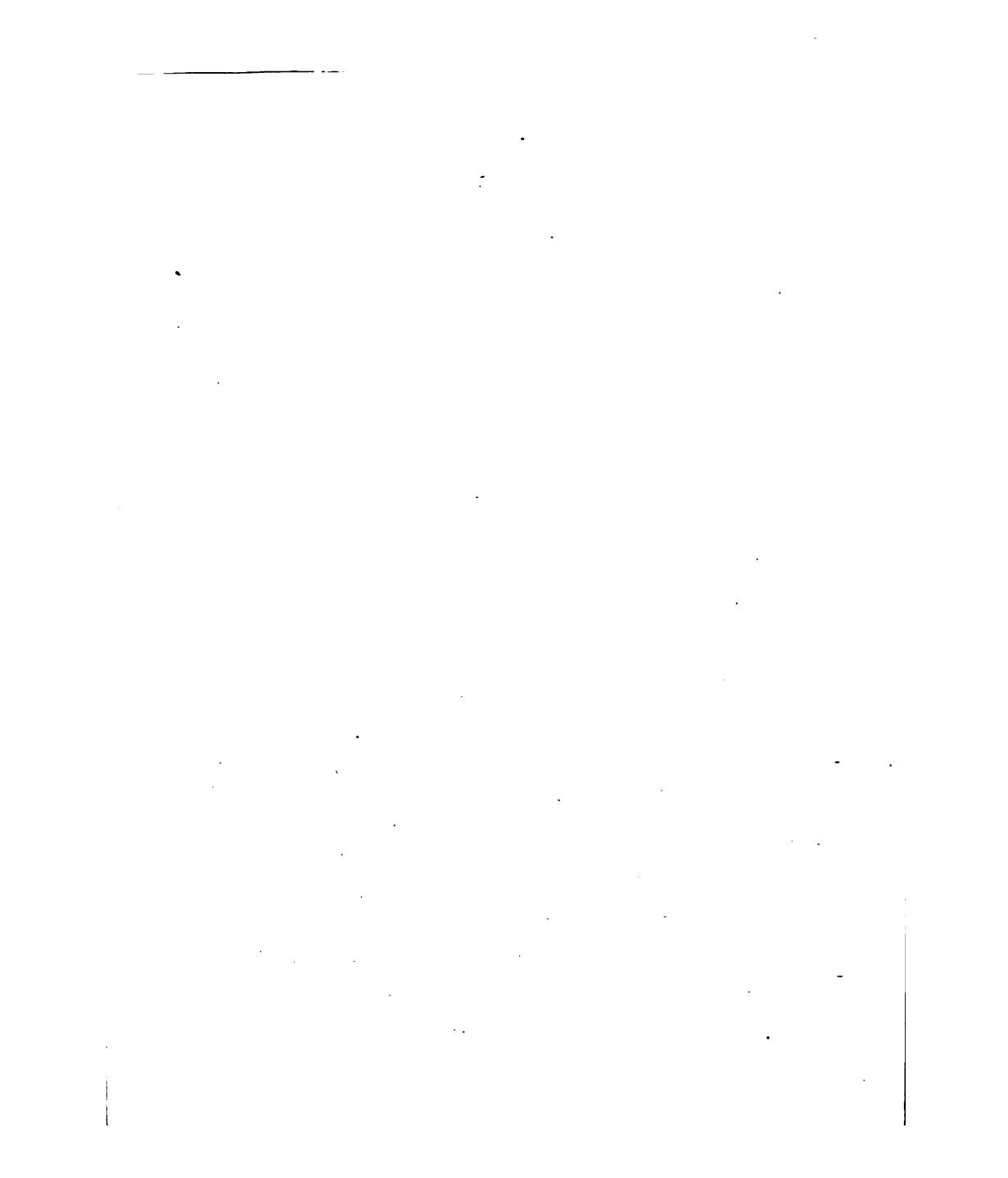
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in knowledge." He paused a few seconds, and then continued : " After all that I have seen and heard, in this short time, of your dear young scholar Friedrich there, he seems to me the prototype of my lost son—in size, in voice, and in mind, which speaks in looks and actions. All this reminds my wife livingly of her loss."

" And yet, at the same time," interrupted the lady, " this great resemblance consoles me ; and I should be greatly obliged to my husband's friend, if he would allow his young pupil to pass a few days of the just now commenced midsummer vacation with us in Nürnberg. The ink in my son's writing-desk is not yet dry : his pen lies as he laid it last out of his hand : his chair stands as he left it when he pushed it back and rose, complaining to me of that headache which ended in his being removed from us.—Dear youth," said she, turning to Friedrich, whom the Curate had beckoned forward, " will not you pass at least a few weeks in this little chamber, that it may become again pleasant to me ; that therein, once more, a being may dwell, of whom I may ask, now and then, as I did from my good Fritz, ' How is it with thee ? ' "

Friedrich and the Curate had both tears in their eyes, and were both of them about to answer, when one of his school companions started forward and said, " Oh, gracious lady, yes ! He will go with you, without doubt. The apothecary, the gingerbread-baker, and the butcher, have all tried him ; but he was good for nothing ! He will be glad to go with you ! "

The Curate gave the boy a box on his ear for his pains, and then began to explain to the good rector and his lady the exact situation of his young favourite. " If," concluded he, " you have compassion on this poor orphan, and will give

to him, even in the lowest degree, the place of your deceased son, in house and heart, then will the Lord have heard the prayer which I this morning put up on his behalf!"

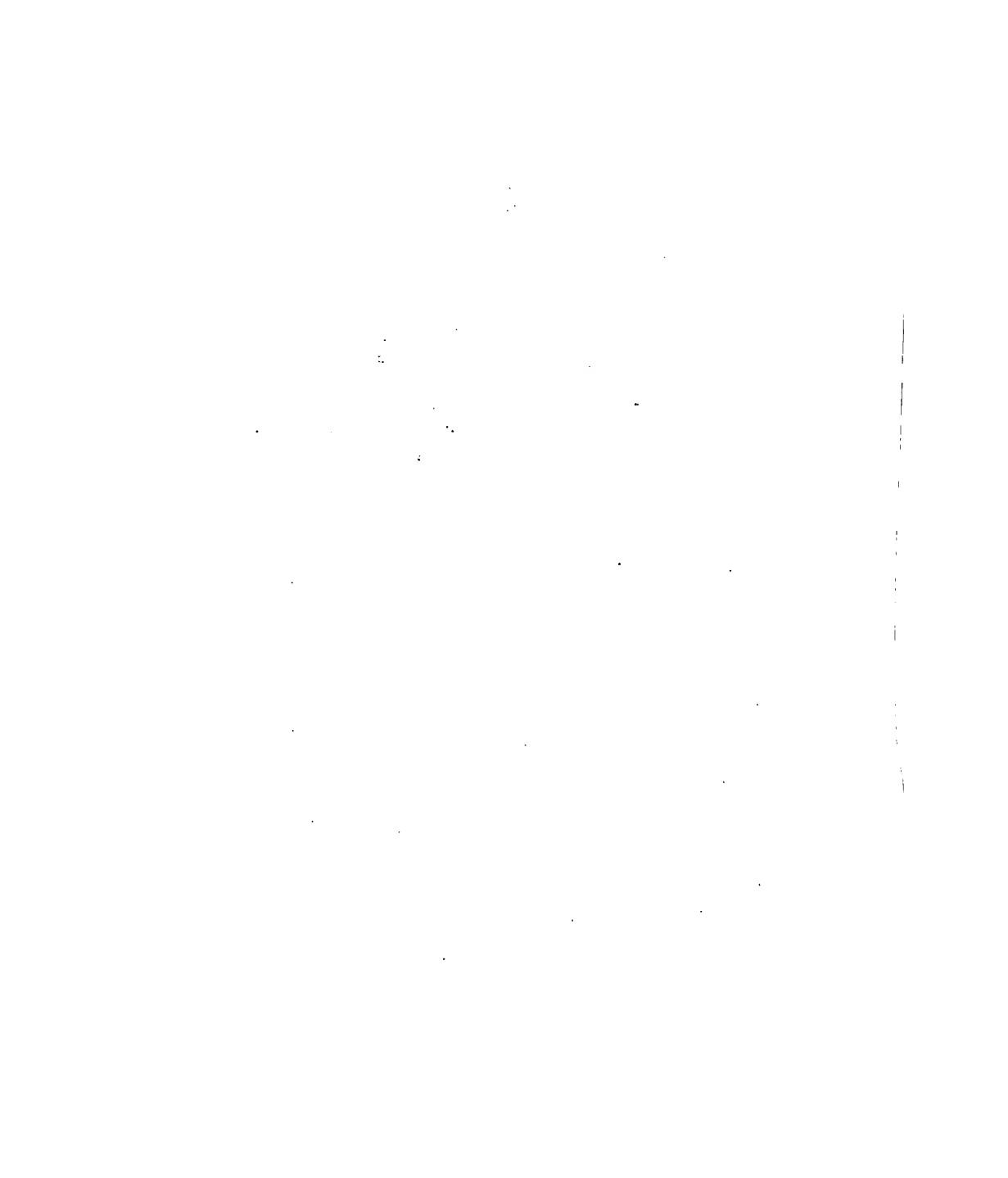
" May I then, wholly and for ever, take him to myself?" asked the stranger.

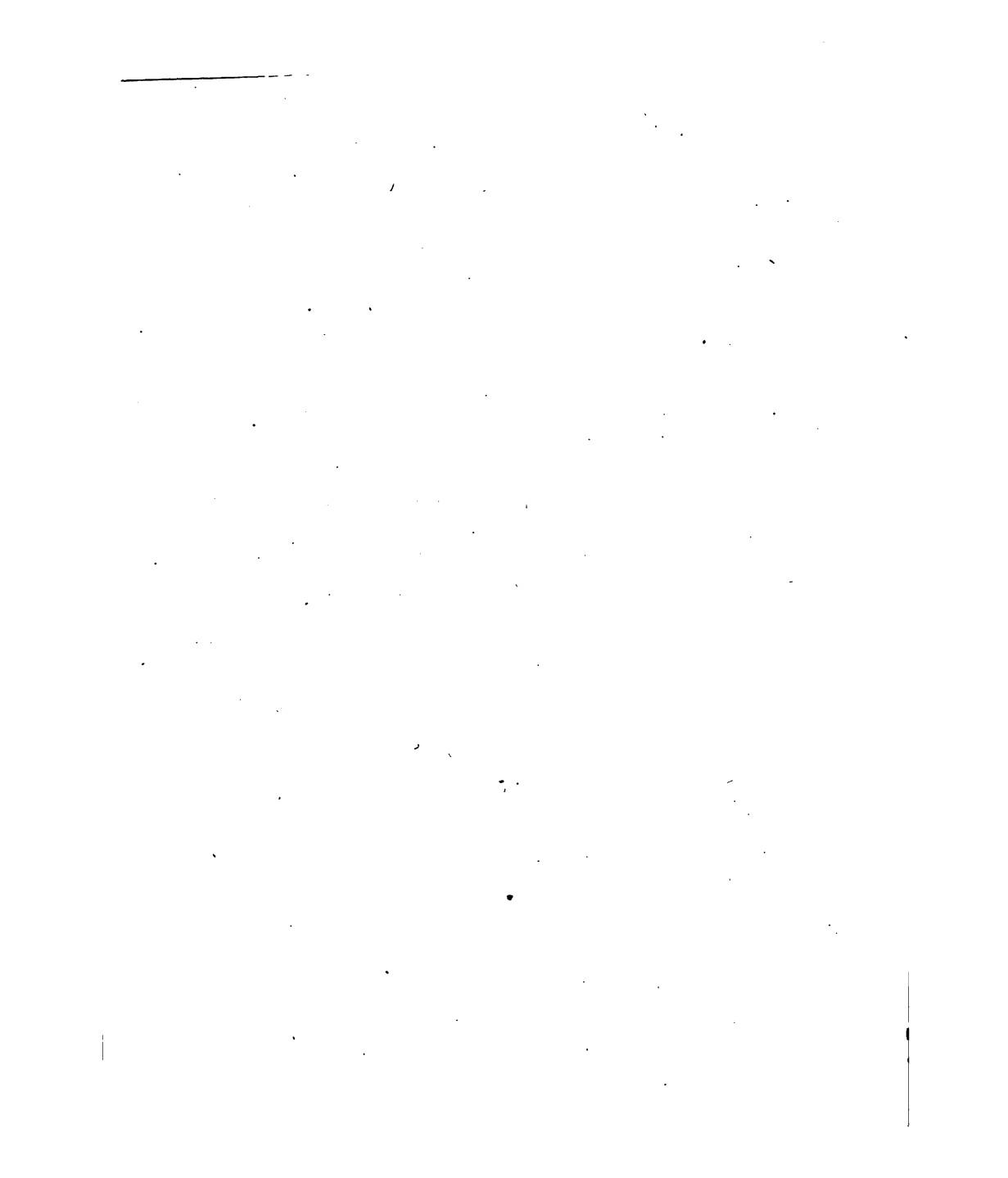
The Curate assented, adding that it was the Lord who had provided for him.

" Now then, my son," said the stranger, addressing Friedrich, " follow us. All that I ask from you is love to God, love to me and to your second mother, and love for learning."

Friedrich laid his hands in those of his newly adopted parents, and wished to say something which might express his thanks, but he could only say, in a voice scarcely audible, " Lord, I am not worthy of the love and kindness which thou hast shewn to me, thy poor servant!"

The friendly young reader can now imagine the rest: can imagine how the good Nürnbergers agreed to pass a few days with the friendly Curate at Pappenheim; and furthermore, can imagine how, on the fourth day, they set off, Friedrich sitting between his foster-parents in their large family chaise. The roads in those days were not as good as they are now, and travellers had to encounter marshes and sands, flats and rocks, of which people now-a-days know nothing; but, for all that, the reader can imagine how the rector's strong horses drew them merrily onwards; and how, on the evening of the third day of their journey, they arrived safely at their home in the old city of Nürnberg.







MISTER SPRING RICE one bery good man,
When him work for de pelf, he
Make de people roar away as much as him can,
At um Teatre Royal, Adelphi !
“Sich a gittin up stairs, and am playin on de fiddle,”
My eyes ! I never did see !
Him sing um him song, and make um guess him riddle ;
Him dance wid bery great glee.
Him kick him caper, as you know ;
Him kick him caper, and jump“ Jim Crow !”

II.

De Banjo Man, him funny old cock !

You know where you bin see um ;

Him sing the fine song ob "Lucy, Lucy Lock,"
Like winkin at de Lyceum!
But neber de Banjo Man—neber Mr. Rice—
Cut sich a particklar figger
As you shall see me cut, all in a trice,
Wid my remarkable Nigger!



III.

My remarkable Nigger was born
In Americay, in Kentuck—

Yes, him born, one bery fine morn,
And born to bery good luck !

Him fortune fall
To grow so bery tall,
With limbs not particulary pliant,
Neber could come ober to England at all,
Bery remarkable giant !

Wait by-and-bye,
Me tell you why !



IV.

My tall Nigger, him colour bery black ;
Him eat him bellyful, him drink him whack :
 Nobody dare play lark on him.
Him got courage, so I don't deceive ;
And him so bery black, you hardly believe,—
 CHARCOAL MAKE A WHITE MARK UPON HIM !
Him got a little white just about de eye ;
 Bery little white—no green !
Can't come to England, me tell you why,
 Sich a tall nigger neber was seen !
Go to de almanack, you see bery soon,
In England de longest day, de twenty-first of June,
De sun often shine bery bright in um.
 “ Dat,” say de Nigger brave,
 “ De longest day you have ?
Den, by jingo ! I CANNOT TAND UPRIGHT IN UM !
England—me pity her !—can neber see my phiz ;
Nigger can't tand up in de longest day she has !”

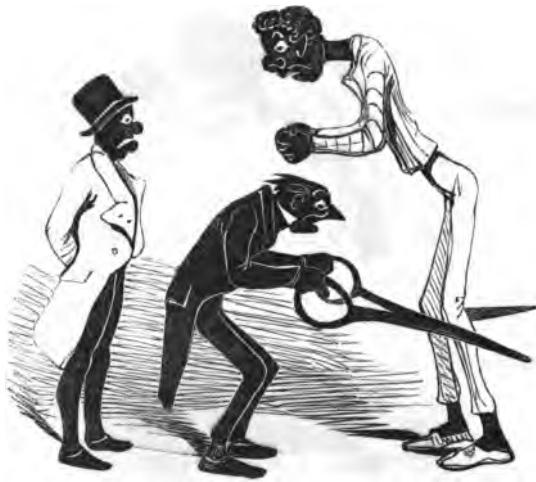
V.

Dere come a savage man,
Fond ob cruel sport ;
He sav to Nigger's master :—



“Nigger him so bery tall,
Let us cut him short,
Den him run about the faster!”
Massa say, “Tankye—bery good idea.”
Den he sing out, “Nigger, you sina! you come here!
My friend want me to cut you shorter.”

Nigger sing out, "No, massa! cutting make me bleed;
But, massa, Nigger promise to grow bery short indeed,
If you wait for a year and a quarter."



Massa say, "Bery well—go away and grow;
Fifteen months I 'spect to see you bery short, you know.
And you, massa Nigger, I shall cut you short depen',
If I do not find you short enough to go to England den!"

VI.

Nigger kick him heels about, and run away in glee;
Nigger been a funny boy as ever you did see:

He set to work in earnest, and it bery jolly sport,
For ebry day of all his life he grow a little short !
And he grow short so bery fast, dat all his friends dey wept.
Afraid that dere would bery soon be nuffin of him left !



Still him pend him money,
Bery full of fun !
At last him find, with merry mind,
Him money almost done.
Den him go in credit ;
Lib, he say, he must :
Last, de people ask him,
“ Down, sir, wid de dust.”

To his creditors he say,
When his things they book um,
"When me was so bery tall,
Den me overlook um !
Now, you see dat ebery day
So bery short I grow,
Bery soon, indeed, I must
Be looking up, you know !"



So de Nigger make him sport,
But still he shorter gets
At last he gets SO BERY SHORT,
HE CANNOT PAY HIM DEBTS !

VII.

Den him to him Massa go,
And coaxingly he say,
“ Now to England, if you please,
Come, takee me away ;
For I hab grown so bery short,
It's dangerous to stay ! ”

VIII.

Off away to England
De Nigger go by steam ;
And here a ting befel de man
No one could ever dream :
While ebery one aboard de ship,
Except himself, was sick,
De Nigger leave off growing short,
And begin for to grow quick !

Well, soon he find his quickness get
As catching as a fever ;
For de engine fly, when he is by,
Ay, twice as quick as ever !

"Ki!" Nigger cry; "If I stop here,
As sure as I'm alive,
It can't be bery long before
In England me arrive."



IX.

Away they shot,
Steam screeching hot,
With more than lightning's motion;

With flight sublime
CAME UP WITH TIME,
AND PASSED HIM ON THE OCEAN !

X.

The vessel took so to its heels,
With Nigger at the paddle-wheels,



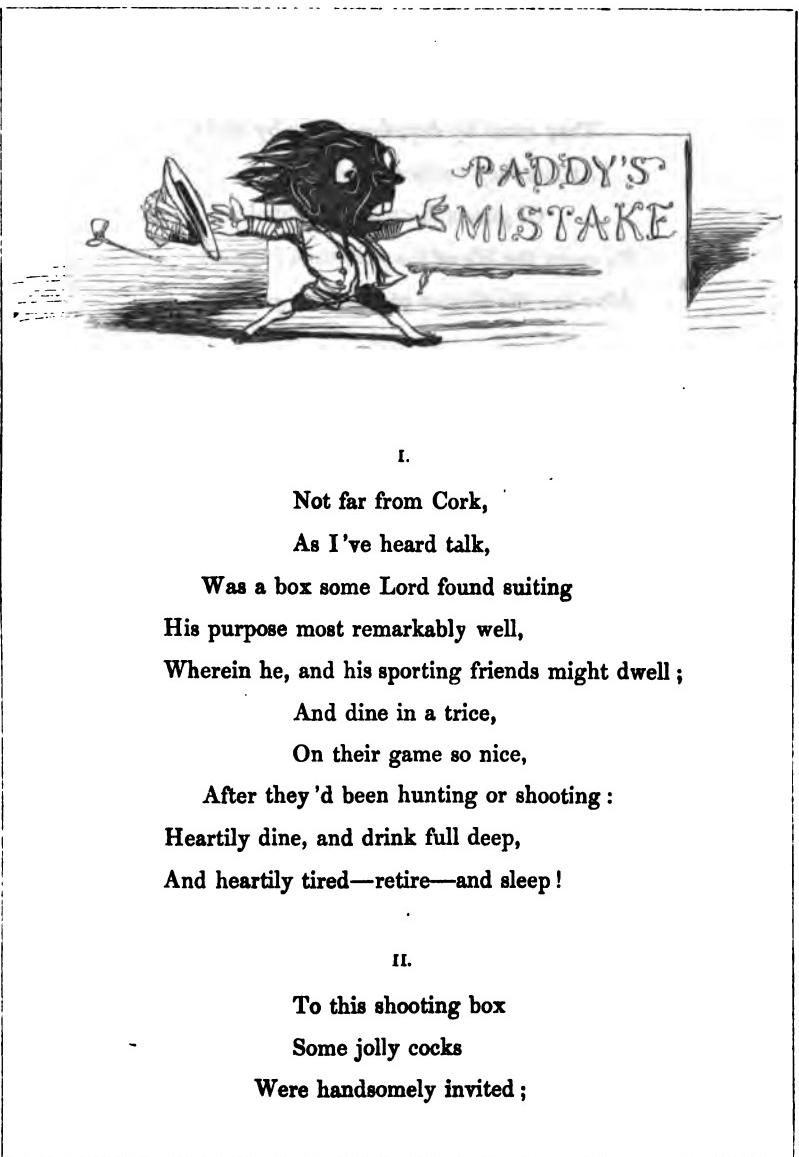
Not like dead march in slow time ;
For 'tis on record that it went,
To England from Americay,
In something less than no time.

For it left New York at twelve, or more,
AND ARRIVED AT BRISTOL A QUARTER BEFORE !
Quicker than bullet that's urged by trigger,
And all through the speed of a single nigger !

xi.

From Bristol, Nigger's massa took
 De boy to Paddy's land,
Where him still preserve de Kentuck look,
 Lily, but bery grand ;
Wid his skin as strong and black as tunder—
 Which bery skin
 De occasion him
Of Paddy's very next blunder !





I.

Not far from Cork,
As I've heard talk,
Was a box some Lord found suiting
His purpose most remarkably well,
Wherein he, and his sporting friends might dwell ;
And dine in a trice,
On their game so nice,
After they'd been hunting or shooting :
Heartily dine, and drink full deep,
And heartily tired—retire—and sleep !

II.

To this shooting box
Some jolly cocks
Were handsomely invited ;

They came by day, they came by night,
At last they made a bevy quite
Of guests the most delighted,
To enjoy the life of the nobleman's house,
After the shooting of pheasant or grouse.

III.

The host began to wonder now,
As in he saw them fall ;
By the powers—they're more than I thought I vow,
What shall I do with them all ?
I'm shortish of room—but the wisest plan
Is to pig them together as well as I can ;
And they cannot very much grumble, I think,
If I give them abundance to eat and to drink—
Which, by Jabers, I will,
They shall all have their fill,
While there's mate in the pot, or potheen in the still.

IV.

Now everybody that came to shoot,
Did n't come all by himself, like a brute,
As if devoid of knowledge ;

No—he brought his servant to carry his bag,

Polish his gun off, and curry his nag ;

And attentively see

How he took his degree

At his Lordship's hunting college !

And so

It was very hard work indeed to know

How and where the servants to stow ;

For it's true—although sometimes a disaster—

That a man must sleep sometimes as swell as his
master !

v.

However, by dint of managing well,

The good Lord had settled for servant and swell ;

And with some in the kitchen, and some in the shed,

'T was clear every guest

Would have some place of rest,

There was no fear of any one's wanting a bed !

VI.

But one day, after a run very fine,

All the boys had come in to dine,

And were jollificating away at the board
Of this Irish hospitality-lord,
When up rode another guest with his man ;
What shall they do with them ?—just what they can !



VII.

My lord, he finds a place for his friend,
On a sofa long neglected—
But the vassals now puzzle their brains without end,
And still they have not detected
A hole or corner wherein to cast
Dennis—the man of the boy that came last.
Soft, soft!
They have it now,

There 's the little hayloft
Any how ;
And Dennis can lay
Along with the hay,
Where he could n't be found if they sought for him ;
And there, an' he please,
He can double his knees,
If the place should appear too short for him !

VIII.

Eh ! what ! ho !
Why, here 's a go ;
There 's another gentleman's horse—gee wo !
Those at the door they hear the stop of him,
And well they know the rider a-top of him ;
The stalwart, hale, magnificent figure,
Of my Lord's American cousin ;
And with him a black " Remarkable Nigger,"
One of a hundred dozen.

IX.

Here the bewildered servants shout,
" What shall we do with Smutty-Snout ?

What shall we do with Sambo?"

They know my Lord's cousin is safe for a perch,
And they dare not leave his man in the lurch :

Master and swell

Must be treated well,

Although they are not *Arcades ambo!*

X.

At last they bethink them, as well as they're able,
Again of the hayloft over the stable ;

For they deemed of the Nigger, that glad he
Might be, in default of better resource,
To sleep over the stable and over the horse,

In the hay, along with Paddy !

The matter is very soon settled and done ;
Two must sleep in the hayloft, instead of one !

XI.

My Lord is full of revelry,
His guests have had their sport;
And in his jolly sporting-box
Old Bacchus holds his court :
He holds his court where nobles dine,
And quaff until they fall ;

But his whiskey hollow beats his wine,
Within the servants' hall.
There the punch, in little space,
Gets punching every head !
And the Nigger of the servant race
Is put the first to bed.
But Dennis, who that very night
His bedfellow must be,
Still lingers at the burning jug,
Till who so drunk as he !
He has fairly drunk one bottle out ;
He surely cannot walk :
But as the bottle 's void, his boon
Companions burn the cork,—
And Othello did not look more black
When he made love in Venice,
Than did somebody I know when that cork
Had blacked the face of Dennis.
They blacked his eyes, his nose, his chin,
His hair without, his ears within,
Until he cut a figure
Which they thought comely, to lie soft
Upon the hay within the loft,
Beside a brother nigger !



XII.

Dennis was drunk when he went to bed,
And no doubt he had a pain in his head
When he got up the next morning :
Still he did n't fail to rise at four,
For he had miles to go galore,
All by his master's warning :

Eight long miles to go, at the least,
With an early message for the priest.

XIII.

Dennis stopped not to wake the black,
But he cut away on his errand track,
Cross country, fleet and frisky.
On the road he smoked an ould dhudeen,
And stopped to slake his thirst with shebeen,
Be sure, at the very first shop "he seen,"
In place of a noggan of whiskey.

XIV.

He cast a sharp eye over all,
And he saw, against the cabin wall,
A bit of ould glass, quicksilver and all
A-sticking just behind it:
Anybody that was n't a dunce
Could see it was part of a looking-glass once;
But Dennis did n't mind it.
And, may be, he would n't have cared to look;
But this 'cute thought in his head he took:—

"I'd like to see, as I slept in the hay,
Along with that Nigger,
What sort of a figure
I cut to-day."



Poor Dennis! he approached the glass:
He little knew what had come to pass;
But soon he saw his error.

His face was black
As chummy's sack,
And he drew back
With terror.

"Whisht! botheration!—So, I'm in bed,
And that black devil's here in my stead!
Hurroo! Here, landlord, take your change,
Murder! I must go back at onst, d'ye see:
THEY'VE WOKE THE NIGGER UP, INSTEAD OF ME!"





ON the coast of France, as I 've heard say,
There were three men one autumn day :
They did n't go out to work nor to play ;
But they *did* go out for a holiday,
Which they spent in a most remarkable way.

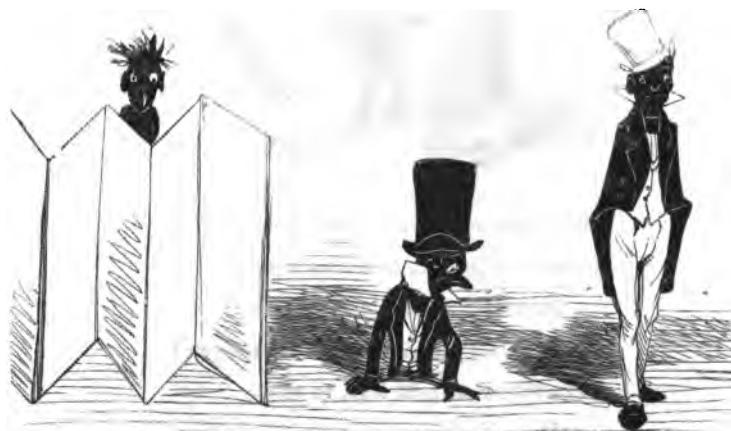
And so with me
I think you 'll agree,
As soon as you hear what they did.—We shall see.

Now, I 'll wager the wind in an old pair of bellows,
You 'll deem these three chaps unaccountable fellows.
In the first place, the very first man of the lot
Had a body and head, but no arms had he got !
Fancy a very queer chap, full of charms,
But without any arms !

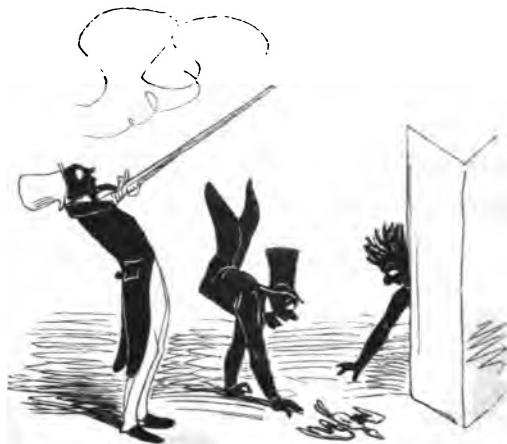
In the next place, the second young man of the lot
Had a couple of arms, but no legs had he got.
He must have cut a fine figure, i'fegs !
Without legs !

In the third place, the very last man of the lot
Had both arms and legs, but no clothes had he got.
Must n't he have shivered from fingers to toes ?
Without clothes !

Well, the man without arms he shot a bird !
Was n't he a " purty pup ? "



Which the man without legs—at least, so I 've heard—
Ran after, and picked up !
What did the man without clothes on do ?
Why, as fast as the whizz of a rocket,
He took the bird from the other two,
And put it into his pocket !



“ Oh ! that 's gammon ! nonsense ! What !—
It could n't be !— A man that 's got
No arms, to shoot a bird !
No arms—I s'pose he had n't even a gun ?
And a fellow without legs, to run !
It could n't have occurred.

Then, worst of all, a boy 'as had'
No clothes on!—you must think us mad!—
To put it in his pocket!—Gad!
It's palpably absurd."

"Absurd! Oh, dear no! not at all;
It's a conundrum, that is all;
A very pleasant riddle, bless
Your pretty hearts!—and nothing less!"



"A riddle, eh!
We should not guess it did we stay

A whole month's visit.
It's quite beyond us, that we vow :
There, then, we give it up ; and now
What is it ? ”

“ Why, then, I've practised all my lore
To find it out ; and no one more
Has studied it than me.
And I've to this conclusion come,
With which you 'll either all be mum,
Or else, I 'm sure, agree.

“ It is, then—now, then, look about!—
Mind ! for the murder 's coming out,
Sharp as the snap of trigger !
It is, I think, so GREAT A LIE,
THAT, NEVER MIND HOW HARD YOU TRY,
YOU CANNOT TELL A BIGGER ! ”





HE COULDN'T KILL HIMSELF.

There lived an English gentleman,
An oddish kind of man,
Who thinking once that his poor life,
Had run sufficient span ;
Said, " Well, I think I 'll kill myself
The boldest way I can."

He'd read in papers oftentimes,
 Of suicides in France ;
Which, for their eccentricity,
 Quite made him look askance.
“Why don't they do in France”—you'd hear
 Him say, with anger frowning ;
“And kill themselves as we do here,
 By poison—hanging—drowning ?”
This funny fellow went to France,
 But had not travelled far
In Paris, when he came upon
 The noted “Pont des Arts !”
Which, in our English lingo, we
 Translate the “Bridge of Arts,” d'ye see.
Once there, he took out from his pouch, and slick,
 Swallowed a thundering ounce of arsenic !
Him all the French, astonished, clapped their eyes on !
 “Lubbers, look out !”
They heard him shout,
 “That's what I call a settler—that is *pison* !
“But that's not all,” he cried—and quick he took
 A coil of rope, and 'gan his neck to brace
So tightly round, that one without a book
 Might read, that he was blackening in the face ;
Then leaped the bridge, with lithsome vault and clever,
 With “Now I think I've hanged myself, however !”

But—not enough for him—that would n't do,
Poison and hanging must have shooting too !
So as from the bridge's parapet he swung,
He took a pistol at his belt that hung,
And at one shot to clear all mortal pains out,
He raised it to his head to blow his brains out !
Merely exclaiming wildly—"If I'm not
Dead in a moment, Mounseer ! I'll be shot."—

But no !

Poison and rope and pistol, were no go !
The pistol-ball which would not pierce his brain,
Went through the rope, and cut it right in twain ;
So freed from shooting, and from hanging pain,
He fell into the water!—and gulped quick
So much, he brought up all the arsenic !
And last—the river, so his luck did crown him,
In that part wasn't deep enough to drown him !

So he gained this conviction by his fall :—

He could not no how kill himself at all !—

"Look here,

Mounseer,"

Said he ;

" You never did see sich a chap as me !
I 've swallowed poison full an ounce ;
I hung myself with lots of bounce ;
I tried to shoot myself ; but pounce

I plumped into the river down ;
And, dash me ! then I could n't drown.
Well—I can 't teach you how to die,
So never more will try ;
Not I.

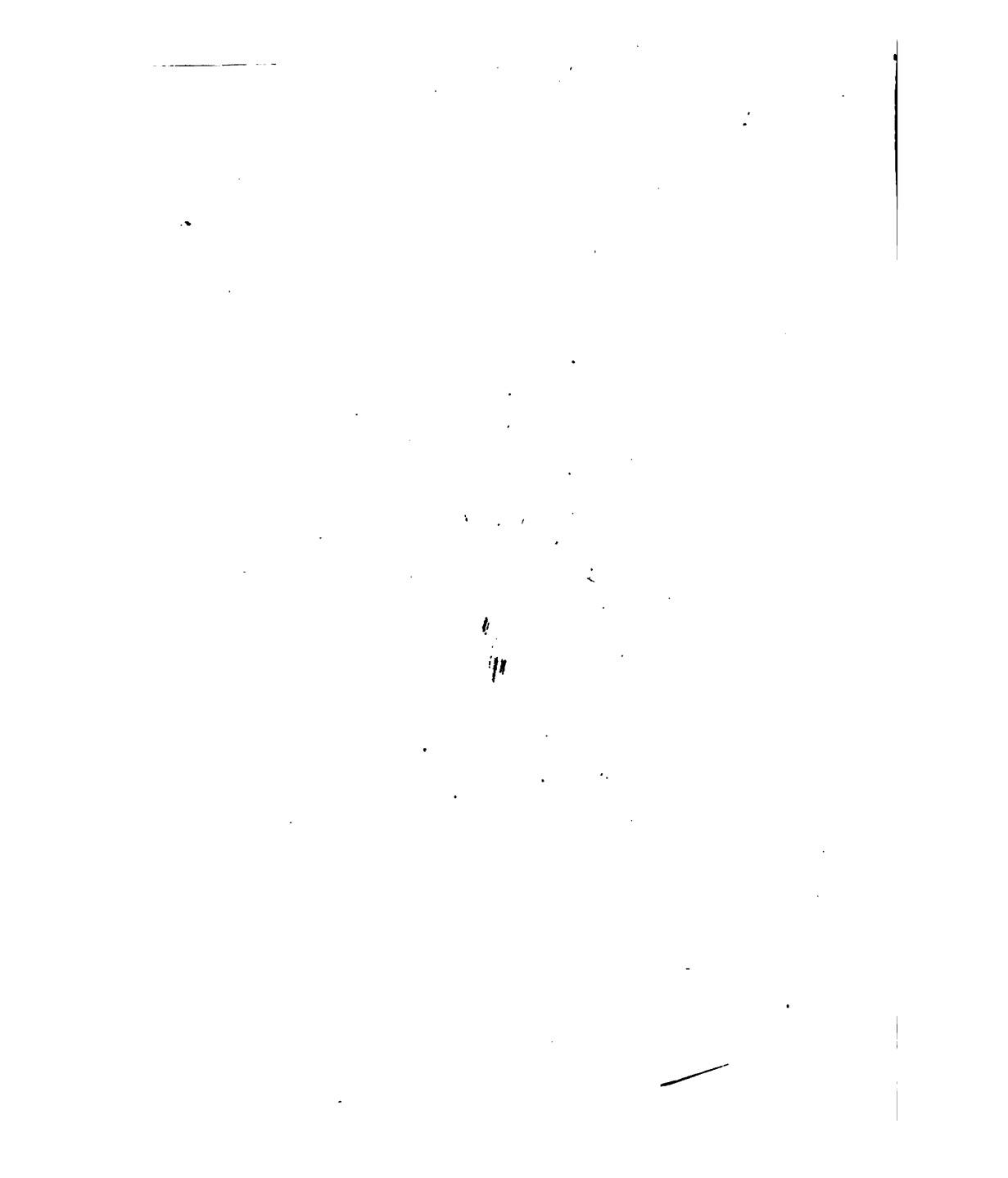
Bleed till your veins are empty, do,
Or die by charcoal two and two ;
Have your own way, my boys, and I 'll have mine,
And as I cannot die, why let me dine ;
As sure as I 'm a saved and hungry sinner,
I 'm peckish. Do—lord love ye—bring my dinner !







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LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

THERE is an old maxim, which I dare say my young friends have heard more than once, or twice: I know, when I was a little girl, it was told me so often, that as I grew up, whenever I found my tongue running too fast, I used to repeat it over and over again to myself, thus: "Young ladies should be seen before they are heard."—"Young ladies should be seen before they are heard." I am sure papa, or mamma, or some dear aunt Sarah, or perhaps some of your nurses, have told you this maxim, particularly if you have been considered a CHATTERBOX.

The English are called a silent people, and yet they frequently talk more, in my opinion, than is good either for themselves or others. It is the very perfection of wisdom to know when to speak, and when to keep silence. Some of the most beautiful of the Proverbs of Solomon treat of this: they are admirable in every way. I used to commit them to memory, when I was a little girl: I hope they did me good.

A dear friend of mine has a very nice child—a fond, good tempered, generous little creature; her name is Fanny Eltham

you would be pleased to hear her sing, and see her dance, and, still more so, to observe how willingly she gives up her enjoyments to make others happy. She eats whatever is put upon her plate, without a desire for change: she shares her cakes, her toys, her fruits and flowers, joyfully with her companions: —in short, were she not such an everlasting Chatterbox, she would be the most delightful young lady I know; but she mars all her good qualities by her love of talking. Fanny will talk as long as she can about what she understands; and then she will talk about what she cannot possibly understand, rather than remain silent. She has not patience to wait to learn; but will run away with the beginning or end of a story, fancying she comprehends the whole; and so, without intending to circulate an untruth, she arrives at a false conclusion, and leads others to do the same: not only this, but her active imagination causes her to add to a story; and she never pauses to consider the effect her words may produce.

It is really wonderful to hear how fast Fanny talks—crowding one thing upon another—heaping up words and sentences—chatter, chatter, chatter!—I am sure, if hard work ever wore out a little tongue, hers will be gone before she is twenty. But I have reason to think that my little friend Fanny will improve rapidly: I will tell you why I think so by-and-bye.

Before she could pronounce words she would keep on all day, saying, “Yab, yab, yab!” and instead of trying to prevent this unceasing “yabbing,” the nurses used to laugh at it and her eldest sister called her “Yabby,” a name changed to “Chatterbox” before she was three years old. “Chatterbox” had also got a very rude habit of asking questions, and not attending to the answers: certainly, of all my little friends

of six or seven years old, she was the most unceasingly talkative, and consequently, notwithstanding her many amiable qualities, the most tiresome.

Six months ago I was on a visit at her mamma's house, and I heard Fanny's feet and Fanny's tongue running a race together along the hall and up the stairs—no pause, no stop! what she said was nearly as follows:—

“ There Mary never mind my shoes as I want to tell mamma how badly Pompey behaved when we were opposite the Duke's in the park ran at a dog's tail and the dog ran between a pony's legs and then they rolled over and over—a policeman with three heads of cabbage which a woman had spoke to her about carrying parcels in the park—and then Harry's hat went away and my hoop rolled into the Serpentine—and you know you told me to give your love to Mrs. Johnes—and the footman said when he opened the door that his master had run away that morning then he told me not to stand there and slapt the door in my face.” The latter part of this story was rapidly told in the drawing-room, where I was sitting with Fanny's mamma; and the latter part only, attracted my friend's attention.

“ What do you mean, my love, by Mr. Johnes' having ran away ?” inquired Mrs. Eltham.

“ The servant said his master had run away, mamma, and he would not let me come into the hall, he was so rude!” answered Chatterbox, rather more slowly; and was running on with some magnified account (for great and rapid talkers never attend very strictly to what a friend—a Quaker friend —of mine calls “ the bright ornament,” meaning truth), when her mamma desired her to stop.

"I must inquire into this," she said, and rose to ring the bell. "Very strange!" she repeated.

Fanny persisted that it "was every word true;" that Mr. Johnes had run away; and that she was not permitted to enter the hall, though she had a particular message for her little friend Rosa.

"Is this so?" inquired Mrs. Eltham of the servant; "Miss Fanny says Mr. Johnes has run away."

"So he has, ma'am," replied the maid: "he ran away this morning from the small-pox, which all the children have got, and which he is dreadfully afraid of catching. The footman would not let us into the house because of the infection."

Mrs. Eltham looked displeased with Fanny. "How is this?" she said. "You misrepresented two facts. Any one who heard you speak would imagine there must be some other cause for Mr. Johnes' running away; and that the footman deserved to lose his place for treating the child of his mistress's friend with rudeness: whereas poor Mr. Johnes ran away because of the small-pox; and the footman deserves great credit for so steadily preventing the entrance you would have forced; you might not only have caught the disease yourself, but brought the dreadful infection home to your brothers and sisters."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Mary Browne, who was not only a very high-principled, good girl, but an excellent servant; "I beg your pardon, but I am sure Miss Fanny did not intend to misrepresent. She asked the footman why Mr. Johnes went away; but she did not attend to what he said, and then became rather angry because he would not let her run across the hall, as usual, to Miss Ellen's room. I

would have explained it to her, ma'am," added the maid, who was very gentle in her manner; "but, really, Miss talked so all the way home, that I could hardly get in a single word, much less an explanation. Miss does not mean any harm by it, ma'am, I am sure of that: she was in charming spirits; and when she is, her tongue never stops."

Fanny looked abashed; and her mamma lectured her with great kindness upon this fresh evidence of the danger of her bad habit. She shed a few tears, and promised to be more careful; but such was her love of chattering, that in less than an hour I heard her again talking to the parrot that hung in the hall;—a gay, merry bird it used to be, and formerly it said a great many words; but I dare say Mary Browne understood the cause of its late silence. She told me, just before the family returned to the country, that "Miss Fanny talked it dumb."

Mary Browne was, as I have said, a very nice servant—clean, active, orderly, respectful, and well-mannered; she was what a good and faithful servant always is, a great treasure; and her mistress brought up her children so well, that they treated all the servants, but particularly Mary Browne, with civility and kindness. The young lady who gave her the most trouble was Chatterbox; not only from her incessant talking, but from the various scrapes she got herself and others into by never "thinking twice before she spoke once."

This "Think twice before you speak once, and you will speak twice the better for it," was as favourite a maxim of Mary Browne's, as "Young ladies should be seen before they are heard" is of mine; but often as she repeated it to little Fanny, still Fanny talked, and talked not only without thinking

twice before she spoke once, but without thinking at all. The old manor-house of Eltham, where Fanny's papa and mamma reside the greater part of the year, is just at the end of the village which bears the same name. A beautiful old village it is: there is a river so full of trout, that on a summer evening you can see them leaping out of the water at the little grey thoughtless flies that go pleasuring along its surface, never dreaming of danger; and though one fly sees its brother or sister swallowed by a gaping fish, it never has the sense to keep where the fish cannot reach it. This river is crossed by two bridges: one a wide stone bridge of three arches, which leads into the village and to Eltham House; the other is only a little foot bridge of a couple of planks; you can see them from the wide bridge, spanning, as it were, the river where it is narrowest from bank to bank, protected at either side by a good stout rope. This little bridge is much used by the peasants who live near the common when they want to get quickly to that end of the village where the doctor and the curate live, and where the market is held on Saturdays. There is an old church, whose tower is crowned by ivy; and in that ivy dwell two old owls—white fellows, with huge, green, monster eyes: the inside of the belfrey is alive with bats, sparrows nestle beneath the eaves of the old roof: the churchyard is filled with humble graves, always green, and, in the summer, bright with starry-eyed daisies, and fragrant with the perfume of wild violets. Even Chatterbox is silent when she passes through that beautiful old churchyard; and people come to look at an old yew-tree which flourishes there though it is nearly three hundred years old. But Fanny and her sisters like the broad common,







and the wood, and the nut-copse, and the green meadows at the opposite side of the bridge, better than the churchyard or the street of the pretty village, or the trim avenues of Eltham House; but, best of all, they like Dame Burden's garden and cottage, which are about a quarter of a mile from the bridge.

Mary Browne never suffers them to go into any of the cottages without their mamma's leave; but Mrs. Eltham has said, "Mary, you may always take the young ladies into Dame Burden's cottage:" and the very evening they arrived at Eltham, they requested Mary to let them cross the bridge, and walk through the copse which leads to the dame's. Dame Burden's only daughter, Alice, is blind: she had not been always so, but lost her sight when she was about ten years old. Everybody loved Alice, she was so cheerful under affliction; and so industrious, although blind, that she was the principal support of her mother. She netted, and knitted, and plaited, singing all the time like a nightingale; and when she paused, it was to say an affectionate word to her mother, or a sentence of gratitude to God for His goodness to a poor blind girl.

When the young party arrived at the end of the copse, they perceived Alice seated at the cottage door, knitting so rapidly, that they could not distinguish how her fingers moved. Before they entered the cottage garden, Alice rose up to meet them.

"Alice, Alice," exclaimed Chatterbox, "how did you know we were coming?"

Alice smiled: "O Miss Fanny," she answered, "I heard your voice ten minutes ago, in the wood."

"There, Chatterbox — Chatterbox!" — laughed her little

brother Harry; "Alice heard your voice above the hooting of the owls, and the rippling of the river, and the cackling of the geese, and the lowing of the cows, and the braying of the donkey."

"I wonder who is the Chatterbox now?" said Fanny: "my tongue never went faster than that: did it, Alice?"

"I think it did, Miss," answered Alice, smiling so sweetly, as she turned her bright though sightless face towards the speaker—"I think it did; but fast or slow, it is a great pleasure to poor Alice to hear it again, and to hear you all: this is Miss Eltham, I know," she continued, stretching her hand in the direction where the eldest young lady stood. "Dear me! why you are as tall as I am! And there is Miss Sophia: and here is Miss Fanny: how you are grown, dear; and your hair — it is as long again as it was when you left Eltham!"

Fanny ran from beneath her gentle hand, which was as soft and as white as her own mamma's, and bounded into the cottage, calling "Dame Burden! Dame Burden!" Although the dame was very deaf, she heard Fanny's voice, and greeted her most kindly. "Here is Dame Burden!" exclaimed the Chatterbox: "here she is, Sophy!—Mary! here is dear Dame Burden: but she is looking ill:" and, lowering her voice, so that the dame should not hear her, but at the same time quite forgetting, that, although Alice was blind, she was not deaf, she added: "I am sure she will not live long: she ought to have the doctor immediately. See how pale she is; and how lame!"

"Oh, Miss Fanny, why will you speak so thoughtlessly?" said Mary. In a moment Fanny felt she had done wrong,

and saw how she had alarmed poor blind Alice: but spoken words cannot be recalled.

The poor blind girl, who loved her mother, not only because she was her mother, but because she was the only precious thing she had in the whole world to love, turned her sightless eyes quickly on the speaker, and as quickly tears gushed from them. "My mother ill!—pale!—lame!" she sobbed: "how can it be? her voice is not feebler than it was! I cannot *feel* paleness; and when I pass my hand over her dear face, it seems to me the same as ever. I can *hear* the halt when she walks, but I do not think it increases. Oh, ladies—Mary Browne—do tell me the truth; is my dear mother so changed?"

"Alice," said Miss Eltham, "I am very sorry that these thoughtless words, spoken by my heedless sister, should cause you so much emotion. We have been away for six months, and I really think that little Chatterbox has forgotten how your mother looked when we saw her last. I do not perceive any change, except that she may be a little paler; but I only wish, Alice, you could see how bright and animated the good dame is looking at this moment, and how anxious to find out what we are talking about: do not let her observe your tears, Alice; for she never could bear to see you in trouble." The poor blind girl wiped her eyes, and kissed Miss Eltham's hand; and Dame Burden hustled about to get them some fruit and goat's milk: while little Chatterbox, eager to repair the evil she had done, crept to the side of poor Alice.

"My sister is right," she said; "I dare say I did forget how she looked when we went away, which you must remember

is six months ago: and I am sure I did not mean to give you pain: will you forgive me?"

"Oh yes, Miss, to be sure I will," she replied: "but I am sure what you said is true. Hush!" and she listened for her mother's step. "Yes, she certainly presses more heavily upon that foot than she used. She is more lame, and yet I did not find it out before: she should have seen the doctor if I had."

"Indeed, Alice, you are mistaken," said Fanny; "she is as active and kind as possible."

"Yes," observed the poor girl, in her soft low voice, "I well know she is kind, Miss—oh, so kind! I could not tell you all her acts of love and tenderness if I were to talk a whole summer day. She may not look so to you, Miss, but to me she seems bright as an angel."

Fanny could hardly forbear smiling at the idea that the brown, shrivelled woman, dressed in black stuff and a mob cap, was "bright as an angel;" but she had the prudence not to wound poor Alice a second time; and Mary Browne grieved to see the anxious expression that disturbed the ordinary calmness of Alice's face, and how she listened for every tone of her mother's voice and every step she made: at last, while the children were otherwise engaged, she drew close to her side. "Alice," she said, "do not distress yourself because of Miss Fanny's words; they were spoken, as she too often speaks, foolishly; and I assure you there is no cause for your anxiety."

"Mary," she answered, "I have often found that children's words are the words of truth, and I am convinced my mother is ill; but it cannot be that she will not live long;—surely God would not take her from me!"

Mary reasoned with her, and endeavoured to assure her that Fanny had spoken merely from the desire of talking; but she found that poor Alice, naturally nervous, and always dreading lest anything should happen to her mother, was not to be convinced. The foolish words, spoken at random, had done what foolish words often do — very great mischief. A strong-minded person would not have suffered as Alice did; but you must remember, she could not *see* her mother, and she knew, by experience, that the dame, when indisposed, always endeavoured to conceal it from her beloved and only child.

The young party quitted the cottage dispirited and annoyed; for they left the poor blind girl endeavouring to restrain her tears. Chatterbox was sorely grieved at first, and listened for some time attentively to her eldest sister's advice, who pointed out to her the evil of speaking at random. "I cannot tell you," she said, "how frequently you hurt people's feelings by your inconsiderate words. Papa was going to give the coachman warning the other day, in consequence of something you misunderstood and talked about: and poor Jane Conway told me, that though her present employer is quite convinced of her honesty, she never can forget that she was once considered a thief, from your misrepresentation."

"I am sure, sister," answered Fanny, "I never intended it; and I explained all about it to Jane, and to her mistress. I did not think she would ever feel it again, after all I cried, and she knew I did not intend it."

"Tears, my love, cannot wash out words; and words, make wounds, more hastily than they can heal them. You have been told, that all those who talk a great deal, are apt to mingle

truth and falsehood together ; and this must be especially the case with you, who cannot understand all you hear, or all you see."

" I do my best, I'm sure," sobbed poor Fanny : " I do my very best. Papa said, the other day, I was like a note of interrogation."

" Not quite," observed Sophy, "*for that waits for an answer.*"

" It is the old story over and over again about me," continued Fanny, pettishly ; " and you tell me the same thing over and over again."

" When you conquer that love of chattering, my own dear Fanny," observed her sister, " we shall find it difficult to discover a fault in one we love so dearly."

The young folk frequently paused on their homeward walk : the fresh air, the variety and beauty of the trees, the singing of the birds, and the clouds, tinged by the beams of the setting sun into every variety of rose and saffron colour, delighted them much ; and they all agreed in thinking the country far more charming than the town. By degrees the blind girl and her mother were forgotten by all except Mary Browne. Harry kept blowing the " puffs," as he called them, off the dandelion heads, to ascertain what o'clock it was : Miss Eltham gathered wild flowers, and told their botanical names and properties to her sisters, thus rendering the walk as profitable as it was pleasing. Fanny had remained tolerably silent (for her) for some time, until she saw a dog run in among some sheep that were grazing in a field near the common, and after setting them all scampering, run out again, barking and wagging his tail as if he had performed a brave and gallant action ; and

she then began to talk about sheep and shepherds, and their dogs, exaggerating as she talked on, until, at last, forgetting the advice she had received, she burst into her usual torrent of words, some with meaning, and some without;—now uttering one extravagance and then another.

“What is that you say, Chatter, about a rabbit a yard in length, and a stone in weight?” inquired little Harry, who was three years younger than Fanny.

“Indeed, Harry, Charles Jeffry said in the square, one day, that he had a rabbit that was a yard long, and weighed a stone.”

“Did he, Mary?” inquired Harry, who had learned to distrust what his sister said; and the worst of it was she did not feel the degradation of being doubted.

“I did not hear him say that, Master Harry,” replied Mary.

“There!” said the boy. “What did he say?”

“He said what I say,” persisted Fanny, “a rabbit—a white rabbit—with lop ears, pink eyes, and a roman nose; he did, indeed, but all rabbits have roman noses; and it was a yard long, and weighed a stone.”

“No, Miss Fanny, I beg your pardon; he said it was so large that, if it had lived, he thought it might have grown to be a yard long, and a stone in weight.” said Mary.

“Oh, oh!” laughed Harry.

“Fanny, Fanny!” exclaimed Miss Eltham, in a reprobating voice.

“Well, it is pretty much the same thing, is it not?” replied the exaggerating little girl; “for you see——”

“Stop, my dear,” said her sister, “I must insist upon your attending to me. If I said my sister Fanny is as

tall as mamma, and much, much stouter, would that be true?"

"No, sister, certainly not," replied the little maid ; "and ——"

"Attend a moment, do, dear Fanny ; for this talking and exaggerating will render you not only despicable but dangerous," persisted Miss Eltham : "but if I said my sister Fanny is tall and large of her age, and one of these days may be, as tall and as stout, if not taller and stouter, than mamma is now, would not that be true?"

"Yes, sister ; but it is very hard of you to say that I may become not only despicable but dangerous ; I intend no harm.

"Again, my dear little sister, I must entreat you to listen to me. When you cannot believe what a person tells you, do you not despise him ?"

"But, sister——"

"Now, Fanny, I will have no shuffling ; do you, or do you not, despise a person who tells you an untruth ? At all events, you loose all faith, all trust in him ; you do not believe him when he tells you the truth, if you have more than once proved that what he said was untrue."

"Well," stammered Fanny, who saw the purport of her sister's words, "I believe you are right."

"As to not intending harm, that is better for yourself ; but if you *do* harm, those who suffer, do not profit by the absence of all *intention*. Language is given us to instruct, to enliven, to soothe, to cheer, to divert each other, and to increase the happiness of our fellow-creatures by words of truth and affection ; not as a power to be exerted in noise, in the cause of folly, or——."

I do not know how Miss Eltham would have concluded her sentence, for it was interrupted by a most painful proof of the mischief arising from thoughtless words.

The young party had loitered on their homeward way, and did not arrive at the principal bridge, I have already mentioned, until the beautiful sunset, that decked the heavens in such glowing colours, had faded, as sunsets must, into the grey twilight, which, in this country, is the prelude both to night and morning. Harry wished very much to have been permitted to return by the foot-bridge, and urged how much shorter was the path than the road; but Mary would not suffer him to do so, as, if his foot slipped on the planks, unless he held the rope firmly, he might roll under the rope into the river, which, though little more than a broad brawling stream in some places, was *there* both deep and dangerous. They had not advanced more than a yard or two on the good old bridge, when, looking toward the foot-bridge, Miss Eltham and Mary Browne saw, almost at the same instant, Alice Burden, the blind girl, just in the act of stepping on it, evidently feeling, with outstretched arm, for the directing and protecting rope; the other hand held the ribbon by which her little dog guided her steps. They all paused to watch her movements.

"How very foolish of her to come this distance by herself," said Chatterbox: "it will be quite dark before she gets back."

"My dear Fanny," observed Miss Eltham, "how silly that is, dark and light you know are the same to her; but it is certainly much too late for her to be out by herself; and she ought not to venture upon that bridge, which Mary Browne does not think safe, even for those who can see."

"I never knew her mother permit her to be out so late—although Beau is such a sensible little dog that he guides her everywhere. I think, Miss Eltham," continued Mary, "I will ask one of the servants to go to that end of the village and see her home: I cannot imagine why she is out by herself."

At that moment a bird—a wild duck, or a water-hen—rose from the sedges and long tangled plants that grew in such luxuriant beauty beneath the banks which divided the bridges, and flew screaming over the river. Poor little Beau forgot his mistress, and sprang forward, barking at the fugitive; he sprang rapidly and thoughtlessly, and so suddenly it all occurred, that he was struggling over the planks, supported by the slight ribbon, before, even if Alice had had sight, she could have drawn him back.

"Let him go, Alice! let him go!" shouted Miss Eltham and Mary Browne together: "let him go, or you will be over yourself!" But Alice loved the little animal, who had been her guide for more than eight years—she valued her poor dumb friend too highly to "let him go:" she knelt at the side, and pulled the ribbon carefully.

"She has him now!" exclaimed Harry: "what a brave girl!"

"No, no—he has slipped again; poor fellow, how he struggles!" said Sophy.

"Let him go!" repeated Mary Browne, and her voice was a scream. "I knew it," she added, while the young ladies were rendered dumb by the occurrence—"I knew how it would be—she is over *herself!*" In speechless agony, Miss Eltham saw poor Alice rise to the surface of the water after her first plunge; Sophy and Fanny hid their faces in their dress; and



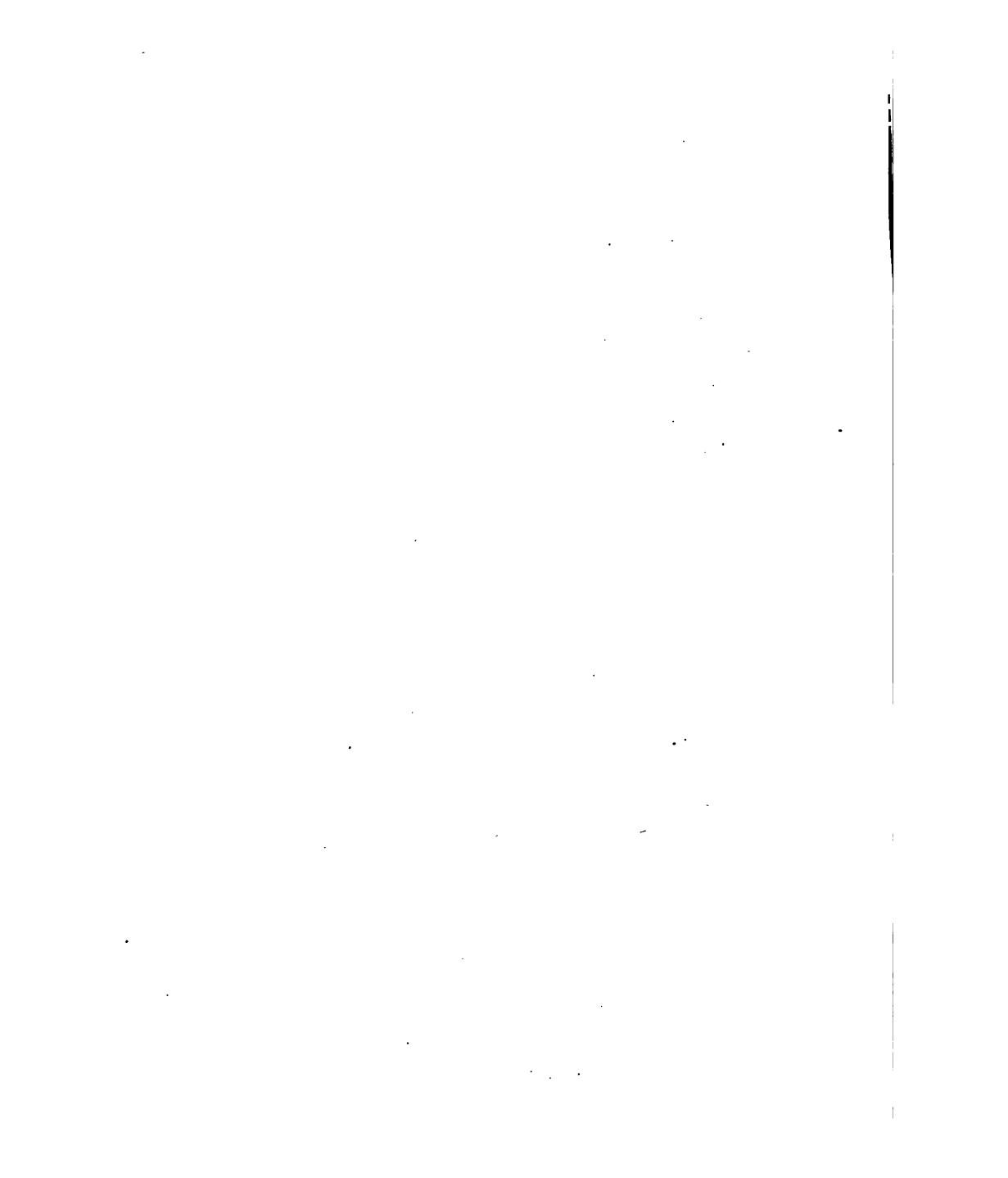












Harry, an embryo man, ran along the bridge, shouting “ Help ! help ! ”

When Miss Eltham looked again, the water was so clear, that she saw Alice floating, or, she believed, rolling along towards the very arch upon which she stood. Again the poor girl rose, and extended her arms. Suddenly Miss Eltham’s presence of mind returned : she called loudly for assistance, and rushed down the bank, so as to meet, as it were, the blind girl as the current bore her through the arch ; for the waters seemed to deal gently with their prey : but one stronger and more useful was there before her—even Mary Browne. She had waded the stream, and, holding by the strong arm of a tree, which bent most gracefully, and what was better still, most usefully, into the water, she caught Alice by her long floating hair ; and in less than a minute the blind girl—ay, and her dog Beau—were on the bank. It was some little time before Alice was restored to consciousness, and knew who breathed upon her cheek—what warm soft hands chafed her temples, and wrung the water from her hair. The first thing that seemed really to restore her was her little dog placing his paws upon her shoulder, and licking her face all over with his little red tongue, as if requesting pardon for his rashness ;—she put her arm round him, and kissed his wet coat.

“ And why did you go out by yourself, dear Alice, at this time in the evening ? ” inquired Chatterbox, as the servants and some of the villagers were about to carry the blind girl to Eltham House, that she might have dry clothes, and be returned safely and comfortably to her mother, if possible, before the dame had been made aware of the danger she had

so providentially escaped. "Why did you venture out by yourself, Alice?—why?—tell me."

The poor girl turned her blind eyes towards Fanny Eltham, and replied: "Why, Miss, you said my mother could not live—and looked pale—and was more lame—and ought to have a doctor; and unless it was really so, I knew a child—a young lady—would not say it. I could believe you; and I knew they wanted, through kindness, to deceive me. My mother went to fold the kids; I felt I should have no rest until the doctor saw her; and as night and day are alike to the poor blind girl, and Beau, I thought, was steady, and knew the way, I resolved to seek the doctor myself. That was how I came to be out, Miss Fanny—all through your words."

Poor Fanny! this was indeed a serious lesson. The various warnings she had received as to what her chattering might lead to, rang in her ears: her head whirled round; she dared not look up, for she felt that every eye was fixed upon her: her thoughtless words had led almost to the death of a helpless innocent being, whom she had loved all her life, and who had heaped little gifts and acts of kindness upon her from the moment she was able to climb the blind girl's knee. Could it be that words—mere words—had done this?

"Oh Alice, Alice!" she exclaimed, passionately; "can you ever forgive me?"

Bitter as was the lesson, it was not brief. Anxiety for her mother, and the violent shock her delicate frame had sustained, threw Alice into a fever, from which she recovered slowly.

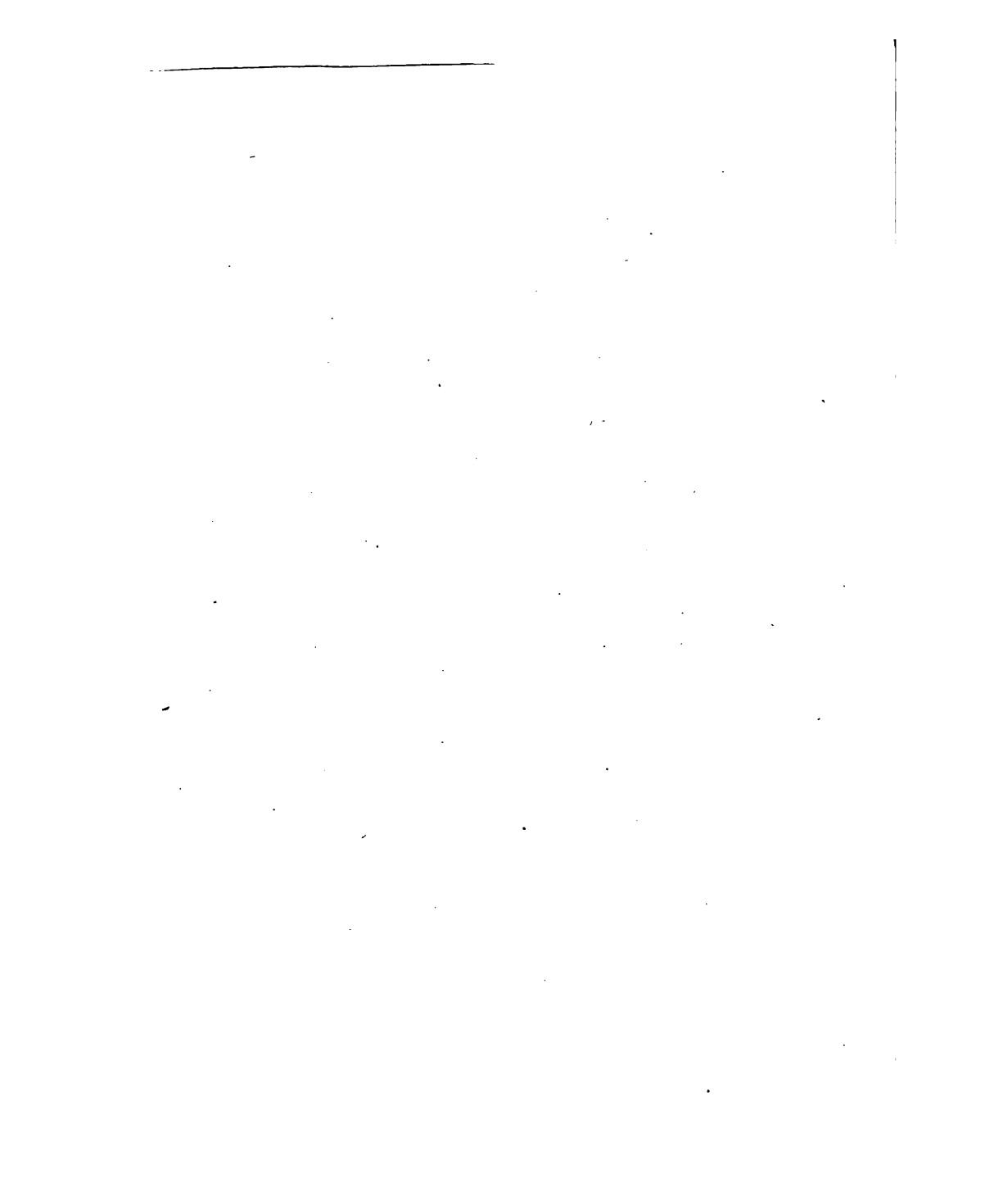
The last letter I received from Mrs. Eltham contains a passage which made me say, at the commencement of this

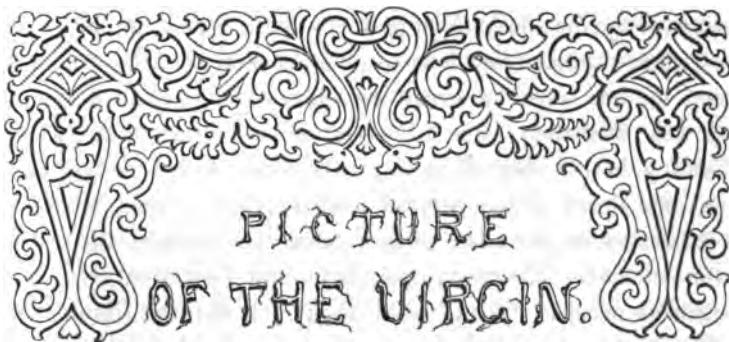
little story, that I had every reason to believe my little friend Fanny would improve rapidly.

" You will rejoice to hear," writes this amiable lady, " that Alice is quite well again, sitting in her old place, knitting and netting, and spinning and plaiting, as usual : singing too ; for she is convinced that her mother is not ill : but she will not again trust herself to Beau's guidance when crossing the foot-bridge. I can never be sufficiently thankful to the Almighty that her life was spared : nor can we do too much for Mary Browne, whose presence of mind and determined bravery were the means of her rescue.

" My poor child has received a lesson which I am convinced has had, and will continue to have, the most beneficial effects on her character. You may imagine what she suffered, day after day, while Alice continued so very ill : nothing could exceed her anxiety : she prayed constantly for her recovery, and relinquished all her pocket-money—indeed, all her luxuries—to contribute to the blind girl's comforts : this, her naturally good disposition would make her do. But now that all danger is over, it is delightful to see how carefully she watches, not others, but herself ; and she has requested us all, whenever we see any return of her foible (I call it by too mild a name), to reprove it by the one word 'Alice.' I have only had occasion to do so once ; and then she turned pale, and burst into tears, thanking me, when she could speak. I constantly observe that she presses her finger on her lip, as if to keep in her words : and we never, by any chance, now reproach her by calling her " LITTLE CHATTERBOX."







PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE AUGUSTUS.

Poor Theodora lived in a lonesome cottage in a wood, not far distant from the banks of the Danube. Her husband, who was a fisherman, had died, in the bloom of life, only a short time before. The one comfort which she had in her early widowhood was her only son, a kind, handsome boy, of about five years old, who was called Augustus. That which she considered of the greatest importance, was the teaching him to be good and pious; and her unceasing care was to preserve for him the paternal cottage, and the right of fishing. It is true that she had been obliged for the present to give up the fishing; and the fishing tackle of her late husband, as it hung useless on the wall, and his fishing-boat, which lay turned upside down near the cottage, were painful sights to her. In the meantime she supported herself and her son by making fishing-nets, in which she was very skilful; and often at midnight, when little Augustus had been long asleep, she worked

unweariedly for him. Nor had the little fellow, on his part, any other thought than how to give his mother pleasure. The good mother wept on every occasion which reminded her of her late husband: and Augustus, when he saw this, did all that lay in his childish power to comfort her. A few days after the death of her beloved husband, her brother, who was a fisherman in the next village, came and brought her a fish as a present. Theodora looked at the beautiful carp, and began to weep: "Ah!" said she; "I did not think that I should ever have had again such a fine fish in my cottage."

"Do not cry, mother!" said little Augustus; "when I am a great man I will catch you fish enough."

The sorrowful mother smiled again, and said, "Yes, Augustus, I hope that you will some day be the comfort of my age. Be only as good and upright a man as your father, and I shall then be the happiest of mothers."

Once, upon a fine autumn day, Theodora, from early morning, was busied upon a large fishing-net, which she wished to finish that day. In the meantime the boy collected, in the surrounding wood, beech-nuts, from which his mother wanted to press the oil, in order that she might have a cheap light for her netting in the long winter evenings. Little Augustus rejoiced, above all things, whenever he could bring to his mother his oblong, deep, hand-basket heaped up with beech-nuts. His mother praised him always when he did so, in order to animate him to industry, and to accustom him to a life of labour. It was now getting towards noon, and the little fellow was hungry and weary: at length the mid-day bell sounded in the next village, and his mother called him to dinner. She had set out the little dinner, which consisted

of a dishful of milk, into which bread had been broken, under the beautiful beech-tree that stood not far from the cottage in an open green space of the wood.

After the bread and milk had been eaten, and the dish was empty, the mother said to the boy, "Now lie down in the shade of the tree and sleep a little: I will go on with my work, and will come again at the right time and wake you. Now, sleep well!" cried she, as she looked round her once again, and then went with the empty dish into the cottage.

In a little while she returned and looked. The little boy lay sleeping on the green turf: his curly head rested on one arm, whilst the other was thrown round his tidy little basket. He smiled in sleep, and his countenance and his rosy cheek were sweetly shaded by the wavering beach-leaves.

She hastened back again to her work, and netted on industriously till the net was finished. The hours passed, over her work, like so many minutes. She went now to waken little Augustus, but she found him no longer under the beech-tree.

"The industrious child is again at his work with his little basket," said she, joyfully. Ah! she foreboded not what a grief awaited her.

She went back again, and spread out the net upon the green turf. She found here and there a place in it which required mending; and so a considerable time passed. But as the boy still did not come back with his basket, she began to be uneasy about him. She sought for him through the whole wood, which was about three miles long, and a mile and a half broad, but she found him nowhere. She shouted a hundred times, "Augustus!—Augustus!" but she received no answer.

She was very much frightened: she felt the most extreme

anxiety. "If he should," said she, "have forgotten the warning which I have often so earnestly repeated, and have ventured down to the water!" She trembled at the very thought, and ran down to the river: but neither could she perceive anything of him there. She then went weeping and lamenting to the village. A crowd of people collected round the mourning mother: all had compassion on her, especially her brother: not one of them, however, knew anything of the boy. In the meantime, the whole village assembled determined, with one mind, to seek the child. Some betook themselves to the wood, others to the surrounding country, and others again to the river, to look for him. Night approached, and nowhere had anybody discovered the least trace of him.

"If he be drowned in the Danube," said one of the fishermen of the village, "we shall certainly find the body. We know the course of the water well: below there, on the gravel, where the great willow-tree stands, it will certainly cast him up again."

The mother shuddered at these words, and went back to her cottage full of distress, and watched and wept there solitarily through the night. As soon as the light of morning shewed itself, she hastened down to the river, to find, perhaps, there the body of her beloved child. Yes, for many days and many weeks went she, every morning and evening, with terrified heart, and wandered lamenting up and down the stream. The fishermen who, in the early dawn, were on the river at their daily work, or were returning from it late in the evening, saw her often wandering thus, and often, too, raising her hands to heaven, and were all of them heartily sorry for her.

So passed on a long time. The body never came to view:

the mother neither saw nor heard anything more of the child. She was always unspeakably cast down. "In so short a time," said she, "to lose such a good husband and such a beloved child—ah, that is hard! If I did not think that the Almighty had permitted it thus to be I should be in despair!" Often most bitterly did she reproach herself: "I ought to have taken better care of the boy," cried she, weeping and wringing her hands. "Oh you mothers," said she to the wives of the village, who wished to console her, "take example by me, and be more watchful."

Poor Theodora! by degrees her grief made her as pale as a corpse, and wore her away till she was as thin as a shadow. As she went to church on Sunday, in her black mourning dress, some weeks after the loss of the child, the people said one to another, "Poor Dora! she will soon follow, of a certainty, her husband and her child to the grave!"

The clergyman of the village, a venerable old man, who took the liveliest interest in the fate of his parishioners, had already visited her, and comforted her, several times at her cottage. But when, on this day, he saw her pale, deeply-troubled face, he was greatly distressed. When the service was ended, he sent for her. When she entered his room, the good old man, whose snow-white hair was covered with a black velvet cap, was sitting at his desk, and was writing something in the parish book. He greeted her kindly, and said: "Wait a little while, I shall be ready in a moment."

Whilst she waited, Theodora observed a small picture that hung on the wall, in a round, beautiful, gilt frame. She was very much affected by it, and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Now," said the Pastor, as he flirted the ink from his pen, and raised himself, "does the picture please you?"

"Ah, yes," replied Theodora, "it is very sweet. I cannot help weeping as I look at it."

"Do you know whom it represents?" asked the Pastor.

"Oh yes, very well," said she; "it is a picture of the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord. I never saw the sorrowful mother, as she weeps for the death of her son, so beautifully painted."

"Thus," said the Pastor, "is she the most beautiful and the most consolatory example for you: observe, therefore, her image carefully. See, the sword in her breast is a symbol, according to Simeon's prophecying, of the deep pain which should, as it were, pierce through her heart for the bloody death of her divine son. Her eyes, full of tears, as well as her clasped hands, which are also raised to heaven, shew her devotion and her confidence in God. The golden beams, however, which gleam around her head, signify her glorification in heaven, to which she will at length attain, through her patience in suffering and her submission to the Divine will. Good Theodora," continued he, "you have lost much—your husband and your child: a two-edged sword has pierced your heart: but look up, like Mary, to heaven!—submit yourself to God's will!—trust in Him!—pray for comfort and for strength from above! You know that Mary, confiding in God, and strengthened by his mercy, stood erect below the cross. The faith in which she spoke to the joyful communication of the angel—'Behold, I am the servant of the Lord, do to me according to thy will!'—filled her heart also in the hour of suffering, and permitted it not to sink. It is only the assurance that

God does all aright, that that which He permits is the very best, which can support you from being overwhelmed by your affliction : forget not, therefore, the great and beautiful object of all our sufferings. The sufferings of time bear no comparison to the glory which shall be revealed to us. Through suffering is virtue perfected : the sufferings of time lead to everlasting joy. Even Christ himself attained to his glory through suffering. On this way Mary followed Him : nor is there for us any other way to Heaven."

Theodora listened to him greatly affected, and found great satisfaction in the beautiful picture. She could not sufficiently contemplate it. "I will follow," said she, "the example of the afflicted mother: I will look up to Heaven, pray, believe, and say from my very heart, as she did, 'Lord, thy will be done !'"

"Good!" said the Pastor; "that is right; that pleases me."

According to the opinion of that good man, nothing was too costly for the consolation of a sorrowing spirit. He took the beautiful picture from the wall, gave it to the poor fisher-woman, and said: "In order that you may not forget your beautiful resolution, and be able to adhere to it, take this picture home with you: I give it to you. When your heart begins afresh to bleed, and it feels as if a two-edged sword were within it, then cast your glance upon the picture, renew your resolution, and the wound will, with God's help, heal by degrees, and above, in Heaven, will a crown of glory also await you."

Theodora followed the advice of the good Pastor; and her grief became much milder: but still whenever she passed the tree under which she had last seen her boy, there always went

a pang through her heart. On this the thought came into her mind to make a hollow in the tree, and to place within it the beautiful picture. "The tree," said she, "causes me ever new sorrow; but then I should also here ever find new consolation. Ah!" sighed she, "other mothers place, for their dead children, a little memorial in the churchyard; the tree thus may become the memorial of my dear Augustus."

She mentioned her idea to the good old Pastor, and he had nothing against it. "So that it brings you consolation, do it, well and good."

She cut, therefore, with a deal of trouble, a round hollow, about the size of a window-pane, in the bark of the tree, placed the picture within it, and, when she now passed the tree, she looked upon that beautiful picture, and said: "I also will be a servant of the Lord, like Mary; to me also it happened according to His will!" and by degrees her heart became less sorrowful.

CHAPTER II.

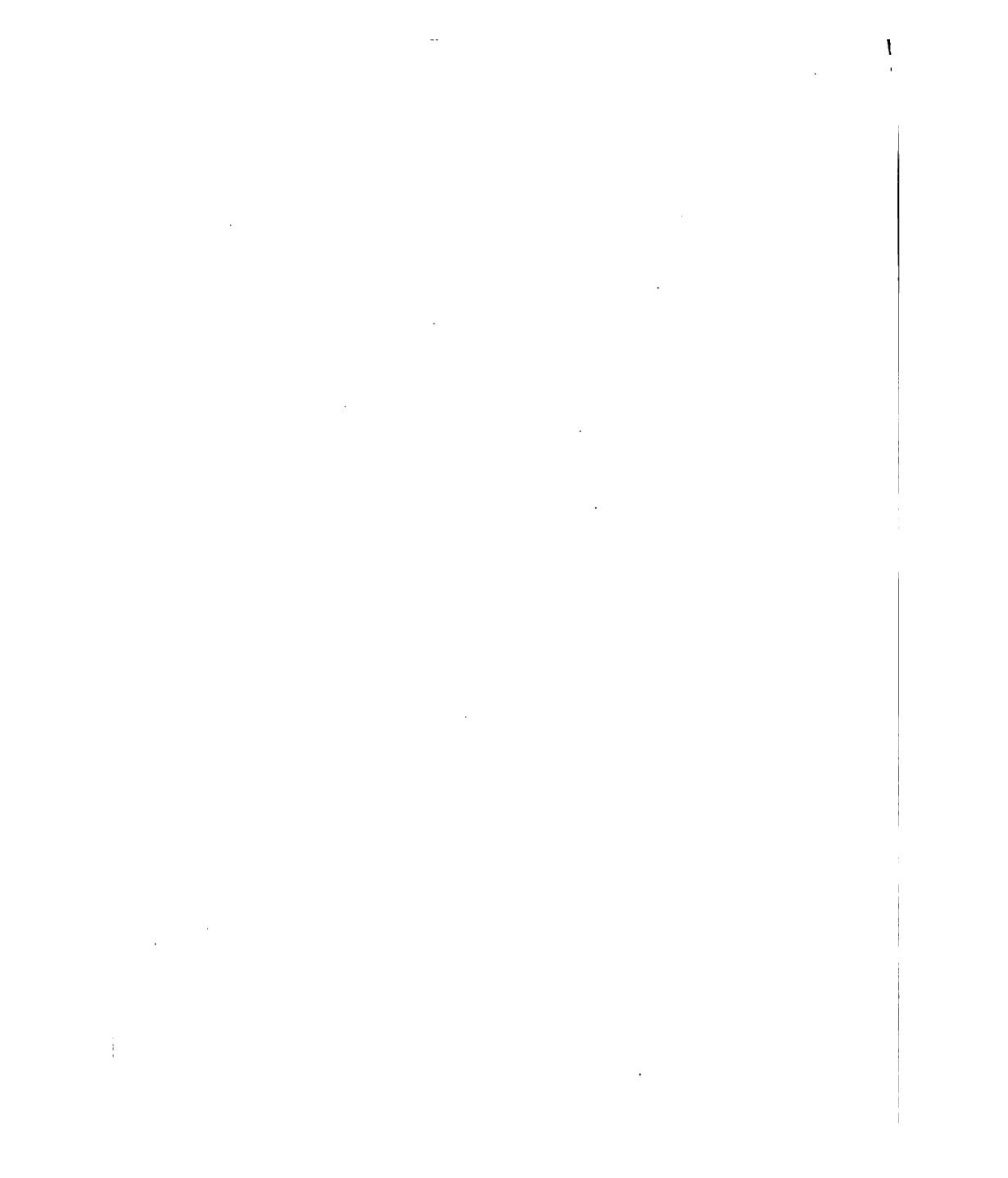
MR. WAHL.

IN the meantime, whilst the afflicted mother wept her beloved Augustus as dead, the little five-years-old boy had made a journey of more than three hundred miles; had arrived in the imperial city of Vienna; lived there, gay and full of health, in a magnificent house that resembled a palace; was as beautifully and richly dressed as if he were of noble birth; and, which was more than all this, he was educated in the most careful









manner, and was instructed by the very best teachers in all that was good and useful.

This extraordinary change had been brought about in a very simple manner. After Augustus had awoke, under the beech, and had rubbed his eyes, he set off immediately into the wood, to seek again for beech-nuts, and had soon nearly half filled his little basket. At length he came to where there were no longer any beech-trees, and went on and on till at last he came out of the wood on the side bordering the river. A large boat lay on the shore there. The boat had only lain-to here to wait for some passengers that it had to take up. The other passengers, who were in part very rich people, and in part families of the middle class, had all come on land. The elder persons walked up and down the green and meadow-like banks for a little exercise, and the children amused themselves by looking for bright-coloured pebbles among the gravel on the shore. Presently the children saw the little Augustus, and then came up to him and peeped into his little willow-basket, to see what he had in it. The pretty brown beech-nuts, with which they were unacquainted, delighted them.

"They are very queer nuts!" said the little Antonia, a lovely child, somewhat younger than Augustus, and who was dressed as prettily as a lady: "such little three-cornered chestnuts I never saw before!"

"Nay," said Augustus, who had never heard of chestnuts, "they are not such odd things as you say; they are beech-nuts, and one can eat them." He divided whole handfuls among the children, and they made a great rejoicing. It gave the good little Augustus the greatest pleasure to find such a

many merry children all together : such a happiness as this was very rare, for it was not often that he saw even a child from the village. He joined himself to the children, and they gave to him of all that they had, pears and plums.

Augustus was now very curious to see the boat nearer : it was the first large boat that he had seen near. The floating house upon it, a great deal larger than his cottage, appeared to him very wonderful. The children took him with them into the boat. Antonia led him into the papered room, which was appointed for the use of the higher class of passengers.

"Eh!" cried Augustus, in astonishment, "there is in this house a prettier parlour than we have at home!"

Antonia and his other new play-fellows shewed him now their toys. Augustus was enraptured by the sight of all these splendours, and thought no more about going home. In the meantime the boat, without the boy being the least aware of it, put from the land, and floated majestically down the river.

Nobody in the boat had paid any particular attention to Augustus. The passengers who had been longest in the boat supposed that he belonged to some of the new-comers; and the new-comers imagined that he belonged to those already there. It was only when the evening approached, and the poor child began to cry aloud, and ask for his mother, that people discovered that a strange child was on board. They were not a little astonished, and no small disturbance arose in the boat. Many lamented and pitied both mother and child ; others laughed at the unbidden little travelling companion : the boatmen scolded, and threatened to throw the boy in the water.

At that moment the master of the boat came up, and examined him. "Tell me now, little fellow," began the grave, fat man, "from what city or village came you?"

"I am from no city, and from no village," said Augustus.

"That is strange," said the master; "yet you must have a home somewhere."

"My home," replied he, "stands in the wood, not far from the village."

"Good, now," said the master; "what is the name of the village?"

"Ha!" said Augustus; "what should it be called but the village? My mother never called it anything else. She used to say, now they ring the bell in the village for dinner, or, to-morrow you shall go with me into the village to buy bread."

"What, then, is the name of your parents?" asked the master.

"My father," answered the boy, "is dead, and my mother is called the fisher-wife Dora."

"Then," said the master, "she is named Theodora; but what is her surname?"

"She has no other name but Dora," said the little one; "she has often said to people, that they need not call her anything else."

The master saw very well, that from an inexperienced child, who had no notion even of a surname, but little information would be obtained. He grew very angry, and said: "I wish that the cuckoo had brought you anywhere rather than into my boat."

The good little one, whose eyes were full of tears, answered, quite simply, and without passion, "The cuckoo has not

brought me here: I have never once seen him, but in spring I have often heard him."

Everybody in the boat laughed, but the master was in great perplexity. Here, unfortunately, the Danube flowed through an uninhabited woody region, and far and wide no open space could be seen. In a while, however, as the sun was about setting, they discerned a distant church tower. "I will leave the child in that village," said the master, "that the people there may take it back to its mother; and there, since we cannot go much further to night, will we sleep."

But Mr. Wahl, the father of Antonia, would not consent to this. He was a rich merchant, who was taking several chests full of gold and treasure with him, for he, like the rest of the boat's company, were fleeing before the enemy, it being during the time of the Thirty Years' War which laid waste Germany.

"I wish with all my heart," said Mr. Wahl, "that the distressed mother could, without delay, have her dear child back with her. But at this moment it cannot be done! The enemy is advancing, and is approaching the Danube; a delay of a few hours might endanger our falling into the hands of the enemy, and losing all that we possess. In Heaven's name proceed!"

Mr. Wahl, who had great cause for anxiety, insisted also that the boat should travel through the whole night, considering that it was the time of full moon. They said that this was against their custom: but as he promised a great sum of money both to the master and the boatmen, they consented at last, and proceeded in the clear bright moonlight onward through the whole night.

At sunrise, they came to a little village that lay close to the shore. The master now endeavoured to induce the peasants to receive the child, begging them to inquire out the village and the mother in the district whence he came, and thus to do a deed of mercy both to mother and child. But the peasants said: "Who knows to whom the boy belongs? It may very easily happen that we shall never get rid of him, and shall have to bring him up amongst us. In these hard times, poor folks have more than enough to do; we will not take any new burden on ourselves."

Soon after this they saw another village on the other side of the river, which lay not far from the shore, and looked very large and respectable. The master determined here to take the child only to the village authorities or to the clergyman, and ordered them accordingly to put to land. But all at once Mr. Wahl exclaimed, "Hark! Do you not hear the thunder of cannon? The enemy is near us; we must not waste a moment. Forwards! forwards with the ship!"

The master, who feared that in the end the child might be left on his hands, opposed Mr. Wahl, and soon a violent contention arose between them. At this moment, Mrs. Wahl, who was a kind and benevolent lady, stepped between them, and said, in her own peculiar friendly manner, softly to her husband, "We will take the handsome, affectionate boy to ourselves; thus we can do a good work, and put an end to all dispute."

This proposal pleased Mr. Wahl very well, and he immediately said aloud, "Proceed! I will adopt the child, and will provide for him!"

The master was satisfied with this, and everybody in the boat praised the noble-hearted determination of Mr. Wahl.

The boat arrived happily in Vienna. Mr. Wahl bought there a handsome large house, and began again his business as a merchant. He engaged very excellent instructors for his only daughter Antonia, and permitted Augustus to take part in her lessons. The little fellow, however ignorant he might be, shewed uncommon abilities, and made, in a short time, such progress in his studies as amazed every one. Besides this he was so discreet and obedient, so good tempered and amiable, and of so pious a heart, that Mr. and Mrs. Wahl loved him as if he had been their own child. The sentiment of love of God, the seeds of which his mother had at first implanted in him, became more and more living and strong in his heart.

Mr. Wahl observed, with pleasure, that Augustus shewed great inclination for trade. He gave him every opportunity for acquiring all the knowledge necessary for a merchant, and then took him into his counting-house. Augustus was soon here of the greatest service; and before he had reached his twentieth year, he was quite capable of conducting, in the best manner, the most important affairs of his foster-father. Mr. Wahl extended his business still more and more. He undertook great commissions for the army, and, although he never allowed himself any unlawful gains, he became thus immensely rich. He saw clearly how much of all this he owed, as well to the skill as to the unwearied industry and inviolable honesty of his adopted son, and was determined to reward him.

The little Antonia was, in the meantime, grown up to be an amiable young lady; she was spotless in heart and mind; a real image of innocence and beauty; besides which she was

greatly attached to her youthful companion. To Augustus, therefore, Mr. Wahl gave Antonia as a wife, and nothing in this world could be happier than they two.

When the war was ended the emperor, to whom Mr. Wahl and his son-in-law had done great service, raised them to the rank of nobles. Good Mr. and Mrs. Wahl, however, could only enjoy for a few years this long-desired peace. They were beloved tenderly both by Augustus and Antonia, and affectionately cherished to the end of their days. They died, the one soon after the other, in the comfortable hope of seeing again these beloved children, in that blessed abode where reigns eternal peace.

Augustus, now Baron von Wahlheim, gave up his commercial concerns, and determined to purchase, either in Bavaria, or in Swabia, one of those noble estates which had been devastated by the war, and which now were to be had at very low prices. Several were offered to him. He made a journey, therefore, saw them, and selected the beautiful estate of Newchurch, which particularly pleased him. He immediately prepared for the rebuilding of its fine but desolated castle, and then returned to Vienna to fetch his wife and his two children.

When Antonia came with her husband to their new possessions, and saw everywhere traces of the misery which the war had occasioned, she was very sorrowful. Many houses of the village were nothing more than heaps of rubbish; others threatened to fall to pieces; and whole districts lay uncultivated.

"Ah! the poor, poor people!" said Antonia, with tears in her eyes; "we must help them!"

Augustus rejoiced that his wife thought as he did, and he devoted a large portion of his wealth to the helping his depen-

dants out of their great poverty. He gave timber and money for building; he purchased corn for seed, and cattle, and divided them as free-gifts among his people. The peasants could not sufficiently praise their new lord, and came to thank him.

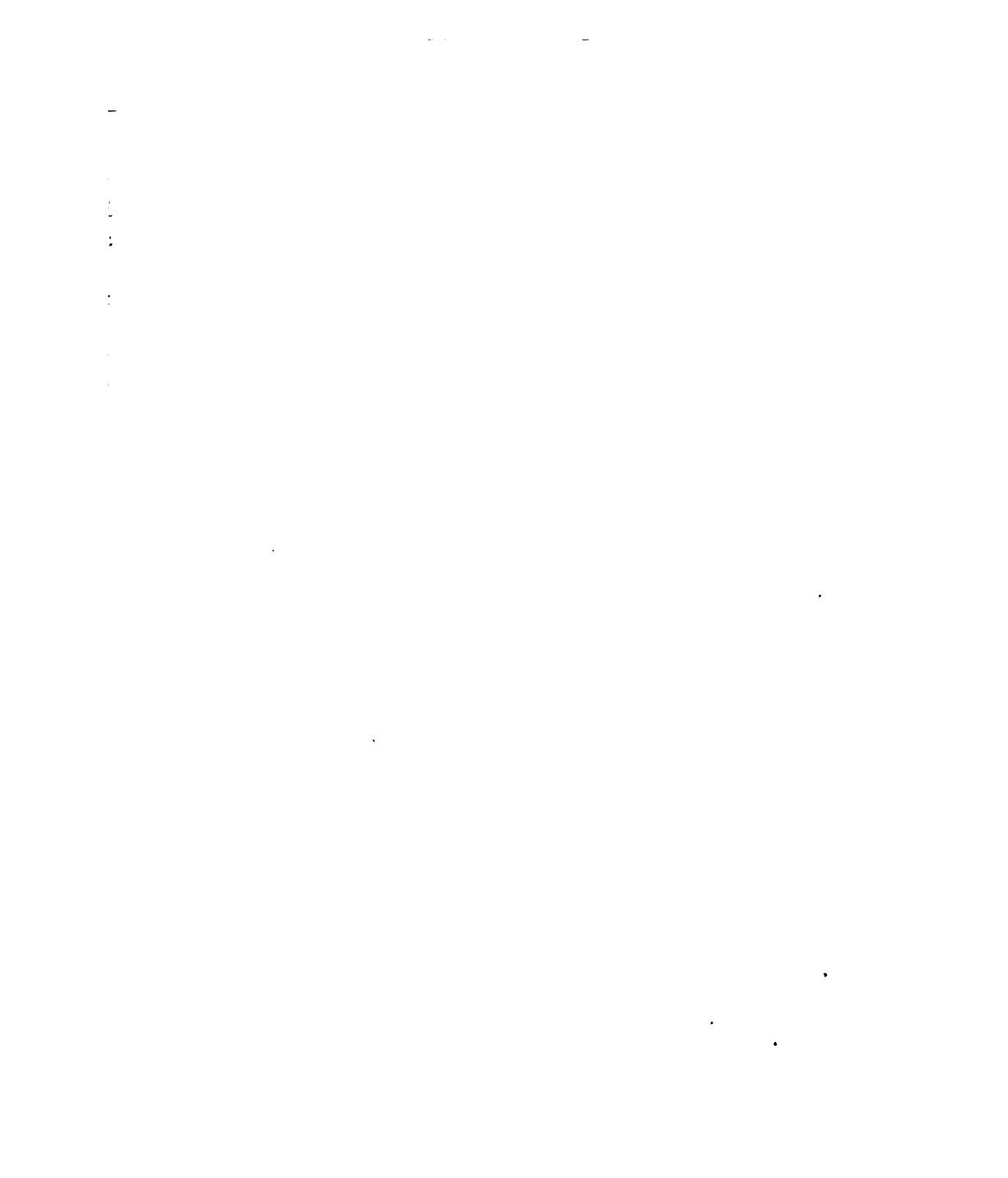
"God has made me from a poor boy into a rich man," said he, "and has blessed me wonderfully in all things. It would be ingratitude if I did not impart of this blessing to others. I rejoice to be able to contribute anything to your happiness: there is no higher happiness than that of making others happy."

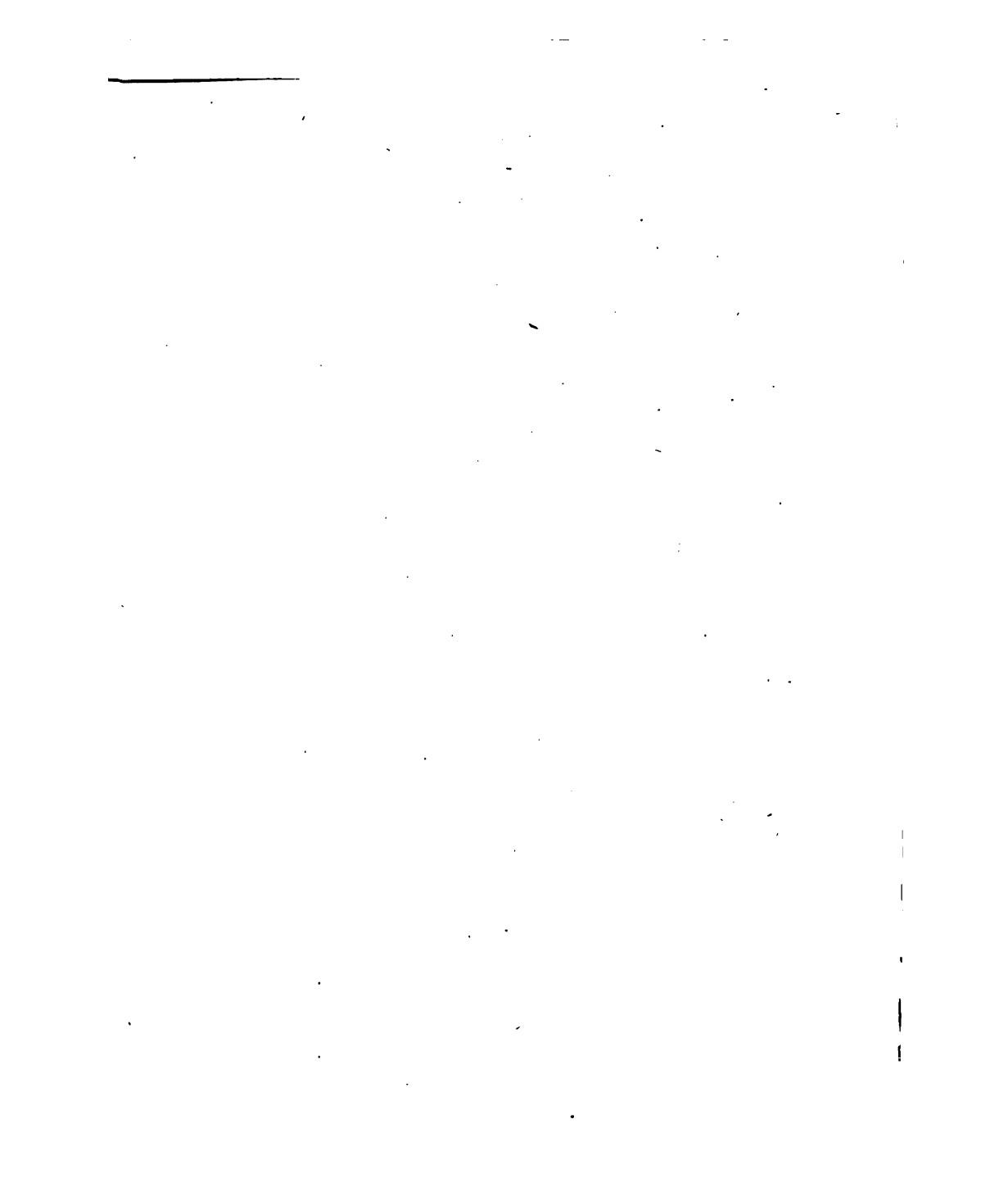
CHAPTER III.

THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

WHILST Augustus von Wahlheim had become a rich and fine gentleman, his mother, the good Theodora, had experienced much hard fate, and had led a life of great poverty,—yet, at the same time, from her dependence on God, a life of great contentment.

Soon after the time in which she lost her child, the war advanced into the country of the Danube, where she lived, and the enemy's troops took at once possession of the woods. Theodora lost her solitary cottage, and fled into the village to her brother, who possessed the paternal house: but here also was there no lasting abode for her. The village, during a skirmish, was almost reduced to ashes, and the greater part of the inhabitants dispersed themselves. The house of





Theodora's brother was burnt to the ground; but he endeavoured to maintain himself as a fisherman, and Theodora fled to her sister, who lived about thirty miles off. The sister received her very kindly: she had many children, and Theodora helped her to bring them up. The two sisters lived together in peace and unity, and lightened to each other the sufferings which the war had brought upon them both. After some years she received a letter from her brother, written from the old home. He wrote to her, that his wife was dead, that his two daughters, during the war, had married away from him, and that he wished that his sister should return to him, and take charge of his house. Theodora returned therefore again to her old home.

Scarcely had she arrived in the village when she betook herself to the wood, and sought for the beech-tree in which she had placed the beautiful picture, and which she had, in her sudden flight, forgotten to take with her. But, good heavens! how everything was changed here! The path which had led to her cottage was no longer to be found: it was lost in high grass and thick underwood. Where hitherto only low bushes had grown, now tall trees had raised themselves, with widely-spreading branches: on the contrary, many large old trees, which Theodora had well known, had disappeared. There had not been for long one single trace of her poor wooden cottage; even the place upon which it had once stood she could no longer find with certainty: all around was a thick impenetrable wood. Theodora was at a deal of trouble, but in vain, to find the tree under which she had wept so much. She passed through thorns and underwood, and carefully noticed every beech-tree.—“If I can no longer find that beautiful picture,”

thought she, "still the empty hollow in the tree would make known to me where once the picture had been."

"Do not give yourself such labour in vain, good mother," said an old man, who was gathering fire-wood there. "I think that the tree is no longer standing. As it is with us on our return to the village, so is it in the wood;—men that we left here as children are grown up; those who then were grown up are now old people; and the old people of those days are now lying in their graves. The young growth presses upon the old trees: all things in this world soon pass away: men still quicker than trees. We have here no abiding-place, therefore will we strive after that which is above, and which endures for ever."

The old man went on his way, and Theodora gave up all hope of ever again finding the tree.

Baron von Wahlheim lived many miles from here; but both that wood, and the village in which Theodora lived, belonged to the territory which he had purchased. One day he came into this very wood, in order to distribute among the people of the village firewood for the winter. The wood had grown quite wild, and would be greatly benefitted by the felling of a deal of timber. He wished, however, to see with his own eyes that every needy person obtained his proper share. He sent, therefore, for all householders, and soon distributed to this one and to that one a tree. Theodora came in the place of her brother. According to his arrangement, the tree against which Baron von Wahlheim stood as she came up, was apportioned to her brother. She stepped up, therefore, and said, "That the gracious gentleman would please to pardon her brother not coming himself, as he was ill, and could not leave his bed."

Baron von Wahlheim never thought that that aged, meanly-dressed woman, was his mother; and just as little did she think that the gracious gentleman who stood before her, handsome and blooming as life itself, in a fine blue dress, and with a diamond ring on his finger, was her son. He felt, without knowing her, the most heart-felt compassion for her, and gave her the tree.

The forest-master made some demur. "It is," said he, "a pity to give away that large handsome beech-tree. Aspens and birches are good enough for poor people. The beech-wood ought to be saved for the family use of the gracious Baron himself."

Baron von Wahlheim looked gravely at the forest-master, and said, "It is not only the bad, and that which we reject, which we should give to the poor, but of the best also; and especially in a time of need. The tree therefore belongs to the sister of the sick man, and, more than this, it shall be felled and cut into fire-wood at my cost, and shall be delivered also at the door of the poor people. Lay hand, then, to it instantly, you wood-cutters, before you cleave my wood."

He hastened onward in order to spare her thanks. Theodora looked after him, with tears in her eyes, and said, "God bless the good gentleman!" and then went her way.

And thus mother and son, who had seen each other in this wood, for the last time, upwards of twenty years ago, and who this moment had again met here without recognising each other, might very well again, and perhaps for ever, have become separated from each other, if the holy providence of God had not ordered it better.

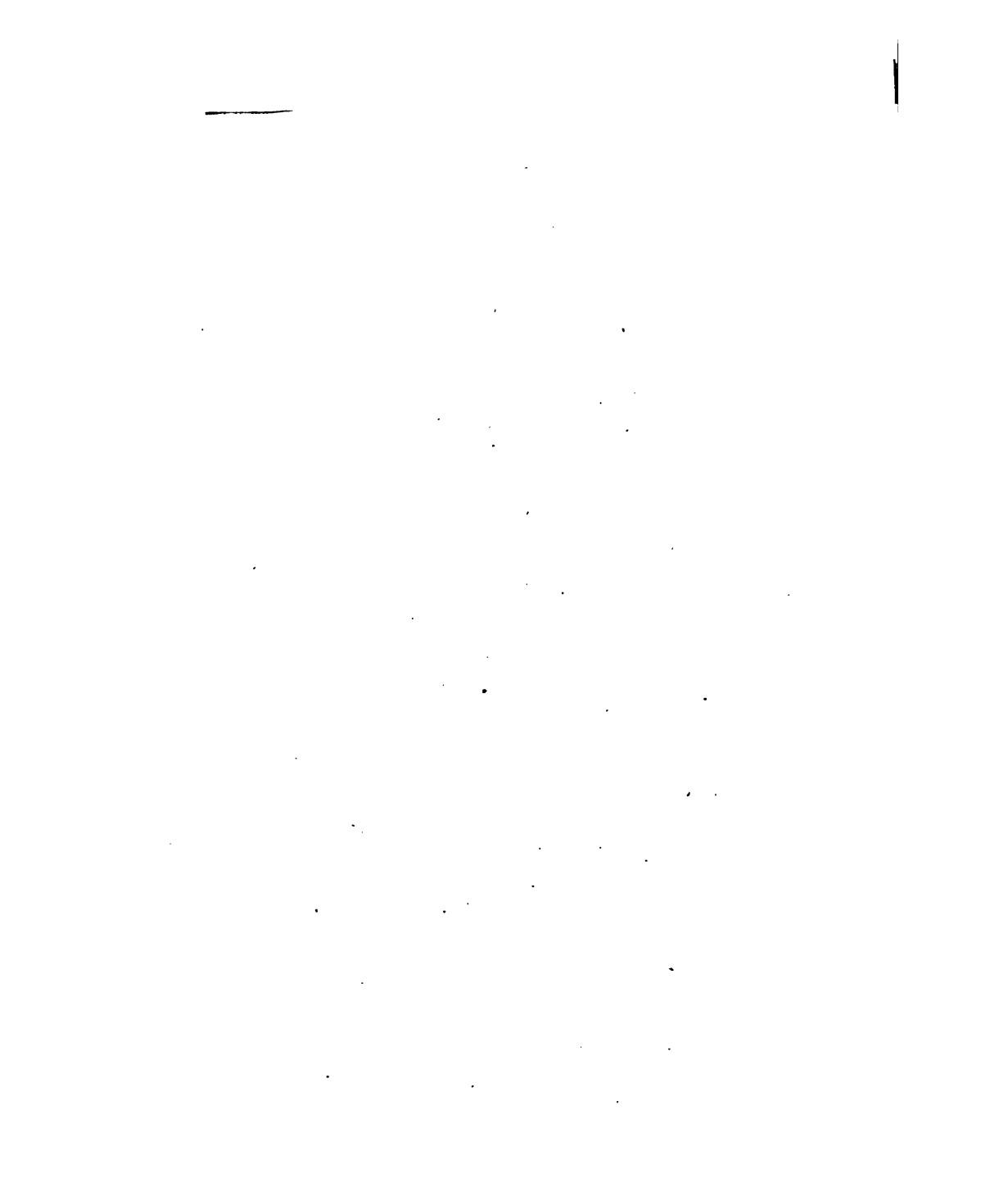
Two wood-cutters immediately laid the axe to the tree:

it fell with a great crash to the earth; and the men cried out in amazement, "A miracle!—a real miracle!" The tree trunk had broken in the fall, a piece of the bark started off, and the men discovered at once that picture for which Theodora had so long sought in vain. The colours of the lovely picture were as perfectly fresh and lively as ever; and the frame, the gold of which had been tried in the fire, shimmered in the light of the sun, as if the picture had been surrounded with bright rays. The wood-cutters were young men, and knew nothing of the history of the picture. "It goes beyond our understanding," said they, "how that beautiful picture of the Virgin should ever get into the tree! There is something unheard of in it: it is an evident miracle!"

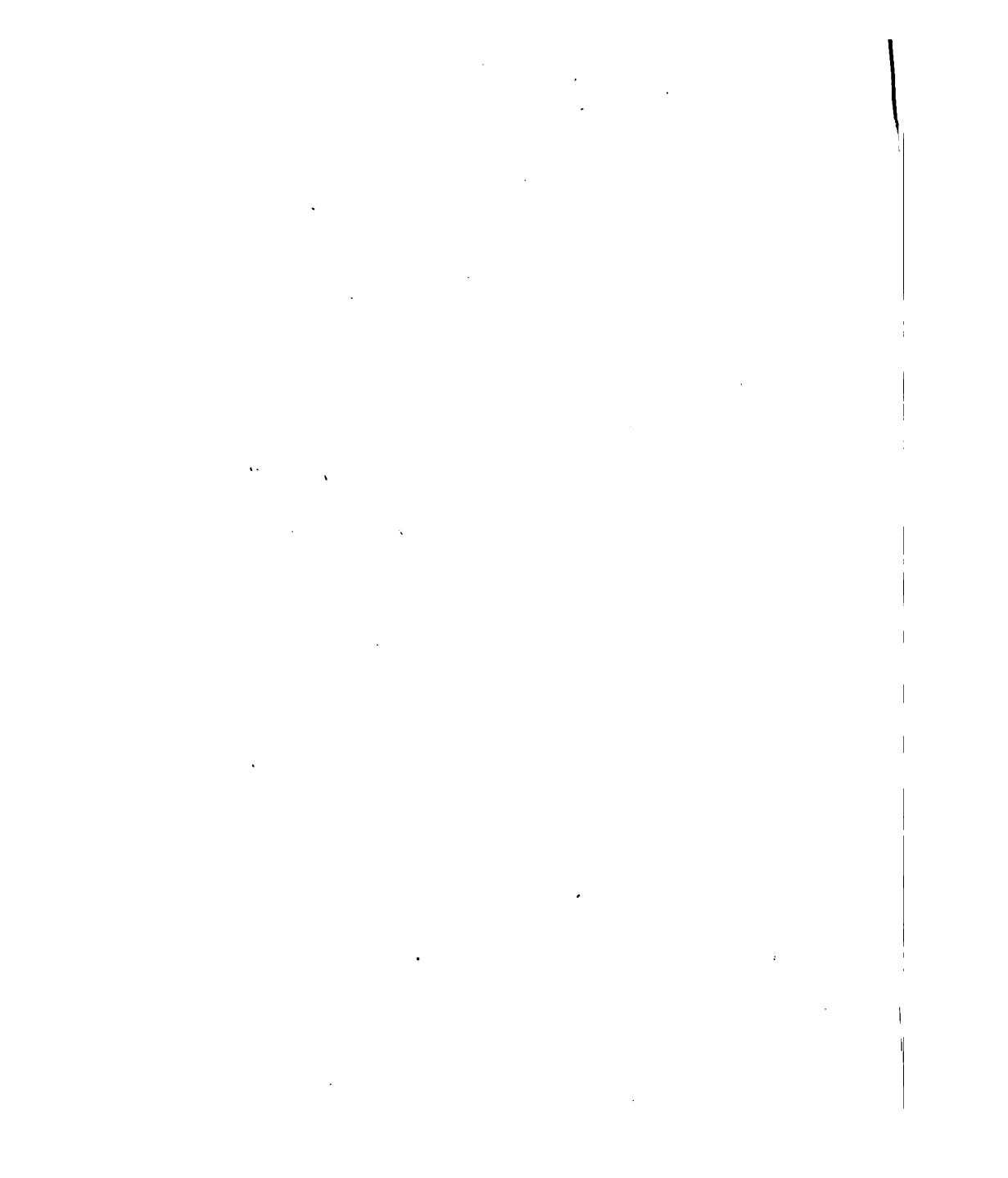
On the disturbance which the men made, Baron von Wahlheim, who was scarcely two hundred paces distant, came up. He took the picture in his hand and examined it. "Of a truth," said he, "it is very beautiful,—I might almost say a master-piece. The pale, melancholy countenance, and moving glance cast upwards to heaven, are incomparably beautiful; the red dress, and folds of the dark blue mantle are also excellently painted. Still it is very easy to imagine how it came into the tree. Some pious person has made a hollow in the tree-trunk, and has placed it there. The bark, by degrees, as is usual with these trees, has again closed over it, and thus the picture has become enclosed in the tree."

Suddenly, however, Baron von Wahlheim grew pale, and his hand which held the picture trembled. "Ah!" said he, "this is most extraordinary!" He was obliged to seat himself on the trunk of the fallen tree; for he had turned to the back of the picture, and had read these words, "*In the year of our*

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Lord 1632, on the 10th of October, I saw here, under this tree, my only son Augustus, aged five years and three months, for the last time. God be with him wherever he be, and comfort, as he comforted Mary under the Cross, me, the heart-broken mother, Theodora Sommer."

The thought went through him like lightning. "I was this lost child! Name, year, and day agree exactly! It was my mother who placed this picture here!"

As he was thus thinking to himself, his mother came by. She had been waiting in the wood for a neighbour, with whom she was to return to the village, and the tidings of the picture, which had just been found, filled her with astonishment.

"Ah, gracious sir," said she, "that picture is mine. I pray you give it me. See my name stands to it; the late pastor wrote it there. At my request also did he write the other words. Ah," said she, weeping, as she examined the fallen tree, "this, then, is the tree under which my child slept for the last time so sweetly and calmly, before he was taken from me! How often have I gone, since I returned here, past this tree without recognising it! Oh, my Augustus, thus, then, I see the place once more, where my eyes beheld thee for the last time! Ah! thee, thee I shall see no more in this life. It is to me as if I stood upon thy grave!" She could say no more for weeping.

Baron von Wahlheim was almost beside himself to see his own mother in that poor woman. His heart burned within him, and he was ready to spring up and clasp her in his arms, with the exclamation, "My mother!" but he restrained himself, for it occurred to him that the sudden joy might cause her death. He took her kindly by the hand, wiped away her tears

with his white handkerchief, spoke comfortably to her, and, by little and little, told her that he knew her son yet lived, and that certainly she would see him again. After these and such-like assurances, at length he said, "I am your lost son!" "Thou!" exclaimed his mother, and sank on his breast without being able to say one more word. Locked in each other's arms, they remained a long time silent. All those who stood around wept.

"Dearest mother," said Baron von Wahlheim, at length, "God has fulfilled your wishes. He was ever with me, and has richly blessed me. You also has he comforted as he comforted Mary; he has given to you again your son as it were from the dead, and has placed him living before your eyes. He separated us, the one from the other, under this tree, and has brought us again together, even on the same spot. He has safely preserved the picture in the tree, and has brought it again to light at the right moment for us to recognise each other. He has thus revealed himself to us as the Power who does all things for the best."

"Yes," said the mother, "he has done so; the dear, good God! He has taken thee from me because I, perhaps, from a too tender love, might not have brought thee up well. He has given thee to me again, to be my helper in need—nay, for the whole country around, to be a comforting and sustaining angel. All that He does is wisdom and love. Praised be His name!"

All those who stood around joined with her, and praised God aloud.

Baron von Wahlheim now bade the forest-master say to the brother of Theodora, that she would return home next

morning, and then bring her son with her; and she engaged her good neighbour to attend, in the meantime, upon her sick brother. After this, Baron von Wahlheim ordered his coach to come, helped his mother into it, placed himself near her, and drove with her back to his castle. Here new joy awaited the good woman. She was half ashamed of appearing in her mean dress before her daughter-in-law, the Baroness; but Antonia was too noble to think of this; she met her with open arms, saluted her in the kindest manner, and esteemed herself happy in knowing the mother of her dear husband. Theodora wept for joy; but when, beyond this, her two grandchildren, Ferdinand and Marie, were brought to her, both loving and lovely, amiable and good as angels, her joy became perfect rapture.

“Inexpressible,” said she, “was my sorrow; but my joy is now yet still greater. I can do nothing but weep, praise and thank God!”

On the following day, Baron von Wahlheim went, with his mother in his coach, to visit her sick brother. Theodora remained with her brother till he recovered, and then removed to the castle, for so her son and his wife desired. They provided also for her brother in the most kind manner, for they were too wise and too good to be ashamed of any poor relation.

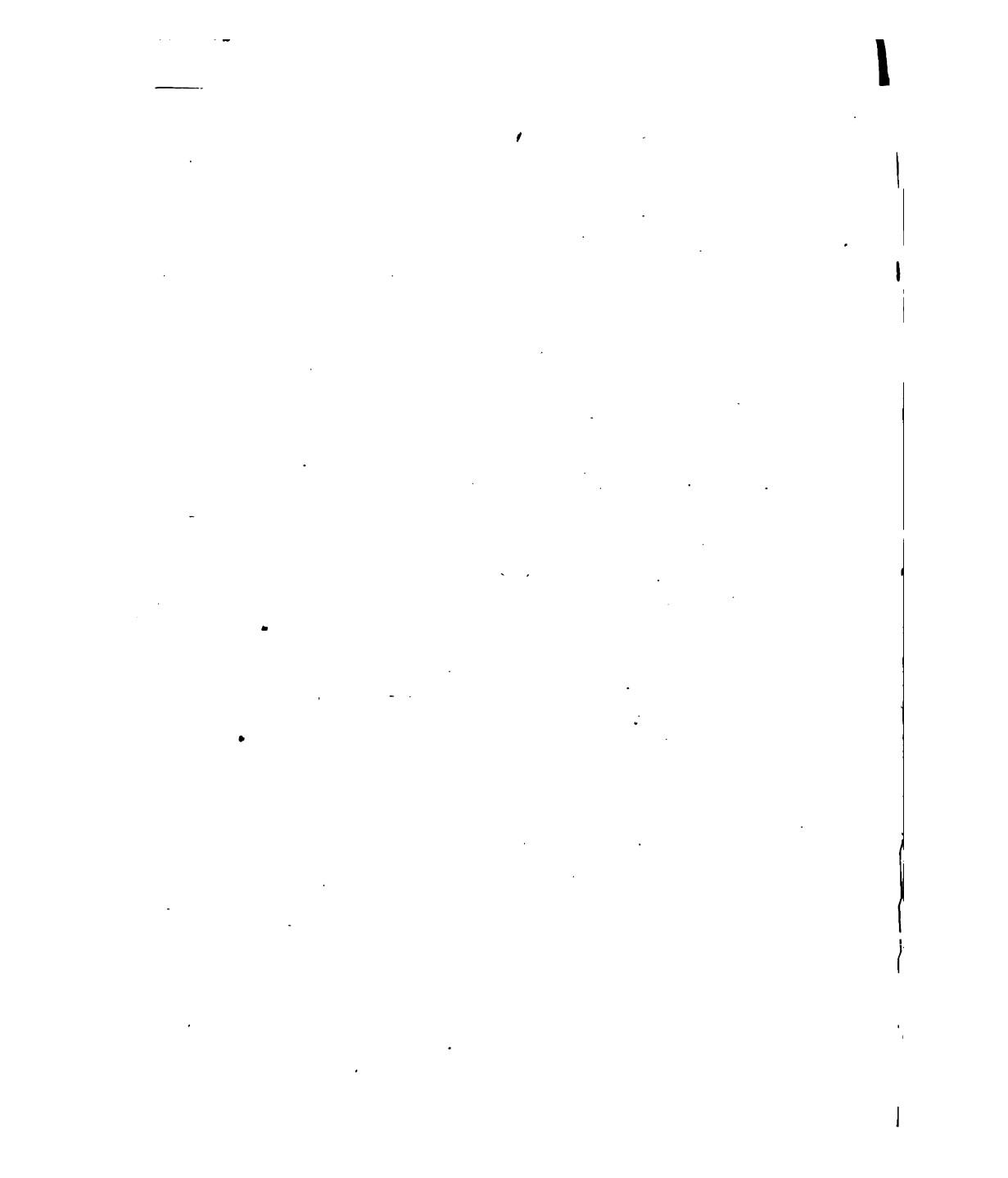
More than this, they invited, on a certain day, parents, children, and grandchildren, to a great festival, giving to Theodora the place of honour. The good people were quite enchanted, and sate with tears of joy in their eyes.

The Baron and his wife took this opportunity of inquiring exactly into all their circumstances, and afterwards gave such

assistance to each as would be most useful and advantageous to them.

Baron von Wahlheim hung up the little picture in the family parlour: "It shall," said he, "be a perpetual incitement to confidence in and gratitude to God. The inexpressibly beautiful glance which Mary casts up to heaven shall lead ours there; for what, in all dangers and sufferings of this life, can sustain us—can preserve us from sin, and awaken us to good, more than a pious glance upwards to heaven?"







THE SAVOYARD BOY.

"So, then, that is Paris!" exclaimed Seppi, in astonishment.

"Yes, that must be indeed Paris," said his companion Marie, "it looks so very large. 'Would we were but once there, Seppi, for I am so very hungry, and we have not a morsel more bread left in the wallet."

"Why yes, Marie, our bread is indeed all gone; but only think of the pretty marmot and the hurdy-gurdy, by which God will help us on still further. Come, come; let us be merry and cheerful. Kind-hearted people will surely not deny us a bit of bread, and a little nook where we may sleep. And you, Marie, can dance so prettily the Savoyarde, and I will sing our song to it; and—hurrah! hurrah!—how my little animal here will spring about when it hears the hurdy-gurdy! And besides, you know, I can sweep chimneys too, and earn plenty of money that way."

"Ah, Seppi, you are always so light-hearted and merry; whilst poor I—I feel as if I could rather grieve my heart out, and cry most bitterly!"

"Well, now, that would be foolish! Would that bring us a step further! And yonder lies Paris. Don't you know that one may make one's fortune in such a place as that? Our old Thomas, at home, has often enough told us that; and he knows it, for he has been in Paris himself."

Marie, who had sat down to rest herself a little, now summoned together all her strength, and arose, sighing beneath the weight of the hurdy-gurdy, and, with a dejected look, walked on by the side of her more sanguine brother. When they had gone on thus for a little while, Marie stopped again, and said, mournfully, and almost in tears: "Alas, Seppi, what will our dear mother do now, so all alone at home! This is just about the time when the bells must be chiming there for evening service. Ah, how very sad it is not to be able to hear the sounds of those pretty bells here."

"Why, Marie, it is true," rejoined the consoling Seppi, "we do not hear them ourselves, but our dear mother *does*; and when she thinks of us, and the bells chime for prayer, she knows that we are in God's hands, and that He will not forsake a couple of poor children."

Just at that moment they were interrupted by the sudden tones, echoed forth through the evening air, from a loud peal of bells. The children simultaneously gave a loud scream of lively joy at these unexpected sounds; and Seppi exclaimed, exultingly: "There now, Marie, you see there are bells in Paris too, and they sound quite differently from those in our own village. Come, come; we shall not fail to thrive there."

And now even Marie herself had gained courage, and so, forgetting hunger and weariness, they pushed on again stoutly together.

The elated Seppi, as they stepped forward, continued exclaiming, in a joyful tone, "Yes, yes, we will dance the Savoyarde, and marmot shall perform his tricks, and we will play the hurdy-gurdy and sing, and I will sweep chimneys—ay, ay; and if we can but once send our dear good mother some money — perhaps actually a gold piece, Marie — eh ! only think of that!"

When our little travellers entered Paris, it had already grown quite dark. But what an ocean of houses — what crowds of people and equipages—and what astonishing quantities of lights were everywhere scattered around ! The Savoyards strayed about for an hour or so, and during that time they were completely bewildered by the sight and bustle. But after the first charm of novelty was satisfied, hunger and weariness returned only the stronger. "But who then will give us something to eat, Seppi," asked Marie ; "and where shall we sleep this night?"

"Why, there are so many, many houses," returned her brother, in a rather dejected tone ; "surely there will at least be a corner for us in one of them ! Look Marie, yonder is a fine large mansion, where there will be no lack of room : come, let us go and beg for shelter. Kind gentleman," said he, to a man who was standing at the gate with a long cane in his hand, "we are in sad distress for a night's lodging and a crust of bread; pray bestow your charity upon us, and we will dance the Savoyarde, and, if you like, our pretty marmot shall perform his leaps before you."

"Why, you couple of detestable beggars," exclaimed the porter, "do you think the palace of his Excellency is to be converted into a hovel to receive such trash as you ! No,

no, be off; we want none of your monkies nor Savoyard dances."

Seppi waited not a moment, but seized Marie's hand, and led her hastily away; whilst the poor girl burst into tears and sobbed aloud. "Come, dear Marie, cheer up," said her brother, when they had gone on a little way again; "you take and play now the hurdy-gurdy, and marmot shall dance to it." Marie wiped away her tears, and they now halted and commenced their performance; but the people passed by without, as Seppi had expected, handing them a present, or offering them a night's lodging. It got later and later, and the little girl shivered with cold and grief, whilst Seppi, almost losing courage, uttered not a word.

They had now reached a small square, crossed by several streets. Marie sunk down on a stone, and held her hands before her eyes in bitter lamentation. At this moment an elegantly-dressed person seemed to observe the children, and, stepping up to Seppi, said: "My little Savoyard, you could do me a favour."

"Very willingly, sir; what are your commands?" replied Seppi, delighted.

"Do you see that large shop yonder, which is lighted up so brilliantly?"

"What, opposite? O yes, I see it."

"Well, here you have a gold coin, go in there and get it changed. In case you are questioned about it, say boldly, you have found it. When you come back I will make you a present."

Seppi gladly handed his monkey to his sister, took the twenty-franc piece, and ran across with it to the shop as hard

as he could run. When he had given it to the person in the shop to change, the latter looked at it very closely, sounded it on the counter, took it up again and examined it; and, at length, rushing towards the little Savoyard, seized him by the collar, and held him tight. "You good-for-nothing fellow," exclaimed the tradesman, "confess at once where you got this bad money!"

The astonished lad had quite forgotten what he ought to reply, and, trembling, stammered out the truth. But the man was distrustful, and was not at all satisfied with his statement. He wished at all events to trace out the party who had resorted to such an expedient for circulating base coin among the public. Accordingly, he still retained his hold of Seppi's collar, summoned a couple of his people to join him, and ordered the lad to lead the way directly to where he had left the stranger. Meantime the latter, having found the Savoyard to remain rather longer on his mission than he expected, began to think all was not right, and was confirmed in his fears when he perceived the approach of the party, headed by the boy: he accordingly started off, full tare, as fast as his legs could carry him. He was quickly pursued by the others, who still dragged poor Seppi with them against his will, but their efforts to overtake the culprit were in vain, and they were forced to give up the race, he having too great a start of them. They then dismissed the dead-weary Savoyard, saying, "Be off, young squire; you may now run wherever you like."

Run, indeed!—alas! poor Seppi was only too glad to be able to barely drag his wearied feet after him. He crept slowly after the others, and thought of his distressed sister,

who, doubtless, would be waiting for him to return, in the deadliest anxiety and alarm. When he at length arrived at the spot where he had left her, he looked everywhere about—but his dear Marie was gone! “Marie, Marie, dear Marie!” cried Seppi, softly, but she did not reply. “Marie, Marie!” he repeated, but no answer. And now, indeed, poor Seppi’s heart was broken, and he was quite in despair. He ran backwards and forwards, everywhere about, calling out loudly, “Marie!” but all in vain; and, leaving it to chance, he hurried down the first leading street to look for her.

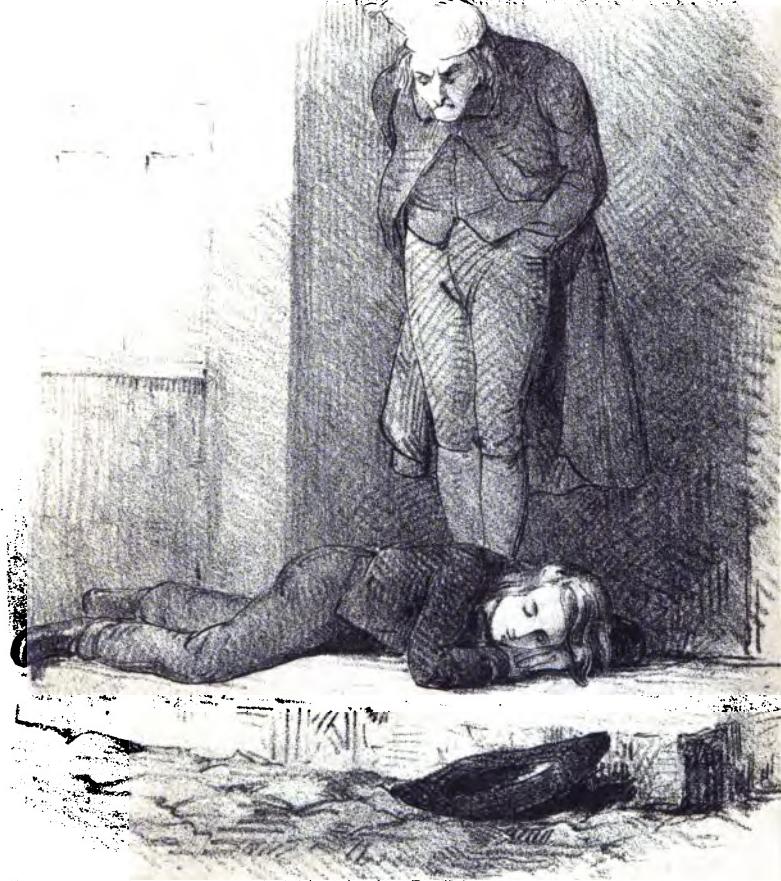
The midnight hour had now struck, when Seppi, quite exhausted and faint, sank down upon the step of a house, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The morning dawned, and our little Savoyard still slept on. Doubtless he was dreaming of the mountains of his fatherland—of his dear parent—the playfellows he had left behind—but, perhaps above all, of his beloved sister, now wandering about, Heaven only knew where!

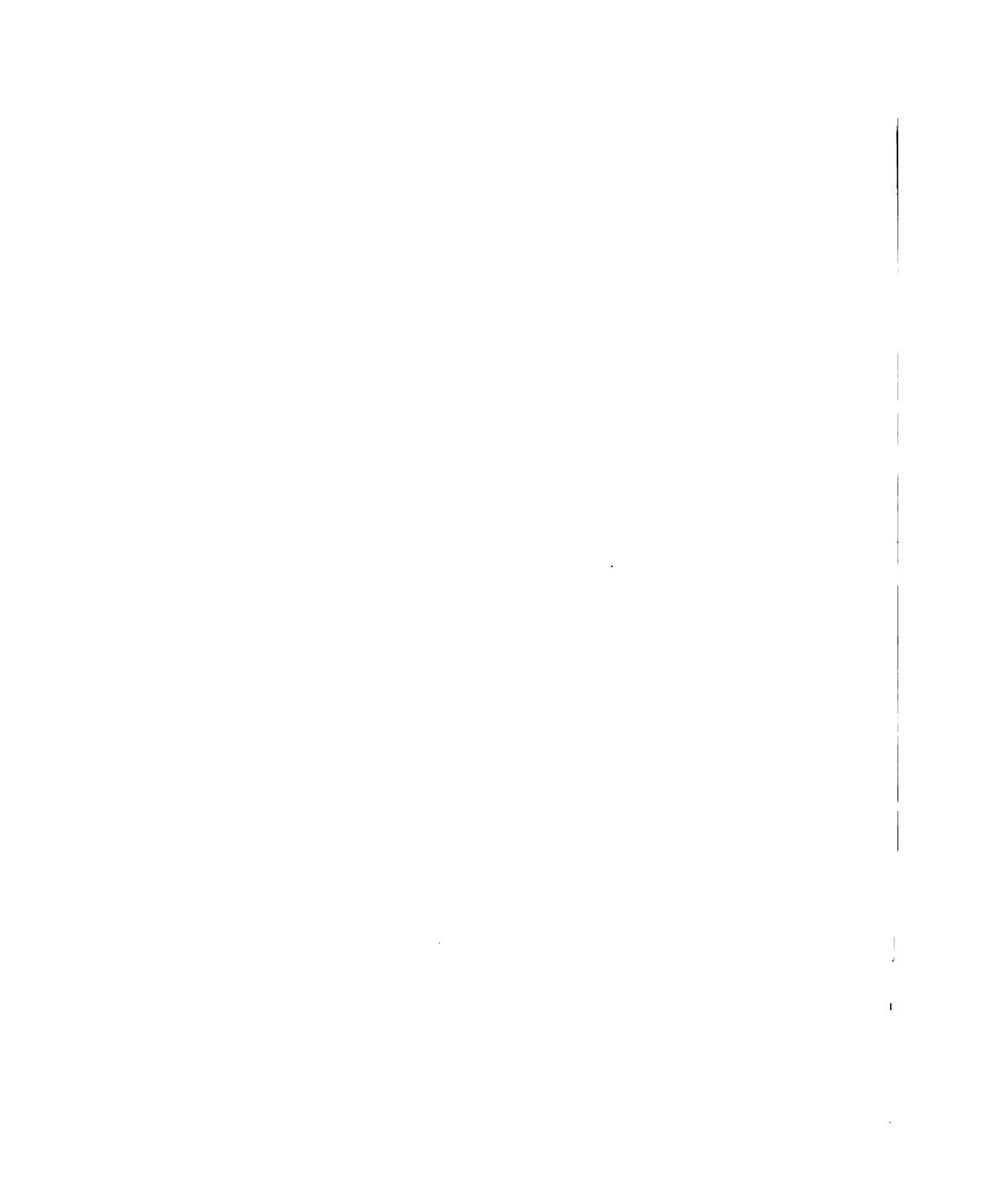
At this moment a window, in the front kitchen of the house, and close to where poor Seppi was sleeping, was slowly opened, and a head in a white nightcap popped out: it was that of the pastrycook, to whom part of the house belonged.

“Hallo! why now, there’s a lazy rascal for you,” said the pastrycook, perceiving the slumberer; “snoring there in this bright morning, and not knowing perhaps how he may get a crust of bread to eat at mid-day: sleeping, idling, begging, and stealing. What objects there are in this world to be sure. An efficient police ought not to tolerate such vagabonds. And only see how undisturbedly the boy sleeps here in the open street; but he is pretty sure, of course, that thieves would make no thriving business by him.”









Whilst the tongue of the confectioner expressed, in such fashion, the morning reflections of its owner, the man's eye rested scrutinisingly upon the boy. Seppi, it should be observed, had a very agreeable and prepossessing exterior; and so the idea suggested itself to the mind of the selfish, avaricious pastrycook, whose own assistant had run away from him only the day before, whether he would not perhaps do well to take the Savoyard lad into his service instead. "Such a creature," thought he, "must needs be glad to earn a living, and feel grateful for all and everything one may give him. Besides, he has a good-looking, likely face; and that he is quick on his legs there can be no doubt."

Therefore, no sooner said than done. The confectioner proceeded to open the door, and forthwith greeted the slumbering Seppi with a gentle kick. "Well, my idle fellow," said he, "do you intend to sleep it out here the whole of this fine day?"

Seppi, half awake and half asleep, jumped up and answered, "Yes, sir, I'll sweep your chimney directly."

"Do what?—Sweep the chimney!" returned the confectioner: "no, no, it's not the time for that yet. Come, get up and rouse yourself."

Seppi rubbed his eyes; but oh, how grey and misty did the city look by morning! "Yes, sir; what am I to do then?" he asked.

"Come with me, you shall hear that directly," answered the man, as kindly as possible. Seppi followed him into the shop, and the savoury smell of the warm pastry attracted the famished lad irresistibly. "Listen to me, my lad," quoth the pastrycook, when they had reached the little parlour.

"I am inclined to do you a great service." Seppi at this pricked up his ears, for he expected nothing less than that the baker was going to make him a present of a few of his nice tarts for breakfast. "You shall stay with me, carry out pastry, help me to serve the customers, and make yourself generally useful to me; in short, I will take you entirely into my service, and provide for you. Now, only think of that, you poor, deserted fellow! and look what I am doing for you; for I am going to give you food and clothing, whilst now you are in hourly risk of being starved to death!"

What more desirable thing could have befallen our poor hungry Savoyard? Yet, when the pastrycook spoke of "starving," the thought of poor Marie instantly made his affectionate heart shrink within itself. He wept bitterly, and faltered out, amidst his sobs: "Alas! sir, I have a sister, poor dear Marie, who came with me to Paris: I lost her yesterday evening, and—Oh heavens!—she was very, very hungry, and had not a morsel of bread. I must, indeed, first of all, go and try to find her."

The brow of the confectioner gradually darkened with frowns. "Foolish boy," said he, in a tone of vexation; "what! do you pretend to look for your sister in Paris?—in a city which contains a whole million of inhabitants, and whose width and length embraces so many miles? Why, you may search your whole life long, and yet not find her again. Besides, she may have fallen, in the dark, into the river, or have been run over by some carriage; nay, we don't know what may have happened to her. If it be the will of God that you should find her again, that will come to pass without your having occasion to stir a step in it. It is nothing new in Paris

for children to run away and lose themselves: some do turn up again, and some do not. However, you will have the best opportunity, when carrying out the pastry, of meeting her. But mind, you understand me when I tell you, that you must not presume, on this account, to loiter on your errands about the city, but you must keep straight on the road I order you to follow."

The common-place and unfeeling arguments used by the confectioner, by no means served to console the affectionate Seppi; still he saw clearly, that a search made in so large, populous, and, to him, completely unknown city, would most likely meet with little or no success; whilst he thought it not quite impossible but that, in his walks through the capital, he might fall in with his dear Marie. But it was the recollection of the dying words of his father, and which that good man had bequeathed to him in his last moments, which gave Seppi the best comfort: "Remember, dear boy," said he, "you have still a Father in Heaven above; and He watches and takes care of His children." And so will that same Father, thought Seppi, protect and watch over poor Marie; and thus consoled and strengthened, he accepted the confectioner's offer of engagement. The latter felt quite satisfied, for which he had his good reasons, inasmuch as he treated his people so badly—giving them little to eat, and plenty of work—that he had great difficulty in getting any for his service, or in retaining them in it. But a chap like this, thought he, who is used to nothing better, will still think the very worst treatment good, in his unhappy state.

Seppi was now duly initiated in his new office, and received the article of clothing which his truant predecessor had left

behind, called by the pastrycook "a livery!" a title of honour still nobly bestowed upon the old patched jacket (and which formerly it might have merited) as that cost its master nothing. This worthy warned Seppi to take good care of it, and impressed upon him most urgently never to acquire a taste for pastry. This the lad promised, and only begged now for a piece of bread to satisfy his hunger. "Why, I thought you had already breakfasted," said the heartless man, who seemed to forget that he had lighted upon the boy fast asleep.

Seppi's service was no very easy one: he was, however, a nimble, attentive lad, and executed everything faithfully. His master had reason to be quite satisfied, and really was so, as far as, generally speaking, a selfish person can be satisfied. In his numerous walks, our little Savoyard did not neglect turning his eyes in every direction, in hopes, perchance, they might light upon his poor dear little sister. And when he saw, at a distance, a little girl, who in height and shape was like Marie, how did he run after her until he overtook her; but when, his heart throbbing, he found it was not his sister, he would burst into tears, and then think what his poor mother would say, if ever he should come home without Marie.

Such bitter delusions Seppi experienced daily; yet he did not give up hope. Marie and his mother were his constant thought day and night, although he slept so soundly, that the confectioner felt vexed that a youngster, who had not a farthing in his possession, should rest so tranquilly. On this point, however, his master was mistaken; for Seppi, not enriched, it is true, with a halfpenny, by the liberality of his

employer, obtained, at times, from the customers who visited the shop, a small piece of money, by way of a present, and which he saved up carefully in his little purse, in order, when a favourable occasion might offer, to send the whole to his mother. And thus his store increased every day.

On the third floor dwelt an old widow lady, who, from idle curiosity, was ever anxious to busy herself about all that took place in the house and in the neighbourhood. Madame Rivage was extremely desirous to engage Seppi in her interest, and had tried to bribe him, in order that she might get him to tell her all that was going on at home, as well as abroad, in reference to his master and his customers. This, however, our hero always stedfastly refused to do, treating her offers of money with the contempt they merited, and avoiding her, as a dangerous mischief-monger.

There was, however, another lodger, towards whom Seppi, on the other hand, felt great respect and regard: this was Monsieur Dumenil, who lived a story higher than Madame Rivage; and, although his appearance was needy and care-worn, still, in his countenance there reposed that calm resolution and resignation, seeming to control every adversity, that the heart of Seppi felt greatly influenced thereby. Monsieur Dumenil was always very retired in his manners, and merely pronounced the "good day" to any one he met with belonging to the house. The confectioner thought rather meanly of him, because he never came into his shop and patronised his pastry. If perchance the conversation turned upon him, he would say, "Ay, ay, that lean, half-starved looking being never comes in here; and I am quite sure, as he cannot pay his rent, the landlord of the house will soon eject him. Why,

you can see poverty and misery staring him in the face when you look at him! Shame upon such a creature!"

Remarks of this kind always cut Seppi to the heart, for he but too well remembered that his father had been a poor man too; and he never forgot the many beautiful things the clergyman had said about him at his grave. Therefore, our little hero, when his master was once launching out very severely against Monsieur Dumenil, plucked up a spirit, and said: "But, sir, I have once heard our minister at home tell me, that rich and poor are quite equal before God; and I remember, too, that there was a man in our village who had a great deal of money, and yet people did not like him, because he had got it in a bad way, as they had good reason to think."

When he heard this, the confectioner became quite pale with rage, for he felt how he himself had earned, and was still earning, his own money, when he made his pies of rabbits' flesh instead of hares' flesh, and did other things of the same kind. "Hold your tongue, you poor silly fool," he returned; "what is your minister and your village to me? What do you know about rich and poor! We are here in Paris, not in your wretched hamlet: don't open your mouth until you are asked."

A rather singular, but, happily, not fatal accident occurred about this time to make Seppi still more intimately acquainted with Monsieur Dumenil. The latter was very much in the habit of passing his evenings from home, a circumstance that caused Madame Rivage, whose eye nothing very easily escaped, to form various conjectures of an ominous, implicating nature. The staircase of the house was very steep and intricate; and

being very dark, it chanced that Monsieur Dumenil, one evening, made a false step in descending, and fell down a whole flight of stairs. Just at that moment Seppi returned home, and, rushing forward, tried, as well as his little strength would allow, to assist the good man up again. But he found that the severe fall had sprained, and, as he feared, even broken his leg. Poor Monsieur Dumenil felt great pain, and was quite unable to move. "If," said he faintly, leaning upon the stairs, "there were but a doctor in the neighbourhood!" "Oh, I know one, Monsieur Dumenil," exclaimed the compassionate Savoyard, "I'll fetch him directly!" and he at once darted off. The doctor dwelt two or three streets off, and our humane messenger ran as hard as he could. But, as ill-luck would have it, the doctor was out,—gone to the coffee-house; where, in fact, as the servant told Seppi, he did not like to be disturbed. This, however, did not prevent Seppi from going to him; for, not losing a moment, he ran as swiftly as possible to the place mentioned, and sure enough found the healing man absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper. The French are enthusiastic readers of the news of the day, and of course Monsieur Perrot was not an exception. Twice and three times was our anxious messenger forced to make his application before it was attended to, when the doctor at length, throwing down the paper, vouchsafed to give him a hearing.

"Oh, pray sir, do make haste," exclaimed Seppi; "a gentleman has just had a sad accident, and I much fear he has broken his leg. Now do, good Monsieur Perrot, have the kindness to come with me directly."

"Well, well, I will come," said the doctor, as he cast a longing look at the paper; and taking up his hat and cane, he

at last withdrew with the boy. The slowness of the doctor's pace was finely contrasted with that of his more humane guide, who, every now and then, was forced to come back in order to urge him on to give relief to the suffering man. They arrived at length, and found him still in the same state in which Seppi had left him ; he leant on the surgeon's arm, and with his and Seppi's aid he was assisted up stairs.

The reception which poor Seppi met with *this time*, when he returned, on the part of the confectioner, was certainly not of the most pleasant kind. "Why, you good-for-nothing lout," he exclaimed, "where have you been stopping so long ? Now mind, you rascal, for this you shall go to bed hungry, not a morsel shall you have this night !"

"Why, sir, poor Monsieur Dumenil has fallen down stairs, and I have only been to fetch a doctor for him," appealed the poor boy in excuse.

This only served to enrage his savage master the more. "Now, only hear that," he exclaimed ; "so Monsieur Dumenil has tumbled down stairs, and you pretend you have been to fetch a doctor for him ! Pray, in whose service are you then ? who clothes you ? who gives you food ? and what does that poor, half-starved wretch concern you ? He may fall up and down stairs too for what I care ; nay, break his neck in the bargain !"

The fact is, that this *humane* confectioner thought he had very good reason to express his particular indignation at Seppi's absence just at this moment, inasmuch as this was the evening when the club to which he belonged met together ; and as he was one of its most zealous members, he was sadly annoyed at being half an hour beyond his time—for the supper. In return

for this, however, he had his revenge upon poor Seppi, for the poor boy was forced to go to bed without a morsel. But, hungry as he was, his feeling heart turned towards the suffering Monsieur Dumenil, and his anxiety lest that poor man had actually broken his leg, made him quite forget his own deserted state. But on the following morning his fears were at an end, for Monsieur Dumenil's servant came down stairs to order some pies for her master. "What!" exclaimed the confectioner; "do you really mean to say you want some pies for Monsieur Dumenil? Why you surely make a mistake, my good woman!"

"Is there anything so wonderful, pray, in the order?" she asked: "why, I am not deaf; and those were the instructions he gave me—and mind, you are to send them up by Seppi."

"Well, now, only think of that!" grumbled the pastrycook, who was not at all satisfied with his new customer. "Well, here, Seppi, take them up; but, mind, if the question be about the money to-morrow, the cakes to-day—understand me—that goes for nothing. For, once for all, I give no credit; here you have the goods, but here must also be the cash. Now, be off!"

It need not be said with what haste our good Seppi hustled up stairs, and how little attention he paid to the questions of the anxious Madame Rivage, who met him on the way, as to what he was carrying up to Monsieur Dumenil. He paused not a moment until he reached the room, where he found the patient reclining upon the sofa. When, in reply to his anxious inquiries, he found that Monsieur Dumenil had not broken his leg, in the joy of his heart he wept tears of sincere gratitude. This affectionate feeling of the kind lad was not lost upon the worthy man, who now, contrary to his usual habits,

entered upon a little conversation with the boy. He asked him about his birthplace, and how long he had been in Paris, &c. Seppi told him his simple tale, and how he had lost his dear sister Marie. "Ah, dear sir!" said he, "would we had never come to this place: and yet we were forced to come, for we could not, all of us together, have managed well at home; and Marie and I would have been too much for our poor mother. What could we do? We were wretched, and so we followed the advice of old Thomas, who said—'Children, if you love your mother, which I know you do, you must go to Paris. There you will earn money, I know, for I have been there myself, when I was your age; and if you are active, and early and late at work, you will succeed in procuring for your dear mother an easy old age!' So we made up our minds, Marie and I; but our poor mother wept bitterly when she heard of it, and would on no account part with us: however, at length she gave way to our persuasions, and consented. Our kind old neighbour, Thomas, however, who had given us this advice, enhanced it still more, for, on the evening before we left, he bought for us a hurdy-gurdy and a marmot, which he very kindly presented to us on parting. Alas! poor, dear Marie, did I but know what had become of you, with that poor little marmot and the hurdy-gurdy which our good Thomas gave us! The parting from our dear mother I shall never forget, and yet I was full of hope when on my road to Paris; but when getting there, to part so disastrously from my poor Marie, my beloved sister!—Ah, Monsieur Dumenil, it grieves me to think of her. Tell me, do you think I shall ever find her again?"

"That, my kind boy, I cannot possibly say, for it depends

upon the will of God; but *that* will, which is much, much wiser than even the wisest of this world can conceive, be assured, protects your dear sister and yourself. That kind Father in heaven will not forsake your sister, nor leave her without bread when hungry, but will lead her to kind-hearted people."

"Yes, Monsieur Dumenil," said the affected boy, in tears, "that shall always give me confidence when I think, in fear, of the fate of my poor Marie. Good night, sir, God bless you!"

Poor Seppi now crept down stairs, and went quickly to bed, much consoled by what Monsieur Dumenil had said.

In the morning, his master's first inquiry was for the money from his new customer: he counted it, and found it all right, not a farthing missing. "And to-morrow, sir, I am to go up again," said Seppi.

"Quite right," said the master: "if this gentleman pays, I care not how much he has of my pastry. Why, he appears to have got a very sudden relish for it!" But herein the bitter sweet-cake maker was wrong, if he thought that his new customer felt any desire for his pastry, for his only object was, by these means, to see more of his little slave, the poor Savoyard; and, naturally, Seppi took good care to meet his kind friend's wishes, by duly taking up, every morning, what was required.

Just about this time, an occurrence took place which excited, in the breast of Seppi, the liveliest hopes that he might recover his dear sister. Whilst walking through the streets, he met a gentleman, in all appearance the same who had formerly done him the kind service of making him the means of exchanging base coin.

"Why," said Seppi, to himself, "that is the person who was standing near Marie when I left her to change his bad money! Surely he must know something about her!" He hastened, therefore, after him, and, just as he had overtaken him, the man entered a house. Seppi was about following him into the place, when he was thrust back by the porter, none being admitted but gamblers — such, only, being the visitors received there.

"But, pray," inquired Seppi of the man, "what is the name of the gentleman just gone in?"

"Oh, that we don't know," was the snappish answer.

"And yet I should very much wish to know," entreated Seppi.

"Why, you impudent varlet! pack yourself off this moment!" exclaimed the man, in a passion.

With heavy heart, our poor Savoyard gave up all hope of attaining his object here, and returned home. On the following morning, he informed Monsieur Dumenil of what had taken place. The latter, however, was by no means very sanguine about the matter, for, supposing Seppi had succeeded in questioning the man upon the subject, how little could he, under the most favourable point of view, communicate about Marie's fate; and had he not too much reason, too, to deny all knowledge of that evening's transaction?

"Oh, my poor, poor mother!" exclaimed the boy, in lamentation; "how she will cry about Marie! Yes, and even if I do send her the twenty francs, and she hears nothing from Marie, I am quite sure the money alone will give her no joy."

"What!" inquired Monsieur Dumenil, rather astonished; "are you going to send your mother twenty francs?"

"Yes, sir, I wish to do so; and I have already saved something towards it, but still it will take a whole year yet before I can make up that sum; but never mind. Ah dear! how happy must rich people be!"

"Do you think so, Seppi? But it is not as you think, Seppi; for there are very rich people, who drive about in splendid carriages, who are anything but happy; for there are too many among them to whose wealth the sighs and curses of the unfortunate adhere, and too many pass every moment of their life in dread of death: such, therefore, Seppi, we cannot fancy ever enjoy happiness. True and perfect happiness, my good boy, consists in not wishing otherwise than as is the will of God; because He, in His supreme wisdom, guides us over the best paths. If it be his will that we should remain poor, we ought to bear this poverty with resignation, and not desire anything beyond: and if, on the other hand, it be His desire that we should obtain riches, we should, in all humility and gratitude, employ them to the honour of the Heavenly Giver."

"Ah, yes, dear Monsieur Dumenil, I wish to be contented too; only I could not help thinking of my poor mother, and wishing I could only once send her a good sum. Oh, that would be so delightful, you know, Monsieur Dumenil!"

"If it be the will of God, Seppi, then be assured He will give you the means of putting your affectionate object into force; for He will bring you into a situation, where you may be enabled to make a more profitable use of your time."

"At any rate," exclaimed the lad, with pleasure, "I know how to read and write, Monsieur Dumenil; I *have* learnt that already."

Monsieur Dumenil's foot now got better every day, so that at length he was enabled to walk about again. Meanwhile, Madame Rivage's curiosity respecting his means of living, and so forth, had not as yet been satisfied, in spite of the continual questions she put to Seppi. One day, in order to try him once more, she sent him for some pies, and then used every effort to induce him to tell her: but all in vain. "Well, well," said she, in her vexation, and trying to detain him still longer, "you must run and get me this franc piece changed, else I cannot pay you."

"Oh, I have got some money, and can give you change now, at once," said the innocent Seppi, as he drew forth *his* little treasure.

The old beldam opened her eyes when she saw this, and exclaimed: "Indeed! if you are so rich, then, pray what wages does your master give you?"

At this the poor boy's face turned quite red, and he answered, hesitatingly, "Nothing, madame; these are little presents which I have received."

"So, so," said Madame Rivage, when Seppi had retired; "now I have you in my power, you little obstinate urchin; and that Monsieur Dumenil, too, of whom you are so fond, I'll set him against the pastry, for no more shall you take him!"—and she kept her word.

She no sooner met her fellow lodger, who was just going out, than she very graciously accosted him, and said: "My excellent Monsieur Dumenil, I have felt very much for you; and then, too, you have eaten pastry every day."

"How?" asked Dumenil, quite astonished; "I really don't understand you: what has your pity to do with the pastry?"

"Oh, why?" said she, in an undertone, "I will tell you quickly. You know, perhaps, that there are people in Paris, whose sole business consists in stealing cats: well, it is such cats as our pastrycook here buys, kills, and makes his pies of; and—but of course I need not tell you any more. But is it not horrible to think of? It is true, I assure you; I have it from the best authority: pray, therefore, eat no more of those pies, good Monsieur Dumenil."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Monsieur Dumenil, in seeming indignation. "Well, I'll bring the man to book for this directly: he shall certainly not go unpunished."

But Madame Rivage, in alarm, held him back: "Stop, stop," she cried; "you surely will not betray me? Remember, for Heaven's sake, it is told you in confidence—it is a secret."

"Why, madame," replied Monsieur Dumenil, gravely, "you must either know it for certain, in which case it is your duty to bring such dishonesty to light, that it may be punished; or, if it is merely supposition, you are acting extremely bad in spreading a report which must seriously injure this man."

"Well, well," rejoined Madame Rivage, mortified; "I see very clearly my sympathy and candour will be ill repaid. Do as you like, sir; tell it, or tell it not; I care little about it; only that, if you are foolish enough to repeat what I have told you to the man, I shall take good care to deny it! I am sure I don't want to get myself into any scrape; for, thank Heaven! I live in peace and good will. I know what I live upon; whilst other folks, who eat pastry—Adieu, Monsieur Dumenil, adieu!"

Feeling rather uneasy in her mind, lest Monsieur Dumenil should really inform the baker of what she had stated, the

malicious woman thought she had better be beforehand with him ; and, therefore, at once hastened to the man, and insinuated that Monsier Dumenil had expressed himself very disparagingly about his pies : " In fact," added she, " he said, 'one could not at all tell what was in them, the taste was so very peculiar.' "

" Indeed ! Well," exclaimed the enraged, but rather confused pieman, " he had better not say that in my hearing ! *My* pies, indeed ! which are as good as any possibly can be ! "

" Well, well, my good man," said Madame Rivage, " never mind what such a person says about you—a person, about whom nothing is known as to how he exists from one day to the other. But never mind, it's not over yet; much may still come to light about that man. By-the-bye, I want to tell you something else ; what was it ?—Oh, ay, your little Savoyard boy ! I suppose you hold him to be a very honest lad ? "

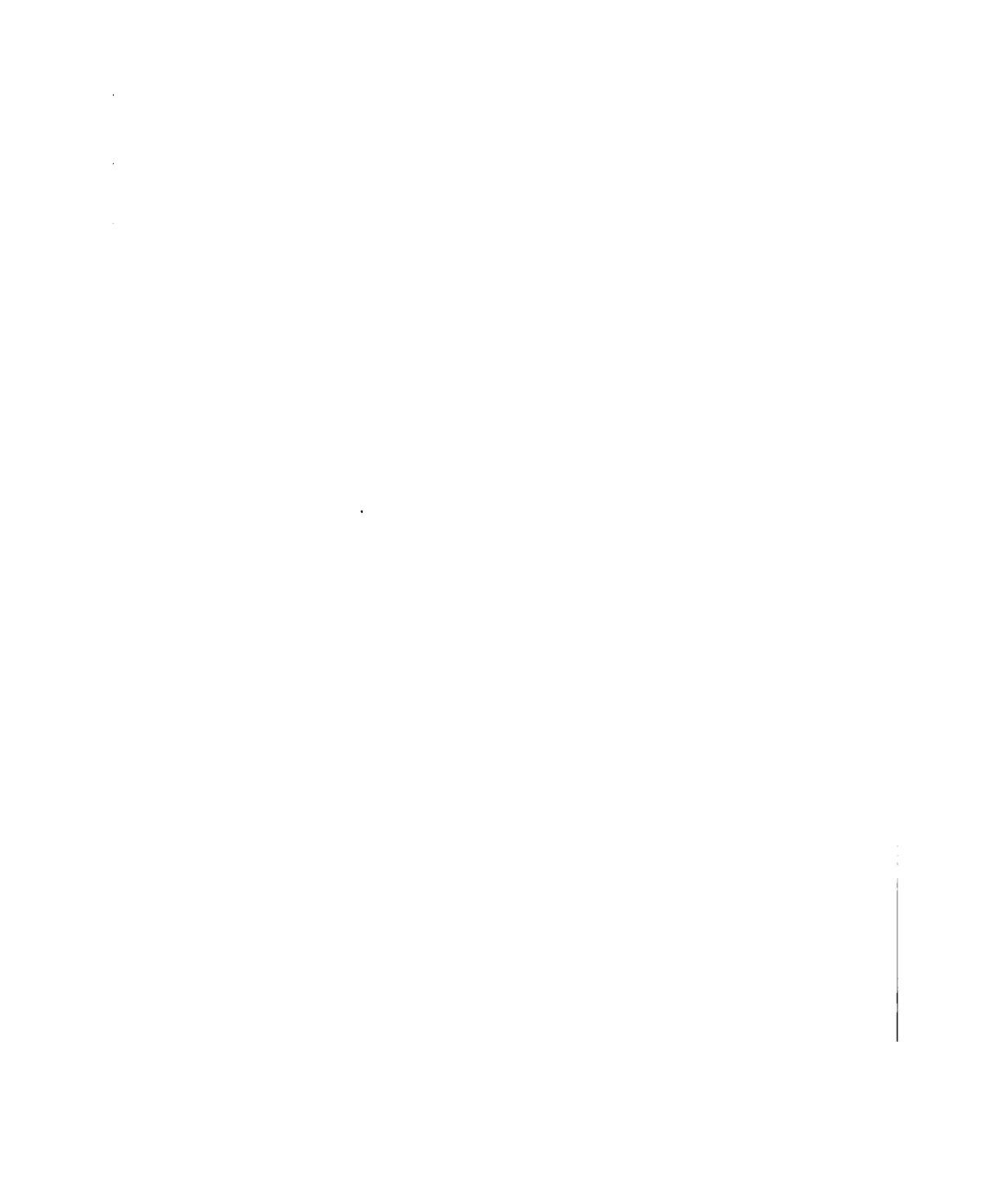
" Why, yes, madame, the fellow is honest, although now-a-days we ought to trust nobody, and, least of all, a wandering Savoyard, whom God has thrown upon the world to steal."

" Well, I am glad you are satisfied with him. But only think, this very day I saw him with a purse full of money in his possession ? "

" What ! A purse full of money ? You are joking, madame."

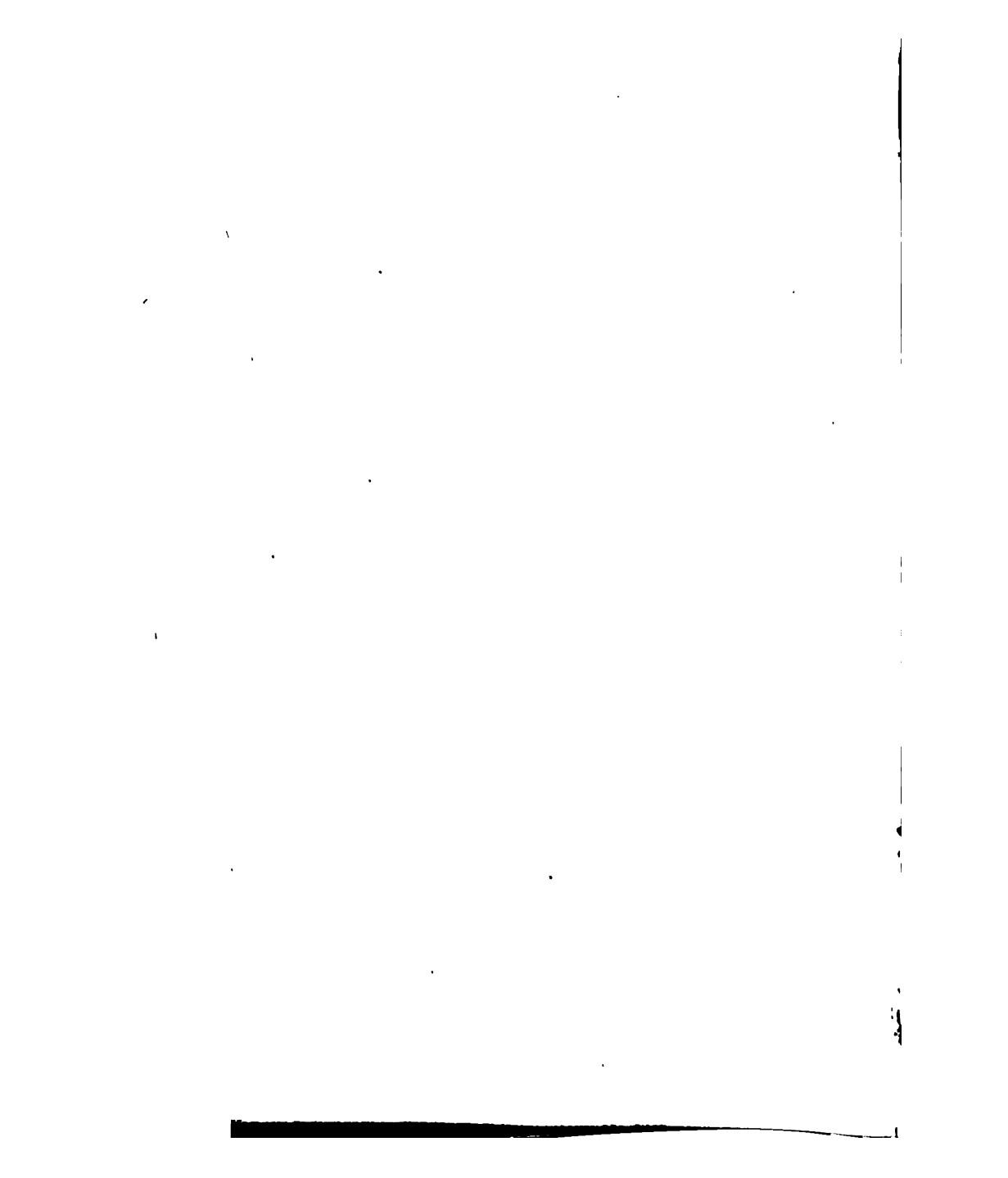
" Not I, indeed, for I never joke. You only ask him upon his oath, and he can't deny it. I say, a purse full of money."

" Then I am sure he has been robbing me," exclaimed the pastrycook, whose faith in Seppi's honesty all at once vanished. " So, so ; I 'll make him feel it ! To rob *me* ! I, who gave him clothing and food ! ah, if you only knew, madame, what I have









done for that rascal! But now I'll kick the scoundrel out—I'll give him to a policeman—I'll——"

Just at that moment poor Seppi returned, and his master, who had now worked himself up to the conviction that the boy had robbed him, rushed towards him, and seizing him by the hair, shook him, and called out—"Give up the money, you rascal, that you have stolen from me!"

The poor boy was so alarmed that he trembled every limb. "Heaven is my witness, that I have never robbed you!" he exclaimed.

"Come, out with that purse full of money, you lying scoundrel, you have one—that I know!"

"There it is," said Seppi, drawing out of his pocket the little purse containing the few pieces of money; "that is the purse, if you mean that, and it is the same which madame there saw this morning."

The baker shook out its contents, and said—"Now, confess at once how you robbed me of this money!"

"Heaven shall be my judge," exclaimed the poor boy, weeping, "if there is a single farthing of it yours! Every one of them was given to me; but take it all if that is what you want. Monsieur Dumenil knows well that I saved it up for my mother; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Madame Rivage, to state such falsehoods of me."

"What, me!" said the malicious woman, who now began to regret being a witness of this scene; "I——" but she now became still more confused, for just at that moment Monsieur Dumenil entered the shop. He had just returned home, and his ear caught the sound of the boy's voice; and to whom was his appearance more welcome than to poor Seppi?

"What is the matter, Seppi? What have you done?" kindly asked his friend, who, when he saw the purse and money, soon guessed the truth.

"Pray mind your own business, and don't interfere here at all," exclaimed the confectioner; "this boy is in my service, and I shall do with him what I like. Do you understand me?"

"Quite right; I understand you, sir," returned Monsieur Dumenil, calmly; "but it is possible you have made a mistake."

"Mistake!" cried out the baker, still more harshly; "I tell you this rascal has robbed me——"

"Ah, Monsieur Dumenil," said the boy, "the money that I have saved up to send to my dear mother——"

"Silence, you good-for-nothing fellow. I say you have robbed me; but you shall not keep the money: you shall be turned out of my service this day—nay, this very minute!"

"Be it so, Seppi," said Monsieur Dumenil; "your master has discharged you from his service: now take off that jacket and follow me—I will take you into mine."

"What! Would you dare to take away my errand boy?" exclaimed the baker in a threatening voice; for he had by no means been in earnest when he talked of turning Seppi away, whilst the overjoyed boy lost not a moment, but hurried off his jacket at once, and was speedily ready to follow his new master.

"You may keep the money you have taken from the boy," said Monsieur Dumenil, without changing his calm, but firm tone of voice. "You, yourself, have discharged the boy, and therefore you can no longer lay claim to him."

"Impudent fellow!" exclaimed the pastrycook, enraged. "Base slanderer, as you are, to accuse me of making bad pies!"

Tell me, what is it you dared to say about my pies ? what is it I make them of, eh ? Here, Madame Rivage, you are my witness ; repeat what he said, for it was to you he spoke."

Madame was not a little astonished to find herself so suddenly called upon as a witness. " Why—yes—yes—" she stammered, " but it is hardly worth repeating—besides, I just recollect that I must go shopping—"

" Stop a moment, madame," said Monsieur Dumenil ; " you appear to have been doubly busy here ; for it was yourself, if you recollect, who warned me against those pies, because they contained cats' meat."

" Good Heavens ! Is that true, madame ? Did you do that ?" exclaimed the pieman.

" I tell you I know nothing about it ; nothing ! Therefore, don't ask me anything about it. I have nothing to say—I never said anything !" cried madame, hurriedly.

" I will not detain you any longer, madame," observed Monsieur Dumenil. " I have only to request, as I have this morning purchased the house here in which you live, that within a month from this time you will remove to another dwelling."

At this announcement, the old lady, between shame and surprise, could scarcely tell how she felt. What ! Monsieur Dumenil have a house like this ! Involuntarily even the baker took off his cap, for he venerated nothing so much as riches. But to his no little surprise and mortification, in return, Monsieur Dumenil said, calmly, to him likewise—" I give you, sir, also warning to quit this house within a month !" and taking our happy Savoyard by the hand he quitted the shop, leaving behind him two individuals, a prey to the most bitter

feelings of rage and wonder at this unexpected change of things.

"And now, Seppi," said his benevolent guide, "let us go and select a suit of clothes for you, for henceforward I will provide you with everything, and teach you what you stand in need of. Thus you see, my good boy, God has now placed you in a position to enable you to assist your mother in her old age; and I hope, Seppi, you will be grateful to God, and never forget the love He has shewn you."

The poor Savoyard's feelings were so overcome, that he could not find words to thank his protector; but his filled eyes proclaimed more than language could have expressed.

The fact is, that Monsieur Dumenil had unexpectedly come into the possession of considerable property but a few days before this event, and he was now anxious to devote it to useful purposes. Accordingly, he had at once purchased the house he lodged in—it being for sale—and had resolved to convert it into a manufactory, which he intended to establish, for the purpose of giving employment to poor people.

Seppi and his philanthropic friend had not proceeded far on their way to the tailor's shop, when they unexpectedly met several policemen, having charge of a person dressed in the height of fashion. Seppi, at sight of him, uttered a loud cry of astonishment; for in him he, once again, immediately recognised the individual from whom he had received the base money to exchange, and whom he had left standing near his Marie. Monsieur Dumenil rushed forward, and, overtaking the constables, begged them to stop a moment, whilst he questioned the man upon the subject. This they did instantly, saying, they had him in custody for coining false money.

Monsieur Dumenil then asked him if he knew anything about the sister of that lad, whom, of course, he must recollect as the one he had sent, on a certain evening, to get a gold piece changed.

"Not I, indeed!—I took no notice of the little girl," replied the man; and persisting in his ignorance, Monsieur Dumenil was of course obliged to give it up, and the party resumed their progress with their prisoner. Thus poor Seppi was again left in painful doubt and anxiety.

It is now, however, full time that we should seek around for little Marie, and ascertain what has been her fate since her separation from her brother.

In vain did she continue to await the return of Seppi; and after sitting on the step in the most anxious and painful expectation, she at length rose, and proceeded across to the shop, to inquire about him: they, however, only told her, that they had left him in one of the streets some distance off, and, as it was so dark, they supposed he must have missed his way. Alas, poor Marie!—what was she to do? Tired, and almost fainting with hunger, she could hardly drag her legs along, loaded as she was with the hurdy-gurdy and the marmot, sobbing her poor little heart out. She walked on, as well as she could, down one street and then another, but all in vain, nowhere could she find Seppi. Some boys happening to pass, she asked them if they had perhaps seen a little Savoyard boy about; and one of the young rascals replied, "Yes, he was sure he had seen him in a street a little way off." She then said: "Oh, will you just take care of my hurdy-gurdy and the marmot, while I run after him, for you see I can scarcely walk with such a load?"

"Oh, yes," says one, kindly, "I will take care of them till you return. But you must make haste after him, for he was walking very fast."

The unsuspecting girl lost not a moment, but, giving both to the boy's care, hastened, as fast as possible, in the direction given; and, when there, looked everywhere around, calling out, "Seppi! Seppi!" but she received no answer. Poor Marie, finding it in vain to wait any longer, slowly returned to where she had left the boy with the hurdy-gurdy and the marmot; but, on coming there, looked in vain for him. Her eyes searched everywhere around, but it was useless, for boy, hurdy-gurdy, and marmot, had vanished. And now, this last blow was too much for Marie. She had lost her brother, and now she had lost what was to procure her food—in that great, strange city! Ah, what tears of sorrow and lamentation the poor afflicted girl shed, when she thought of her wretched, forlorn state!

It grew later and later; and casting her tearful eyes once more around her, in despair, she caught sight of a lady, who had just stopped before the door of a large house, and rang the bell. She was attended by a female servant, or companion, who held in her arms, carefully wrapped up like an infant, a little lap-dog. Marie rushed towards the lady, and exclaimed, beseechingly: "Ah, for Heaven's sake! dear, dear lady, pray, pray take pity on me; do take me in with you, and give me a crust of bread, and a night's shelter in any corner of your house. I am trembling all over from fatigue and hunger. I have lost my brother Seppi, and only arrived in Paris this evening!"

The lady turned round, and said, ill-naturedly: "Go about

your business, do, you low creature; don't disturb my sweet Bijou's sleep with your noise."

"Ah, good lady, do not, pray do not leave me to sleep in the streets all night; do take me with you, I will not, depend upon it, disturb any one."

"Take pity upon her, madam," said her companion with the dog: "she would just suit you, for you want just such a little girl as her, to take care of and wait upon Bijou, and amuse him."

Madame Bertin cast a contemptuous look at Marie, saying, "I am only afraid such a creature would be too coarse and rough for my tender Bijou!—However, you may come in; I will make a trial of you."

The door was now opened; the lady entered, followed by her servant, carrying the snoring dog, and by the poor little Savoyard girl.

When they entered the drawing-room, the first most important business was to get ready the soft bed of the treasured lap-dog, and to carefully cover him over with the embroidered quilt. This being done, its mistress turned her eyes towards Marie, and exclaimed, in great contempt: "What a dusty, dirty object that is! Mind, Therese, she must not approach my Bijou too closely in that pickle. Do pray take her away, and give her some straw to sleep upon, and don't let me see her again before she is washed and made more decent. Have you, then, no other clothes, girl, but those you have on? Why, they are nothing but rags."

Poor Marie! what were her feelings when so addressed! But she made no reply, and followed Therese, who shewed her into a room, in the corner of which she made her a bed

of straw, and gave her a piece of bread; this the poor girl quickly demolished, and creeping to her straw bed, she very soon fell asleep.

In the morning, after cleaning herself, and arranging her dress the best way possible, she appeared before her new mistress. The latter was reclining upon the sofa at breakfast, whilst Bijou, not yet quite awake, was at her side.

"Well," said she, "you look a trifle more decent now. Pray what do they call you?"

The contrast between the soft and gentle tone with which she addressed her dog, and the harsh and brutal style with which she spoke to our little Savoyard was painfully cutting, and affected Marie to tears.

"My name is Marie," she gently replied.

"Why, I declare you are actually crying," said Madame Bertin; "come, come, I won't have that: do you hear? Mind, I have taken you out of the streets for the sake of my sweet little Bijou, and you will understand that your duty is to attend to everything he wants, and when he is asleep you must fan away the flies from tormenting him; and you must set his pillow aright, play with him when he wishes it, and, in fact, you must be entirely at his command. And for all this I will give you your food, and such other trifling things as a poor, common peasant girl like you may want."

At this moment a young girl, about eighteen years of age, was shewn in by Therese, and, making a neat courtesy, said very humbly—"Good morning, madame; you will excuse my intruding so early, but I have brought the work you gave me to do."

Madame nodded her head haughtily, and said—"Well,

and how have you done it? Have you brought Bijou's collar and cushion?"

"Yes, madame, everything; and I hope you will be satisfied." She then opened the parcel—and, oh! what beautiful things did she produce! Marie was lost in admiration, for she had never seen anything like it.

Madame Bertin appeared pleased, although, from principle, she here and there found something to find fault with. "Well, and have you brought the bill?" she asked: "you know I like to pay directly, for I am not like some of my rank whom you may work for."

The young girl handed her the bill; but the moment she saw it she flew into a violent passion.

"These charges are much too high!" she exclaimed; "I never heard of such prices! I shall certainly not employ you again, young woman, nor recommend you to any more of my friends, if you charge like this. No; these four francs certainly must be deducted."

"I hope, madame, you will not do that; for indeed I have not overcharged you one farthing; and I assure you I have worked night and day at it."

"Ay, ay," returned Madame Bertin, "you always say so; but it is not the work we pay for: it is for the plays, for the dancing, and for the fine dresses, to which you devote your money."

The young woman cast an expressive look at her own neat but simple dress, and said—"Alas, madame, there are six of us in family, and we only live by our needlework, and that but very sparingly."

"Ay, ay, I understand all that sort of excuse; however,

here is the money ; I will pay the three francs, but the fourth I shall deduct, if you wish to do any more for me."

The maiden took the money with a sigh, and withdrew. This scene touched Marie very much ; for the young woman, at first so cheerful, had now walked away with a troubled, mournful countenance. No doubt, the harsh words of Madame Bertin had grieved her more than the loss of the franc, and Marie could not understand how a lady so rich could act so mean and cruel.

But our poor little Savoyard girl herself was equally forced to experience this harsh treatment. She, poor thing, received scarcely enough of dry bread to appease her hunger, whilst the petted dog was fed upon every dainty. Every now and then she was reprimanded for not shewing enough attention to the little brute ; and wearied with the bad usage she received, she was glad when night came, so that she might lament her sad destiny upon her bed of straw.

Thus passed over some weeks, when, by some accident, the dog became ill and died ; and her mistress, in her lamentations for her pet, revenged herself upon poor Marie, and turned her out of doors.

It was a bitter cold night ; and, shivering from its inclemency, the poor girl walked about, lamenting her unhappy lot, and seeking in vain for shelter. She crouched down on the step of a door, and finding there, by accident, an old straw mat, she wrapped herself up in it, and thus awaited the approach of morning. Alas ! how dreadfully did she suffer the whole of that severe and freezing night ! Morning at length appeared, and at that early hour, a young girl, with a basket in her hand, passed her hastily—" Ah, Mademoiselle

Manon ! Mademoiselle Manon !" exclaimed poor Marie. The young person she thus challenged, was no other than the embroidress whom she had seen at Madame Bertin's. Attracted by her voice, the young woman turned round, and on seeing the poor creature in such affliction, almost dead with cold, she ran towards her, and said—"Good Heavens, Marie, what has brought you here in this sad state?"

"Oh ! Mademoiselle Manon !" faltered Marie ; "all night ——." Manon stayed not a moment, but seizing her hand, helped her up, and supported her along towards her own home, where they soon arrived ; and, ascending to the fifth floor, Manon opened a door, and led the suffering girl into a small but cheerful room. An elderly matron, who was busy with some needlework, raised her head as the door was opened, and exclaimed, in surprise, "Whom are you bringing there, Manon ?"

"Only look, dear mother, look," replied her daughter, with emotion, "at this poor little girl, almost frozen to death ! I found her shivering at a street door, and have brought her home for shelter. She was with that Madame Bertin, for whom I work, you know, and who always deducts from my poor earnings."

The good matron immediately put aside her work, and soon got ready some hot tea and bread and butter, which she gave to the child, who now soon felt the beneficial effects of her kindness. She had now revived, and feeling much stronger, she related to her charitable friends all that had transpired since Manon had seen her at Madame Bertin's. During this time, the group was joined by two of Manon's little sisters, about the age of Marie ; and as she went on

with her narrative, their sympathising little hearts gave vent to their emotions, and they exclaimed, every now and then : “ Poor Marie !—to be turned out by that wicked woman in such a bitter, cold night !” Nor was there, in fact, of all the listening circle, one eye that remained unmoistened.

When the little Savoyard had ended, Manon put her arms round the neck of her good mother, and, kissing her, said—“ Dear mother, Providence has thrown this poor forsaken girl into our arms for protection—ought we not to do what we can for her ? Besides, you know, this evening will be Christmas Eve, and that gives the circumstance a more sacred character !”

“ Why, dear Manon,” replied her mother, smiling kindly, “ you know we are already six in number.”

“ Oh, never mind that ; I am sure you will let her stay with us : she is but a child, and will not require much ; and she can help us at our work, and be useful in various ways.”

Marie said not a word ; she timidly and anxiously cast her eyes on the ground, not venturing to look up, when the two younger children took her by the hand, and led her to their parent.

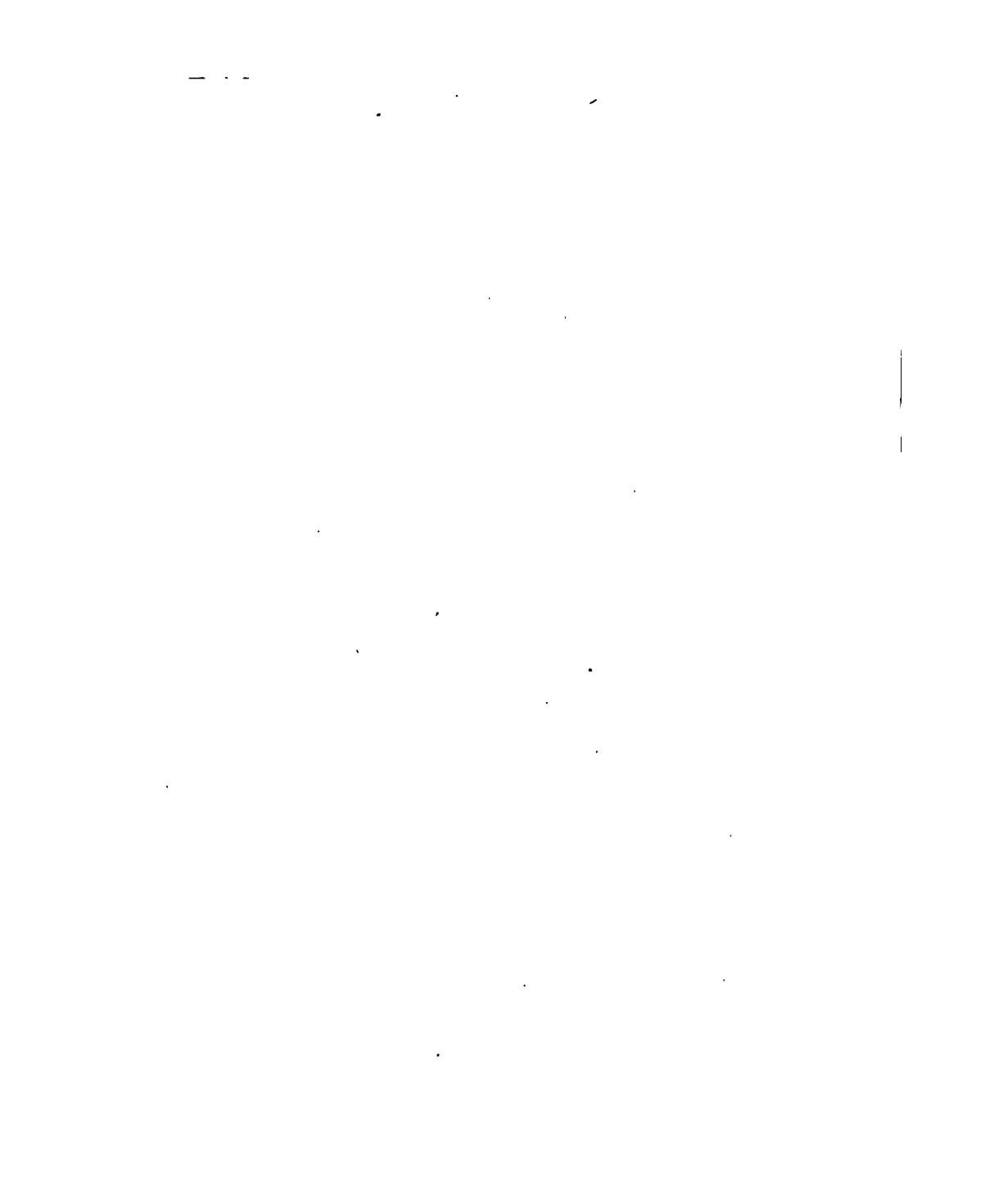
“ Then be it so ! Come, my dear, forlorn child, if the Almighty’s will has led you to us, He will also, be assured, grant us the means of supporting you,” said the good woman generously.

It need not be said, how delighted Manon and her sisters were at this arrangement. The latter, especially, paid their new inmate the most affectionate attention ; so that Marie was soon quite at home. “ And,” said they, “ as this evening is Christmas eve, our dear ‘ godfather ’ will be here ; and won’t he be astonished, as well as Paul and Robert ? ”

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Paul and Robert were their brothers; the former still went to school, but the latter was apprenticed to the worthy "godfather," who kept a grocer's shop close by.

Monsieur Dupart, or, the "godfather," as he was always styled in the family, was, in reality, a worthy, good-hearted man, and although, as a national guard, he wore a very thick pair of moustaches, yet this outward fierceness of expression was finely contrasted with his mild and playful manner towards children.

The evening at length arrived, and with it the expected "godfather." He was in uniform, for on that day he had been on duty. The children, at other times when he came, would cling about him, and jump upon his lap, as he, of course, always came provided with something; but this time he could not allow it, inasmuch as he had all his pockets, and his very cap, loaded and crammed full of presents.

"Well, my children," said he, "here we are once more altogether; it's a beautiful thing to be thus able to pass the Christmas eve amidst bright contented faces. It is not every family in Paris can do that. Come, my good children," he continued, "I feel quite happy that we have met in such good health, and for that, if for nothing else, we ought to feel grateful and contented towards the Almighty." Just at this moment his eye fell upon the little stranger. "Bless me, children, why who have you got there, pray?—Who is that little girl?"

The good mother and the sisters now briefly related to him the particulars connected with poor Marie's distressed situation, and how they had determined to give her a home amongst them. "Well, that is good and kindly done," said

the "godfather," as he stroked his moustaches, which he always did when he felt pleased; "and you are an excellent girl, Manon. Come here, my good Marie, look here; I am the 'godfather' of all these children here, and now I will be yours too—have you any objection?"

Joyful, grateful tears, were the only reply the happy Marie could return to this benevolent man, intermixed with some bitter sobs of lamentation at the recollection of her mother and brother.

Monsieur Dupart, being told of the loss she had sustained, and having made every inquiry respecting his appearance, age, size, &c., assured them that he would lose not a moment in applying to the proper authorities, to institute every possible search for him. And now the moment arrived for the distribution of the various presents; and amongst the happy ones who received them, the adopted stranger was not forgotten, for each of them had generously arranged beforehand, with their mother, that she should take something from their own portions, and give it to Marie; and which the matron, with gratified feelings, had not failed to do.

The good "godfather" then took an affectionate leave of all; and thus was spent an evening full of love and gratitude to God!

With these good people Marie lived to see very happy days. They treated her as their own child and sister; and she saw punctually and carefully after whatever was given her to do, profiting, at the same time, by the instruction she received in their business.

One day Manon came home highly delighted, for she had just received a very large order, amounting to several hundred

francs, from a lady of great wealth and distinction. And now the good girl made her calculation how long the job would take her to execute and complete, and how long they could all live upon the profit. Amidst her joy, however, she had forgotten to purchase something still necessary ; and so she said to Marie : " Go, my dear Marie, run and fetch me some ribbon like these patterns ; here's the money."

Marie bustled along, looking neither right nor left, when she felt herself suddenly clasped by two arms. As she looked up, the simultaneous exclamation was : " Marie ! " " Seppi ! "—and, rushing into each other's arms again, they affectionately hugged one another closely, and shouted and wept for joy : and then they had so much to ask of each other—they had so much to tell—that Marie naturally quite forgot all about her dear Manon's commission. The latter, finding she did not return, became very anxious, and fearing something serious might have happened to her, she determined to seek for her, and was just leaving the house, when she was met by Marie, safe and sound, happy and joyful, with her brother and Monsieur Dumenil. She perceived at once the happy cause of the 'delay ; for she had not the slightest doubt but that it was Seppi, the lost brother.

" Yes, mademoiselle," said Monsieur Dumenil, " it *is* indeed Seppi ; and, thank God, the dear and affectionate brother and sister have at length been restored to each other ! "

They all went up stairs, and there the good mother and her family expressed the most affectionate delight at this happy event. The " godfather " was sent for, and soon came running down the street in his dressing gown and slippers, and joined cordially in the happy feelings of all present.

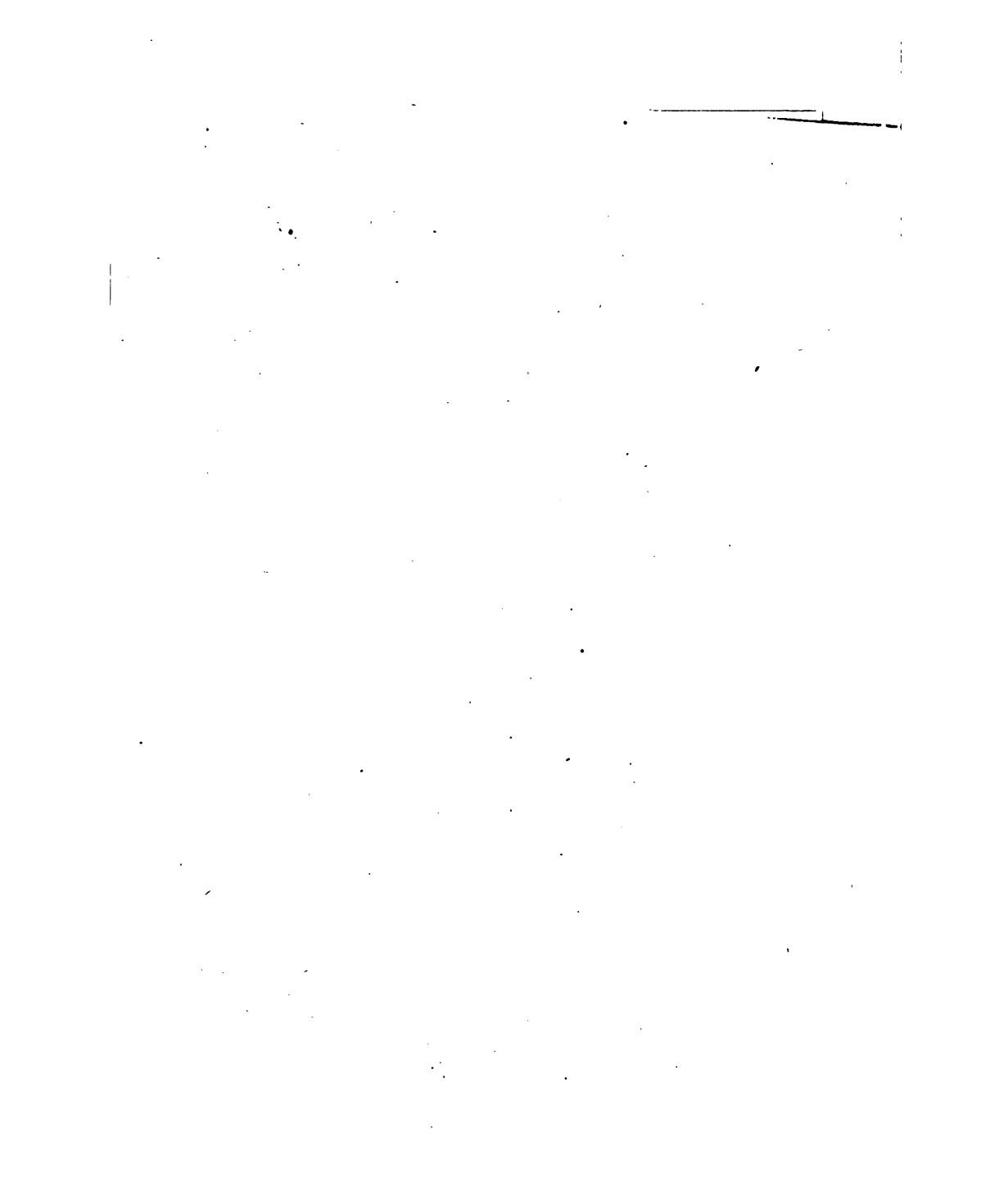
The worthy Monsieur Dumenil was much affected by the genuine friendship and sympathy shewn by all the members of this good family towards Seppi and his sister; and he said within himself: "I cannot increase by my money the happiness enjoyed by these cheerful, industrious people, but it shall be my study to reward them for their kindness, by supplying them constantly with profitable employment." And thus did this truly philanthropic man ever think and act; for he knew the art of assisting the needy in such an ingenious way, that his aid appeared more as the reward of their own merits, than as an act of mere charity.

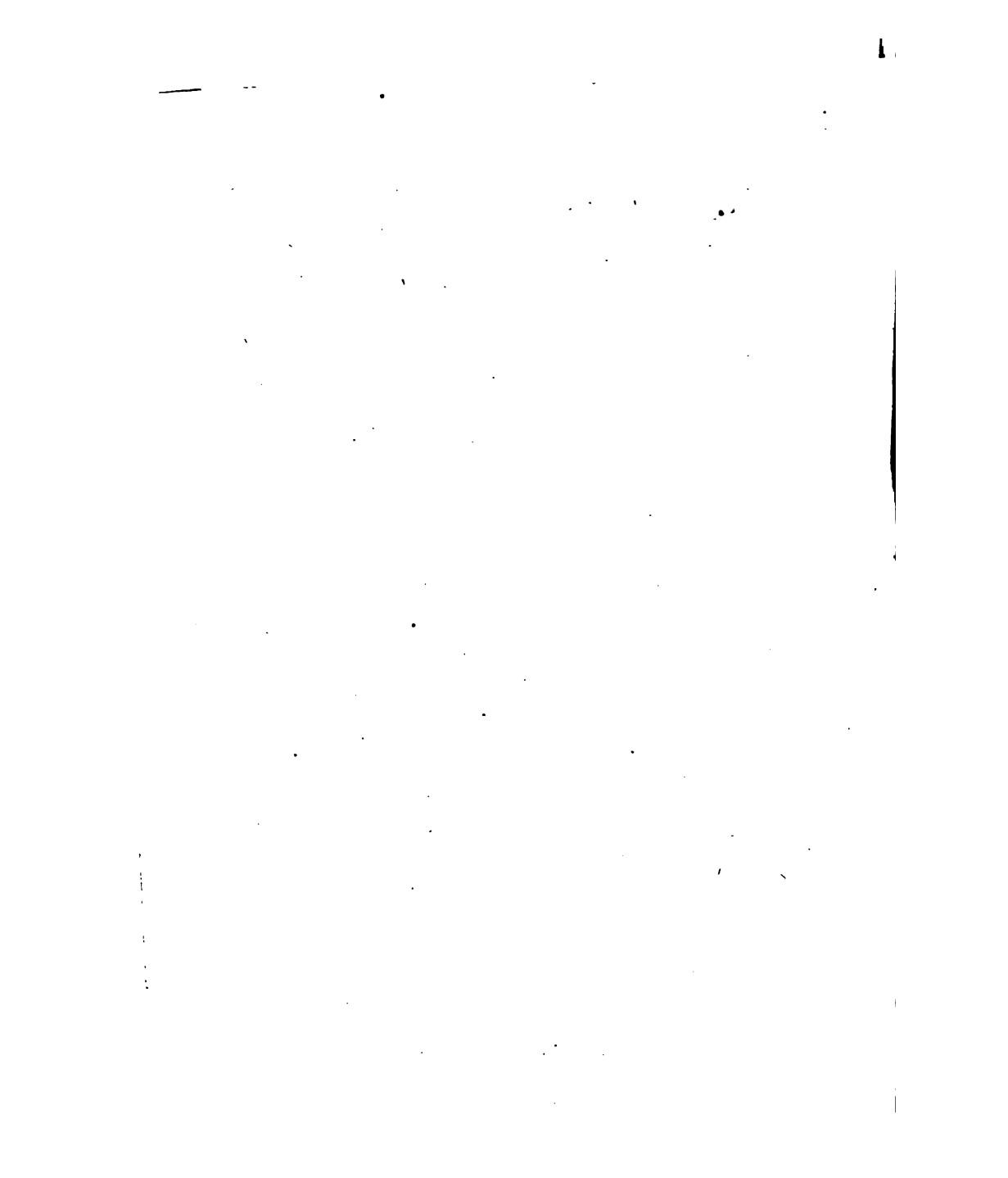
And now, in conclusion, we have only to add, that Marie remained in the happy circle of those who had taken her by the hand on the eve of the Christmas festival; and Seppi stayed with his benefactor, who set out himself for the Savoyard's home, and brought the delighted mother of these good children with him to Paris. He there also made the acquaintance of the worthy Thomas, who could not sufficiently congratulate himself on finding that his advice had met with such a happy result.

In the course of a few years afterwards, Manon and Marie became happy mothers of families; Seppi flourished as an opulent tradesman, having adopted and followed the motto of Monsieur Dumenil—"Want nothing but what God grants!" and that good man now rests in peace under the green turf, his memory cherished and revered by all!











THE EARLY DOMESTIC LIFE OF JACK HOLYDAY,
WITH SOME MENTION OF HIS SISTER.

Oh! a naughty boy was Jack Holyday,
And a naughty boy was he,
And, lively as a shrimp ; such a wicked little imp
Never dwelt in the nursery.
For he made such a noise, and he broke all his toys,
Or the paint from his playthings did rub ;
And, on Saturday night, he put nurse in a fright,
By his very sad tricks in the tub.

Chorus.

For a naughty boy was Jack Holyday,
And a naughty boy was he :
I should very much pine, if a friend of mine
Such a sad little boy should be.

This little song, which will give my young readers some idea of Jack Holyday, may be sung to the tune of *Old King*

Cole—a great king of England, who lived so long ago that nobody can tell when. Well:—

Jack Holyday was idle, and most mischievous beside :
In spoiling all his sister's dolls he felt a constant pride ;
He poked out all the poor things' eyes, till they could see no more,
And beat their noses flat against the bed-posts and the floor :
He drowned them in the water-jug, when nobody was by,
And then he sat them on the hob, in order to get dry,
Until they melted all away—for such was his intention :
With many other wicked tricks, too numerous to mention.
Jack Holyday was idle, and he did not love his book,
And never but at those with pretty pictures would he look ;
And, in explaining them to him, his nurse much trouble took.
His nurse was rather elderly, of steady form and mien,
As, in the portrait here set forth, is plainly to be seen :
And many wondrous legends from her knowledge did he glean.

Some of these stories were very curious and wonderful. There was the anecdote of Mr. John Sprig, who wore false hair, and narrowly escaped being shot by the wanton sport of some person of small size, who actually used powder and bullets made of lead: then there was the account of a brother and sister, named Jack and Gill, who met with an accident whilst bringing down a pail of water, for household use, from the summit of a mountain; followed by a singular account of the great medical value of brown paper and vinegar, in curing injuries of the head. And the nurse also pointed out to Jack Holyday the strange ærial trip made by an elderly female in a basket, who went seventeen times



as high as the moon, for the purpose of sweeping away some cobwebs, in her love of order. And then there was a story, shewing the sottish habits of a certain grenadier, who frequently applied for a quart of malt liquor at a tavern, without having the means to pay for it: and the unpleasant news conveyed to a lady-bird, that her house was in flames, and all her children burnt, except a very clever one named Anne, who got out of the fire into the frying-pan. All these things Jack was very fond of hearing told, and looking at the pictures; but when this was over, he was as idle and naughty as ever.





But who was always very glad
To play with Jack—that idle lad—
Until he made her quite as bad?—

His sister.

What little girl was Fanny named,
And frequently, with Jack, was blamed
For boldness, which could not be tamed?—

His sister.

For Fanny was a little girl who ought to have known better,
But led away by Jack, she did whatever task he set her.
And as it fell upon a day, when every one was out—
Papa, mamma, nurse, cook, and John, were travelling about
(One of those general holidays, which people only find
In little children's story books), these two remained behind.

Like old Mother Hubbard,
They went to the cupboard,
And shut themselves in it alone.
They found out the jam;
And the ham they did cram,
Till they picked it all down to the bone.
A bottle was handy,
Of strong cherry-brandy:
They poured out a glass in a trice;
And sister and brother,
One after the other,
Drank it up, it was so very nice.
But soon their brains began to reel,
And very funny did they feel.



Jack laughed, and rolled upon the ground,
And felt his head go round and round :
He did not care for anything,
But said he was a lord and king!

Made tipsy by the potent drink,
He turned the closet inside out,
Strewed all the cups and plates about :
He broke the glasses, cracked the door,
Threw all the pickles on the floor,
And filled the bottle up with ink.

His poor little sister was not much better :
She would have been worse, but Jack would n't let her.
He said : " I am going to climb up the tree,
That grows in the garden, so come out with me.
A baby was hush-a-byed on the tree top,
And why should not I be ?—Come, Fanny—do n't stop ;
And catch me, you know, if I happen to drop.

Besides, I can see
There 's a nest in the tree ;
If we only can get it, what fun it will be :
And I 'll make horney-dorney come out of his hole,
Or else I will beat him as black as a coal."

The end of this accident is far too serious for verse. Jack climbed the tree after the nest, but being very unsteady, from what he had taken, he fell to the ground, nearly tumbling on Fanny's head. What a dreadful thing if he had ! Once upon a time, I knew a little boy, who was told not to go under a crane, when they were lifting up sacks of wool, but he would.

And what do you think? One of them fell upon him, and knocked his head into his shoulders.



Well, Jack hurt himself very much, and was laid up for a long time, under the care of Dr. Seammony, who gave him a great quantity of physic; and every day a bottle came, labelled with "*The draught as before;*" and "*One of these powders to be taken every four hours*"—think of that, every

four hours — “*in two tablespoonfuls of the mixture,*” until Dr. Scammony said he was quite well. And then his father, Mr. Holyday, determined to send him to school at once: for, although he was a kind and indulgent papa, Jack’s tricks had been so many, and this one so very bad that it could not be overlooked. Dr. Tingler was written to, and arrangements made for Jack’s reception at his school that day fortnight.



As for poor Fanny, she did not escape punishment either. Her papa gave her a most severe scolding, and would not allow her to go to a grand feast, where she was to drink tea out of the doll's tea-things with Miss Pinafore, although she was all dressed to start, with a blue rosette at each of her temples, like Farmer Poulter's pony on fair and market days. In the meantime, Jack was all ready for school:—

His luggage was placed in the entrance hall,
And his comforter hung from a peg on the wall ;
But Jack did n't look very blythe or gay,
Because he was going to school that day :
So away he ran, and his friends began
Each room to search, and each closet to scan.
“ Oh, where do you hide ? ” Mr. Holyday cried :
“ If you *hide* any longer, I 'll *hide* your *hide*.
Oh ! you mischievous boy !—oh ! you mischievous boy !”

They thought in the wash-house he might be hid,
So they went to the copper, and raised the lid,
And there was Jack Holyday, crawling about,
But with all their persuasions he would n't come out.
At last, when they threatened the fire to light,
He climbed through the top in a terrible fright ;
But, soon coming round, at his old nurse he flew,
And the shins of the coachman he kicked black and blue.
Oh ! the mischievous boy !—oh ! the mischievous boy !

When the coach came up he clung to the wheel,
And wriggled about like a slippery eel ;

Till his father did say, “ If longer you stay,
I ’ll call upon bogy to take you away :
For bogy ’s a terrible monster indeed ;
If you saw him but once, you would run off with speed.
He lives in the cellar, on children does feed,
Wears horns and top-boots, with wings like a bat,
He hates naughty boys, and is black as your hat.”

Jack was so alarmed at this last threat, and so afraid of bogy, whom he had heard a great deal about from his nurse, although he had never seen him, that he directly jumped into the carriage, where his father was already waiting for him ; and then the door being shut, the horses drove off, and he was taken away screaming to Dr. Tingler’s Preparatory School for Young Gentlemen : and so he left home, amidst his mother’s fears, his sister’s tears, his nurse’s “ dears,” the coachman’s sneers, the ostlers’ leers, the father’s jeers, and the idle boys’ cheers.

Good little people, like you and me, know that there is no bogy now, although ignorant Jack Holyday thought there was. Bogy was killed by the eighth champion of Christendom, St. Peter Parley ; who, in spite of the common phrase *parley Français*, which you will learn some day, is not a Frenchman, bred and born, but a true American, who has laboured hard to instruct and amuse little folks like you.

THE SCHOLASTIC CAREER OF JACK HOLYDAY.

Now Dr. Tingler's Boarding School,
The terror of idler, dunce, or fool,
 Was a dismal place to see.
The passage led to a gloomy hall,
And the school-room looked against the wall,
Shut out from the road by palings high,
Which only allowed a glimpse of the sky,
With the hats of the travellers passing by
 On the omnibus bold and free.
No sterner mansion could be seen
On the boundless plains of Turnham Green.

Jack Holyday had never left
 His boyhood's home before ;
And when, of happiness bereft,
 He drove up to the door,
He cried, " I cannot—will not stay,"
And made a bolt to run away.
But for escape he was too late,
Because the coachman shut the gate,
 Although Jack did implore,
And said, " I 'll give you anything—
Sixpence—my knife—a kite and string—
A lump of cake—a handsome boon,
My fork, six towels, and a spoon—
 To take me home once more.



To stop would kill me—save my life !
Pray let me go, and take my knife."

But here Mr. Holyday found it necessary to interfere ; and, finding Jack disposed still to resist, he dragged him forward by the ear, and in this way ushered him into the school-room, and the awful presence of Dr. Tingler.

For the first few days, with the other boys,
A terrible life Jack led :
They cut up his cake, and they smashed his toys,
Drowned all his complaints with an impudent noise,
And made him an apple-pie bed ;
And if he was dreaming in sweet repose,
After "getting-up bell" did ring,
They gave him cold pig, and they corked his nose,
They spanked him, and pinched him, and tied his great toes
To the bed, with a piece of string ;
They fought him with bolsters, and made him a fag,
And if he cried out, then his mouth they would gag.

The first morning after Jack's arrival at school Dr. Tingler tried to find out what he knew. The Doctor was a man dreadful to behold ; and it was reported that he lived entirely upon birch-rods, pickled in vinegar, and stewed spelling-books. His dressing-gown was very awful, and so were his spectacles ; and when he put on his black cap, and took up his cane, all the boys were so still and quiet, that you might have heard a pin drop if anybody had thrown one down. For some of the ill-behaved boys kept pins in their sleeves, to stick into

their companions, and make them jump, whilst they were at class: and others used them instead of buttons, which they had wickedly cut off from their trousers to turn into teetotums.

Jack Holyday had always been such an idle lad that he knew very little. He understood pictures better than letters; and when Dr. Tingler took up the old dog's-eared book he had brought with him from home, which had coloured prints for the alphabet, this is the way Jack spelt the words:—

"A double S, donkey; B, I, R, D, cock-robin; C, U, P, mug; D, O, G, poor old Spot."

When Dr. Tingler heard Jack Holyday spell like this he was sure his education had been neglected; and so he gave him a proper book, and set him his first lesson, which was to learn what B, A, spelt. *Fenning's Spelling Book* was the name of the new work which Jack was to study, and a very delightful book it was. But the most wonderful portion of this book was the middle; it was divided into two parts, one of which contained "*some useful fables*," and the other "*some natural and entertaining stories*," both with pictures, two of which were very dreadful. One represented a youth named *Brown*, on the point of going into the water, with his father in the distance, coming to beat him with such a stick—which the story says he did—all the way home, without his clothes! What a shocking position! And the other picture represented *Harry*, who always said "don't care," becoming a prey to a wild beast; together with his last dying speech and confession, which, as he was cast upon an uninhabited island, and devoured directly afterwards, excites the wonder of the ingenious reader how Mr. Fenning contrived to get a report of it.

And at the end of the book was "grace before meat,"

which Jack Holyday was ignorant enough to ask, whether it might be said before vegetables and pastry as well: but we have already seen what a sad dunce he was.

There was also a very amusing table of "words alike in sound, but different in meaning:" as, for instance, D, O, E, doe, *she-deer*; D, O, U, G, H, dough, *paste*. I am sure, my dear little readers, you know these tables; and when you grow up you will find the common name for them is *puns*: and every gentleman wishing to cut a smart figure in the world by making these puns, buys Fenning's Spelling Book, and learns all these words off by heart; after this he is called a wag, which is a great mark of distinction. I will give you an example of what I mean. If you desire to make a pun, in great society, you must look in Fenning for a word with two meanings. Thus you will find B, O, R, E, bore, *an annoyance*; and B, O, R, E, bore, *made through anything*: upon which you can say, "The Thames Tunnel is a great *bore*," which is quite new, and very sharp. You will also find E, A, S, T, east, *a point of the compass*; and Y, E, A, S, T, yeast, *barm*; as well as S, O, N, *a male child*; and S, U, N, *the fountain of light*. So that if Jack Holyday had tumbled into the barm when John was brewing, you could have said that "The *Sun* (son) is setting in the *East* (yeast)." This is an uncommon occurrence; and you would then have made a joke, which ranks a little higher than a pun.

Jack Holyday he took his book, and looked it through and through,

And soon was taught the mysteries of "ba, be, bi, bo, bu;"

And next he learnt the names of "*Things belonging to a house,—*"

Mug, bolt, plate, bed; spit, thatch, pot, pan; jack, lock, trap, tile, cat, mouse.

Such progress in so short a time he never could have made,
But Dr. Tingler kept a cane, of which he was afraid;
For when Jack had not learnt his task, nor heeded reprimand,
The Doctor took this fearful cane, and cut him on the hand.



And "*Phrases of one syllable,*" he next began to know,—
As "they go in," and "we go up," and also, "is it so?"

Jack Holyday would soon have been
A well-conducted lad,
But that the boys above thirteen
Upon him vented all their spleen,
Till he became their cad.
When everybody was asleep,
They made him to the play-ground creep,
And through the kitchen window squeeze,
To steal cold meat, and bread and cheese,
And whatsoever he could seize,
With other things as bad.
But, worse than all, they got a rope,
To give their wicked pranks full scope ;
And thus, from window high,
Each night at dark, they let him down
In terror to the ground below,
Whether the small boy would or no,
That he into the town might go
Whate'er they chose to buy.

There was an old cobler who lived in a stall,
Whom Jack often saw hard at work with his awl,
And thought he would get it away if he could,
Not giving much care as to whether he should ;
The awl would be useful his work to assist,
For Jack had a slightly mechanical twist,—
In fact he loved anything else than his book,
And settled to get it by hook or by crook.

It was wicked of Jack to attempt this dishonest and dishonourable action ; but he was properly punished, as you shall hear.

The cobler, who was very ingenious, had mended a broken pane of glass in his window with some brown paper, to keep the wind from coming in and his candle from going out. Jack Holyday had watched several nights to get the awl, until the cobbler suspected what he was after, and one evening, whilst Jack was waiting for a chance, with his nose flattened against the window, the cobbler thrust his hand through the paper, and



seizing Jack by the hair of his head pulled him half into the shop, and beat him so with a strap, or, in the language of very common boys in the street, *leathered* him so, that Jack thought

he should be half killed. But this was not all; he led him back by his ears to Dr. Tingler, who, finding he did not care much for a beating, set him to learn the entire fable, in Fenning, of "The town in danger of a siege," which had some connection with leather, and would remind him of the chastisement he had received: so that, while his companions were enjoying themselves at leap-frog, fly-the-garter, jump-little-nagtail, and other ancient sports and pastimes of the young people of England, Jack was obliged to be fagging away at *Fenning*, until he



had got all the fable by heart. He also compelled him to learn "The same in verse," which ran somewhat thus, as well as he could recollect afterwards:—

"A town feared a siege, and held grave consultation
Which was the best method of fortification :
A grave, skilful mason gave in his opinion,
That nothing but stone could secure the dominion ;
A carpenter said, though that was well spoke,
Yet 't was better by far to defend it with oak ;
A currier (much wiser than both these together)
Said, try what you please, sirs ;—there's nothing like leather !"

At the top of the fable was a picture, representing the mason, carpenter, and currier, with somebody else not named. The picture was not very plain, for great age had produced a fine mixture of black and white, which, when you grow up, and your minds become expanded, you will hear called a "Rembrandt effect," by people who look at pictures through their doubled fists.

All this was very proper; and, although Jack did not like it at all at the time, he has been heard to confess that the shoemaker's strap and Dr. Tingler's fable had the effect of making him a very good boy for some time. But he was not suffered to continue long in this state of amendment.

The Doctor had a garden fair,
Enriched with fruits and flowers rare,
At which Jack wistfully would stare,
And wish that he alone was there.



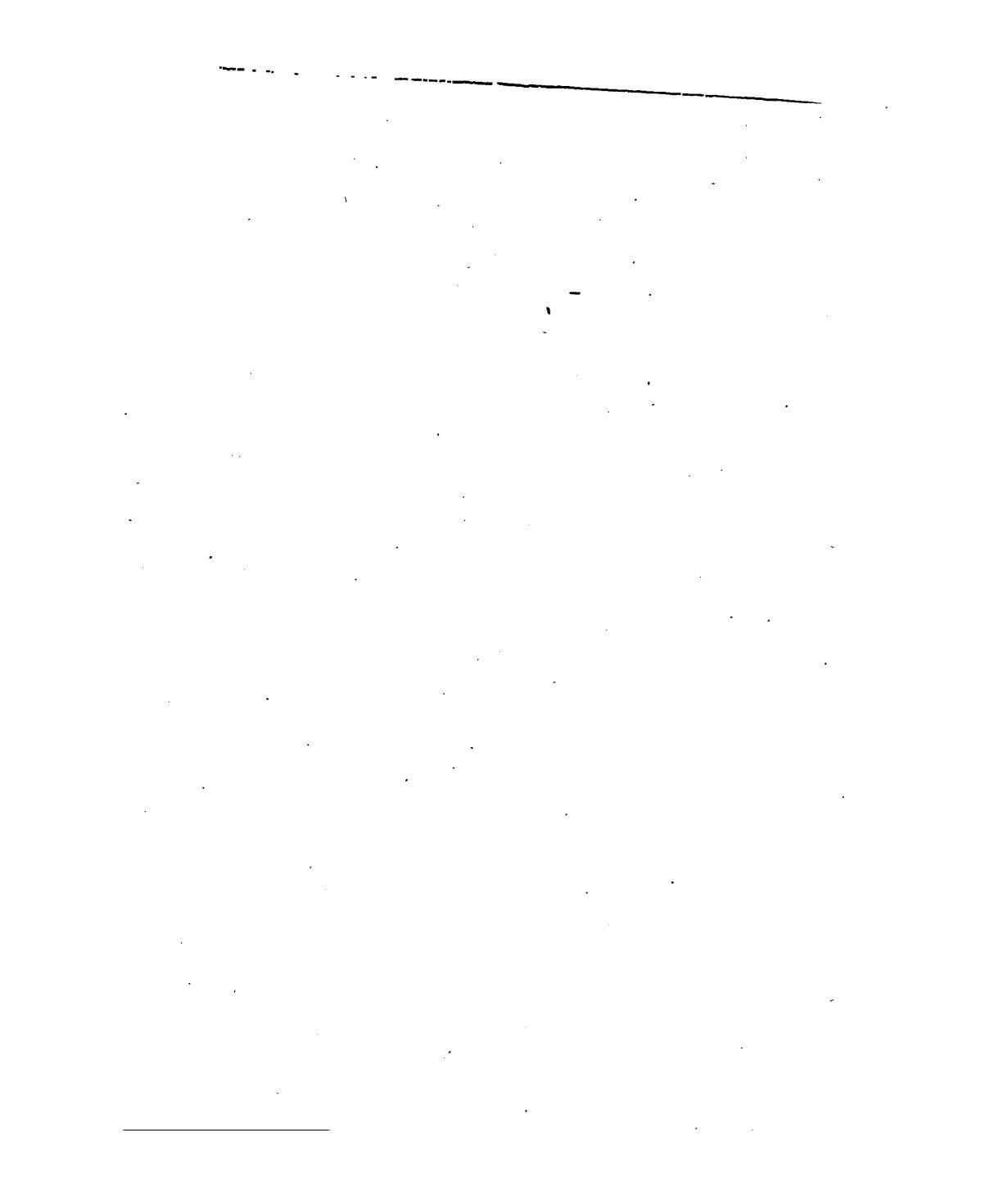
Geraniums, roses, climbing high,
And plants that smelt like cherry pie,
Of which I can't recall the name ;
But never mind—'t is all the same.
The fruit, too, trained along the wall,
Rich pears and apples, grapes and all,
Seemed bursting with its luscious juice,
But only for the Doctor's use.
Now Master Spink (an idle chap,
Who always was in some mishap)

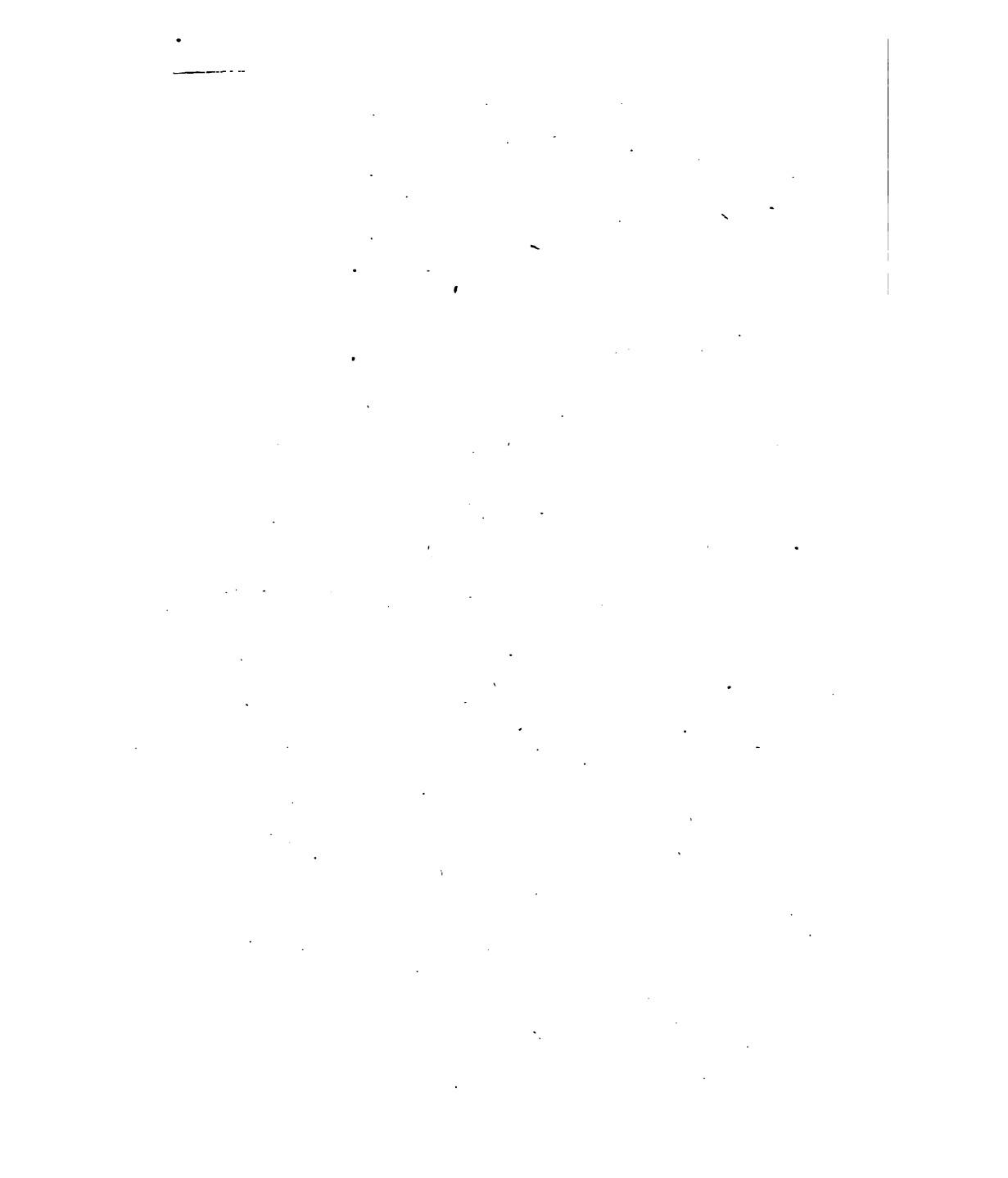
Had spied these apples too.
He called Jack Holyday, and said.
“ When everybody is in bed,
That hedge you must get through,
And load your pockets with the pelf,
Nor dare to touch a bit yourself:
You are my fag, and you must do it,
Or else most sadly you shall rue it.”











Jack Holyday would much have liked the venture to refuse,
But Master Spink's sharp threat had made him shiver in his shoes.
So having scrambled through the hedge, his pockets he did fill,
But not before he ate enough, himself, to make him ill.

But, as he turned to go away,
The moon—which shone as bright as day ;
As bright as when, as stories say,
The boys and girls came out to play—
By its bright radiance, did pourtray
His shadow on the wall ;
Which when Jack saw he screamed with fright,
And scampered off, with all his might,
To gain, once more, the hall.

And all the time he did not dare to cast a glimpse behind :
For Shakspere says, “ Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :”
In Henry VI., Third Part, Act 5, this maim you will find.

But, in his flight ;—oh ! dire mishap !—
Jack put his foot in a steel-trap,
Which closed upon him with a snap,
Making him scream with pain :
When a tall man, who kept a watch,
Thieves, gipsies, and the like, to catch,
Over the wall popped up his head,
And, seizing Jack—with fear half dead,
Though he did scream and beg—
From the trap took him, like a mouse,
And bore him to the Doctor's house,
Blood streaming from his leg.

Whatever other bad qualities Jack possessed, he was no coward, but always told the truth; so that Dr. Tingler had no difficulty in finding out the part Master Spink took in this affair, and he resolved to punish that gentleman, seeing that Jack was already suffering his share of punishment. For Master Spink was the son of a rich gentleman, and very proud and idle, as well as cowardly. He had finer clothes than the other boys, and used to dress himself up in them, and walk about, to be admired by other young people who were not so well off: so that, altogether, he was not a favourite. Dr. Tingler first whipped him, and then bought a ready-made suit of charity-boy's clothes at the shop, which he made him wear for a week. Jack's punishment was confined to a greater severity in the lessons he had to learn, in which he acquitted himself so well, that the Doctor was quite pleased, and declared that, by-and-bye, he would be an excellent boy, in spite of all that had happened.

Shortly after this, the holiday-letter was written, and sent home to his parents: then there was a breaking-up, at which the Doctor stood three bottles of currant wine; and Jack prepared for his journey home.

JACK RETURNS TO HIS PARENTS MUCH IMPROVED.

At last the happy day did come,
When Master Jack was sent for home;
He'd no great wish to stop:
And Mrs. Tingler, over-night,
Packed up his books and clothes all right,
With *Fennings* on the top,

That he at home might study still ;
And then she got the Doctor's bill,
For half a year's instructive skill,
Items for dancing, gloves and drill,
Each shoe-string, copy-slip, and quill,
And other things which always fill
A boarding-school account.

And when the carriage came next day,
This time he neither ran away,
Nor kicked their shins, nor roared, nor cried,
Nor in the copper tried to hide,

But joyfully did mount,
And, bidding all the boys good-bye,
Rode off tow'rds home most joyfully.

All left in glee but Master Spink,
Who from the house alone did slink,
Nor wished a soul farewell ;
Because the Doctor did declare
That he might seek a school elsewhere.
And, though the sentence gave him pain,
He did not wish him back again,
Because he was the good boy's bane,
And thus did Spink expel ;
Who passed his Christmas very sadly,
Because he had behaved so badly.

But Jack he travelled on with glee,
Anxious again his friends to see,
And shew them what he knew :

He thought of home—its dear delights,
New Year, Twelfth Day, and Christmas Nights ;
Snow-balls and sliding too.

And since, impatient to arrive, the journey seemed so long,
He tried to pass the time away, and sang the well-known song :

“ And shall I see them all again,
And shall I hear them speak :
I’m downright dizzy with the thought ;
In troth, I’m like to greet :

For there’s nae luck about the house—there’s nae luck at a’—
There’s nae luck about the house when Johnny’s awa.”



Arrived at last at home, what joy
His mother felt to see her boy.
Jack flew into her arms and kissed her,
And then embraced his little sister :
Whilst Fanny said : " Oh ! how you 're grown
I do not think I should have known
You if you had come here alone :
My joy I can't contain."



And Fanny, too, had grown as well :
She had become a little *belle*,
Although, perhaps, the truth to tell,
 She was a little vain ;
And often stood before the glass,
Thinking, “ I’m a pretty lass,
 Though some may think me plain ;
There is one truth I cannot well conceal,
I fear I am not handsome,—but then I’m so genteel ! ”

I wish we had a pen to write
The pleasures of the next Twelfth Night.
A crowd of friends they did invite—
All Jack’s companions—nice good boys,
Who, after supper, made a noise,
When the twelfth-cake got in their head,
And banished every thought of bed.
And Fan had asked some little girls,
In French plaits, ringlets, bows, and curls,
Who first of all were very meek,
And almost seemed afraid to speak,
But sat together in a row—
Like many little girls we know—
Until, amused by trick and jest,
They laughed as loudly as the rest.

Mrs. Holyday provided a bowl of negus for the company, which was rather sweet than strong, but very delicious ; and such a profusion of quartered oranges and walnut biscuits was never known, for the company to regale upon between the

quadrilles which Mrs. Holyday's single sister, Miss Quince, played on the piano. And afterwards they drew king and queen, and then asked each other the riddles under the characters, which made great fun, especially the famous one of Jack, who asked Miss Pinafore, "Why is Prince Albert like a pair of top-boots!" which Miss Pinafore said she did not know; upon which Jack said, no more did he, nor anybody else that he knew of. The little people called this a joke, and laughed so merrily, that it was delightful to hear

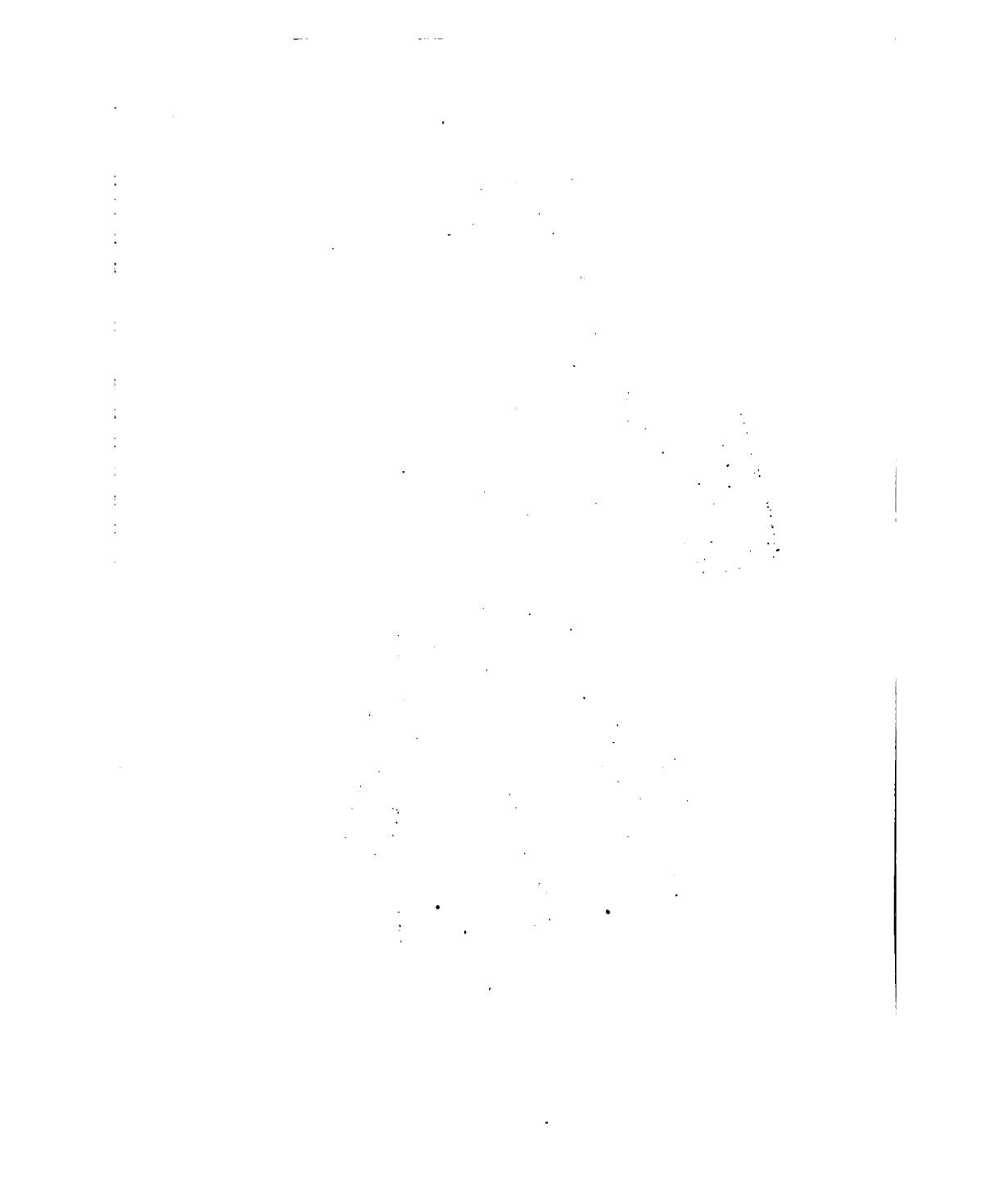


them. Perhaps you do not find anything so delightful in hearing each other laugh ; but when you get as old as I am, which is something under a hundred, you will find few things that will refresh your jaded spirits so much as the glorious and natural laugh of little people like you.

And after supper Jack dressed up as the beadle, in an old coat and cocked-hat, and acted a short play with his sister. The dialogue was all out of their heads as they went on, and the plot was not very clear, but it was amazingly enjoyed by the rest, who began to join in the performance by degrees, until they were all actors, with no audience. When this was over, Miss Pinafore's maid came to fetch her ; and then the rest went away home, one by one, to tell their friends, who were sitting up for them, what fun and what a pleasant evening they had enjoyed.

Jack Holyday has now become a clever little boy ;
His sister, too, in studying, her leisure does employ :
And when the season does return, of merry Christmas time,
Papa will bring them up to town to see the pantomime ;
Where, if you chance to go yourself, you'll see them, I'll engage,
Front row, dress-circle, Drury Lane, six boxes from the stage ;
And Jack himself, to you, no doubt, will his adventures tell :
But now, dear little people all, he wishes you " FAREWELL."













"How have you been occupied all this forenoon?" inquired Monsieur Le Blanc of his son Philip, as the latter came running into the garden of the Hotel de l'Europe, at Boulogne, after an absence of some hours.

"I have been playing at soldiers, sir."

"So I supposed. I approve of your taking healthful exercise, and do not object to your acquiring a knowledge of military evolutions, but I fear you now give them too much of your attention."

"Can you deem, sir," replied Philip, "too much time likely to be spent on a pursuit so ennobling as arms? Think, sir, to what it leads—to greatness, renown, and glory."

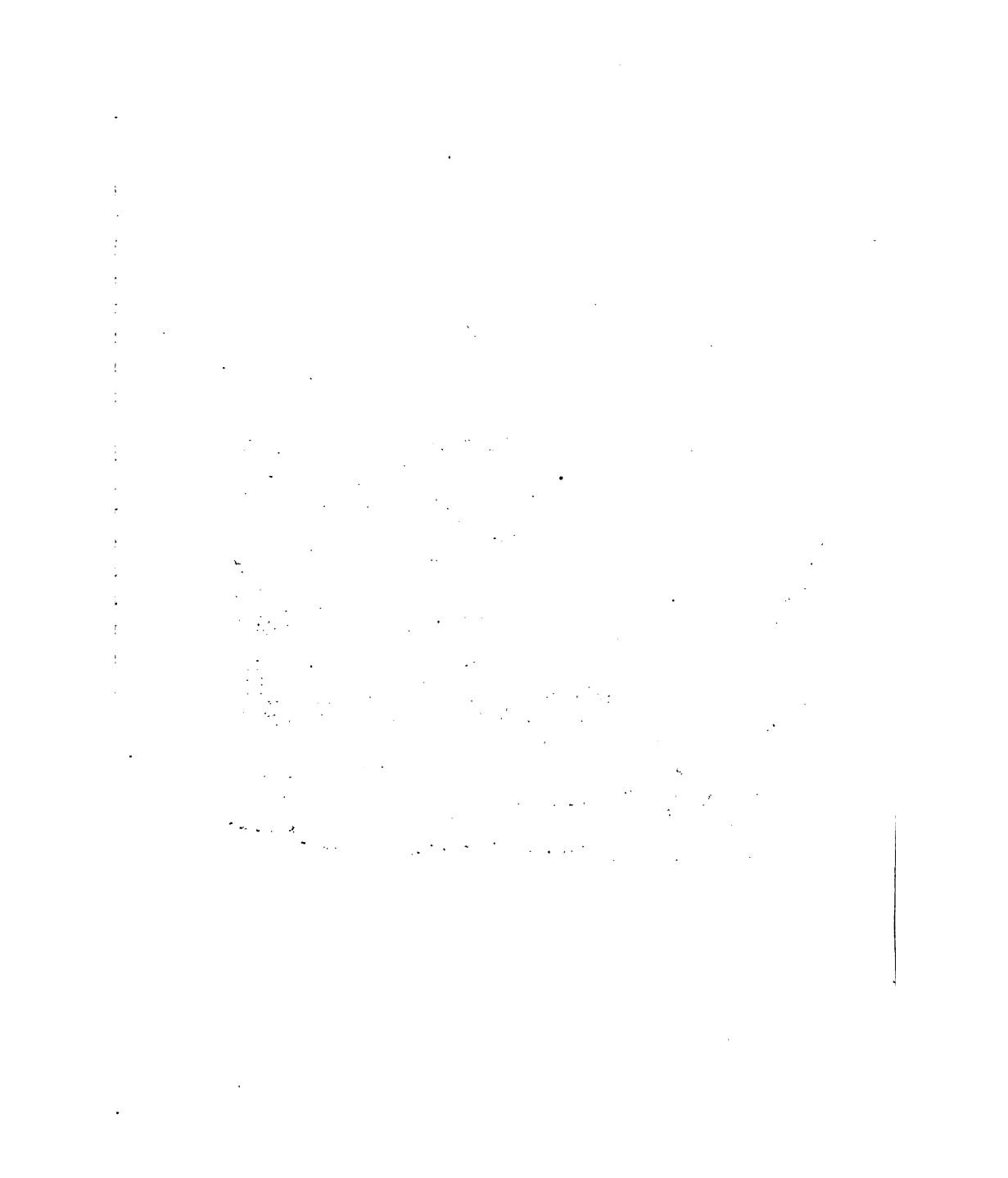
"Do not suffer yourself to be led away by high-sounding names: your sport of playing at soldiers is growing into a passion. When we first came here to pass a few weeks, at the close of the summer, you were delighted to join me in my walks; but now you are frequently away half the day."

Monsieur Le Blanc had some cause for complaint. Having established himself at the hotel which has been mentioned,

he loved to repose himself in the picturesque grounds which ascend in the rear far far above the lofty edifice to which they are attached. Six or seven slopes, or stages, of well-planted gardens, connected by flights of stone steps, rise one above the other in succession till they reach the level of the noble heights beyond. Here, from an arbour which crowns the summit, he commanded a boundless view of the ocean. Philip had, on their arrival, delighted to gaze on it for hours together. But his habits were now changed; and he loved to traverse the wide-spreading fields that border the road which passes along the lofty ridge behind the hotel; and frequently his rambles extended to Bonaparte's column. To him it was deeply interesting to stand on that spot, from which Napoleon had proudly threatened that his conquering legions should cross the sea, to chastise the arrogance of haughty England. Sometimes he passed, by a circuitous route, to the upper town, and made his way to the noble and commodious square called *Les Tintilleries*. There he witnessed the exercises of the military; and Pierre Marcel, Louis de Clermont, and several other youths—whose parents, like Monsieur Le Blanc, had sought Boulogne for a little relaxation from the cares of business—engaged him day after day in the manner described.

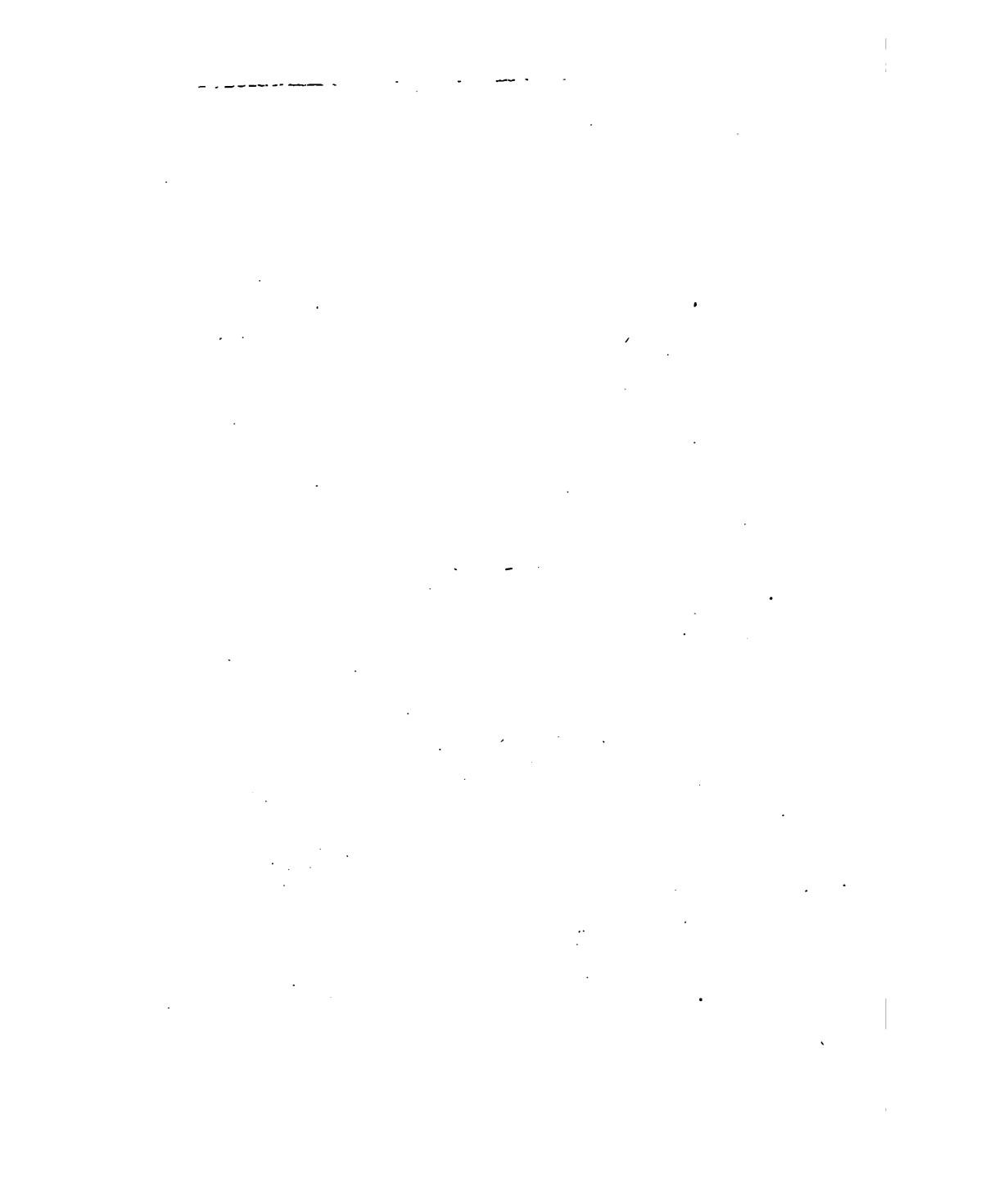
He was, however, unconscious of deserving reproof. "Indeed, sir," said he, "I would not waste my hours: the object I have in view is a noble one. I hope and trust you will not blame me when I say, I covet to stand forth the avenger of my country's wrongs, to tread the tented field, and march to battle with "Young France."

"Very serious consideration, Philip, ought to precede such a decision," Monsieur Le Blanc gravely answered.









While he spoke, he looked inquiringly from the arbour in which they conversed, and his eyes seemed to rest on a man with a wooden leg, wearing a cocked hat, with a sword by his side, who was slowly ascending the lower slopes of the garden.

"Who is this man?" Philip inquired: "he looks at us as if we were known to him. He seems to make signs to us."

"He does," replied Monsieur Le Blanc. "You have met some of your school-fellows in Boulogne, and I have most unexpectedly stumbled on one of mine. Louis Fitz-James, who has fixed your attention, is an old soldier, a sergeant; and, as you dream of nothing but war and victory, I have asked him to attend and recount, for your entertainment, some of the scenes in which he has acted a part."

By this time the sergeant had joined them.

"I ought," said Monsieur Le Blanc, "to have come down to you, instead of allowing you to climb up to me."

"A soldier must not complain of a fatiguing march," was the veteran's answer; "but I should not be sorry if I had another leg to perform it with."

Invited by Monsieur Le Blanc, he took his seat between the father and son. Friendly greetings were exchanged, and Fitz-James wanted little pressing to enter on that narrative which the senior Le Blanc wished his son to hear. With brief preface, the veteran commenced his story.

"My father was a respectable tradesman at Abbeville; and when I was a boy, he brought me to see the camp at Boulogne. The great Napoleon was then about to invade England; and I only lamented that I was too young to enter the ranks with those who expected shortly to be quartered

at Dover. In a few years, however, I became tall enough to make one of a regiment of grenadiers; and it was in vain that my parent laboured to turn my thoughts to business. I sighed for fame: in comparison with the pursuit of that, a tranquil home had no charms for me.

" My regiment went to Spain. That was a proud day on which we started for the Peninsula. Several companies were forwarded by the diligences; and never shall I forget how joyously we passed along, pleased with our situation at the moment, and anticipating that we should soon feast our eyes on scenes of higher interest beyond the Pyrenees. I shared in several of the victories which threw new lustre on the French name. I will not go over the details of these, which are similar to many others of which you have read, but will offer some account of the far-famed siege of Badajos, where, though the result disappointed our just hopes, the daring and heroism of the French commanded universal admiration.

" Ciudad Rodrigo having fallen, the English general, Wellington, declared that Badajos should share the same fate. Now, our commander, Philippon, was determined to foil him. The English speedily commenced their work, and, to own the truth, with great spirit. We kept up a constant fire upon them in their trenches; and the weather so far favoured us, that, owing to the continual heavy rains, the besiegers were obliged to labour day and night, up to their knees in water. We made several sallies, and killed a good many, but still the works advanced. Batteries were established; and at length a practicable breach was made—that is, a portion of the wall was beaten down by the enemy's shot—and









we expected that they would lose no time in attempting to rush in upon us, and take the city by storm.

"We were not kept long in suspense. One awfully dark night everything in the vicinity of the fortress was remarkably still. 'The English do not mean to pay us a visit to-night,' was the remark of some of our men. 'No,' was the mirthful reply. 'They have no fancy for a hot supper.' I was then on duty, and looking listlessly over the ramparts, when all of a sudden up went a fire-ball. It had been let off by our wary commander; it exploded, and burnt brilliantly in the air. All eyes were fixed on it for a moment, and only for a moment, for by the light which it gave forth, we were enabled to see what was of infinite more importance, the British army silently advancing to attack the place. They passed the narrow bridge over the Rivilas in single files, with the exception of those, not a few, whom our musket-balls arrested in their march. The fire-ball had shewed them their path, and they pressed forward with increased speed. Hand-grenades, bags of gunpowder, shells, and huge stones were hurled from the wall on the enemy; and many a mother had to mourn that the son who entered that ditch never left it alive. Our guns thundered at them, then the powder-bags and the shells exploded, and those who escaped the balls were in numerous instances suffocated by the smoke in which they found themselves enveloped. Forward they came, and at length reached the principal gap in our works. Then commenced a scene of murderous strife, such as had rarely been witnessed in modern warfare. Each of our soldiers was provided with four muskets, and, besides the usual ball-cartridge, they were charged with a wooden cylinder, stuck round with small pieces of lead, which, in the

discharge, were scattered like hail, inflicting disabling wounds, where they did not cause instantaneous death. As fast as one was fired it was snatched away to be reloaded; while the marksman, that not an instant should be lost, pulled the trigger of another. Thus an incessant stream of bullets was poured through the breach, and when the assailants who escaped, almost by a miracle, our fatal aim, pressed towards the opening, they trod on loose planks, studded with spikes, which tilted up and turned over on the foremost men, and threw them on their comrades, who, exasperated at the annoyance, pushed their own men angrily forward, and with savage cries and horrid oaths still endeavoured to advance.

"But this was not all. General Philippon, determined to neglect nothing that might ensure the defeat of the English, had caused a range of sharp sword blades to be fixed in heavy beams of timber, and these were laid across the ruins, so that when the first ranks had got there, they saw that to proceed was certain destruction. The poor fellows in front were well aware of the peril, but those behind allowed no pause. Eager to get out of the reach of our shot, they urged their companions headlong forward against the glittering sword-blades. Hundreds fell, and still no progress was made. The English were confounded, while the defenders of the bastion called La Trinadad, where I was engaged, enjoyed their distress, and some of us who had learned their language called scornfully to them—'Come on Mr. Jean Bull. Why don't you walk in to Badajos? Are you going to take it? Do n't you wish you may get it?'

"And thus we were engaged for hours. By midnight we calculated that more than two thousand of the enemy had

fallen. We had no thought of giving in, when news was brought to us that the castle which commanded a great portion of the tower had been carried. This, of course, dispirited us all. General Philippon attempted to retake it ; but the attack did not succeed. He was obliged to retire into Fort Christoval; the enemy now rushed in on all sides, and on the following morning Badajos, reduced to a heap of ruins, surrendered.

“ The scenes which preceded the capture of the city were awful; but, if possible, those which followed that event were still more so. The conduct of the English was so fierce, so cruel and rapacious, that it tarnished the laurels they had won. Truth, however, demands that I should tell you it was not to the conquerors of Badajos, that all the horrors witnessed in those sad days ought to be ascribed. Portuguese vagabonds, who had had nothing to do with the storming, entered the city to plunder; and many Spaniards even, in the confusion that prevailed, joined to attack the property of their countrymen. The shopkeepers were turned out of their houses; English soldiers took their places, and began to sell the goods they found for any prices they could obtain. Then came another party and turned out the first, in order to act the same part: and, in more than one case, I saw a second set expelled, in their turn, by a third, or by the first returning with a strong re-inforcement, to resume the thievish trade.”

“ And was this the conduct of the British ?” inquired Philip. “ Could they act so meanly in the hour of victory ?”

“ Yes ! ” replied the veteran; “ but such things are not uncommon where a city is taken by storm.”

“ Plunder,” said Monsieur Le Blanc, “ is, I believe, in

all armies, the order of the day in such cases ; and the hope of pillage is the great incentive which a prudent commander holds out to animate his followers in the race for glory."

" Never," proceeded the soldier—" never can I forget what I then witnessed. The goldsmiths' and watchmakers' shops were first visited ; but every house of respectable exterior was entered. If the least resistance was offered, the defender of his home was shot or bayoneted. I saw an elderly man lying on the ground : he was fast bleeding to death : his wife and daughter wept over him, but he begged of them to leave him. ' Go ! ' he cried : ' I could have wished that my dying eyes should be closed by your dear hands, but not now—not now ! Fly, if you love me ; fly, or you will share my fate, or worse ! In mercy leave me, I implore it.' Then rushed some of the Englishmen out of the house, and sprang at the women, just as a drover, or, rather, a drover's dog, would at a sheep. Their shrieks rung sadly on the ear of the dying man, and they were carried off towards the enemy's camp.

" You may have read, that the pirates of antiquity were accustomed to enter towns where they were not expected, seize the young females, and carry them off for sale elsewhere, as merchandise. This unholy commerce was witnessed at Badajos. Women were sold like cattle : their tears and their distress laughed at by the grim purchaser and the ruffian seller. On all sides the supplicating voices of the sufferers were heard, but the ferocity of the victors nothing could restrain. Girls that I had met, but a short time before, laughing, in health and in the bloom of beauty, I now encountered the very picture of misery : their garments torn— their faces pale— their hair disordered—all told but too plainly, that the gallant

English, in the day of their triumph, forgot that they were men."

"Monsters!" exclaimed Philip.

"Votaries of glory!" said Monsieur Le Blanc.

"I will not attempt," Fitz-James resumed, "to tell of all the revolting scenes, of which I was the forced spectator, in the three mournful days that succeeded. From the first the English had betaken themselves to strong liquors, and their rage and violence made them appear more like demons than mortals. Their officers, who felt scandalised by their monstrous doings, attempted, but in vain, to restore order. In more than one case, for their humane interference, they were murdered by those they had been used to command. What a monster is the human being when inflamed by drink: all his fiercer passions are unchained; and he not only affronts religion, but even disdains the controul of reason!"

"One body of troops was marched into the city, to compel the banditti—I can give them no better name—to pause. They advanced in good order; but when they saw their fellows engaged in pillage, they fell out of their ranks, and heightened the confusion which prevailed by joining in the general uproar.

"At length those fearful instruments of punishment, the triangles and the gallows, were set up in the market-place. Some of the most outrageous offenders were flogged, and one or two, I have heard, were hanged; but that I did not see.

"The worst was over; but mournful was the scene which followed. Females, who had concealed themselves, or been detained from their friends, now re-appeared. They asked for fathers and brothers who were no longer in existence; or, if they had the good fortune to find them again, tears of

bitter anguish and regret told more than volumes could have related, of the grief they had known, of the anguish which they had endured."

"Enough—enough of Badajos," said Monsieur Le Blanc. "What you have heard, Philip, will perhaps suffice to teach you that war is an evil—that it is not that which should be coveted, however brilliantly alluring its trophies may appear to a youthful eye."

"But, national honour, sir, think of that!" said Philip.

"I do," replied the father; "and am very much tempted to identify it with national happiness. A great nation, where all the useful arts are successfully cultivated, has more to gain from science than from battles. War, at the end of a quarter of a century, left France weak and humbled; peace, during a quarter of a century, has rendered her mighty, and placed her among the greatest nations of the earth."

•"Nay," said the invalid, "all I have told of Badajos, though shocking, falls short of what I have witnessed elsewhere. It was my lot to serve in the grand army, when Napoleon invaded Russia; for you must know, the English were so busy in looking after booty, that they somewhat neglected their prisoners. I took advantage of this; and when, as I have told, the disorders had risen to such a pitch that Lord Wellington flogged some of his men, and threatened others with a halter, I managed to make my escape. At nightfall I picked up a red jacket, which had belonged to an English soldier who had fallen. I passed near the English camp without being challenged. It had been reported that the Duke of Dalmatia was coming from Seville to retake Badajos, and I determined to try to meet him, though I did not know a step of the way.

" I had made a bundle of my own coat, and filled my pockets with bread, before I left the town. As soon as I believed myself secure from observation, I began to run in the direction which, from some information afforded by a Spanish peasant, I concluded was that in which Soult would march to avenge the disgrace which had fallen on the eagles of France. All night long I continued to journey, and it was not till daylight returned, that I ventured to lie down in a thicket to get a little rest. I had fortunately been able to slake my thirst as I advanced; and having eaten a crust, I stretched myself out and soon fell asleep. It was about noon when I awoke; and, as I thought it would be losing too much time to remain in the wood where I was till it should be dark, on I determined to go. To avoid being seen, this period of the day was perhaps the best for me, as the heat was so great, being a fine day, that but few people were stirring. So I marched forward as fast as I well could.

" My road lay through a valley, enclosed between huge mountains. Their savage grandeur, which presented huge masses of a reddish-coloured stone, irregularly piled on each other, and seemed almost to reach the sky, and in some places shrouded the valley below in darkness, I contemplated with awe. A lonely directing stone at their enormous bases, announcing how many leagues it was thence to some distant town, was often the only evidence afforded, save, indeed, a rude and imperfect effort at levelling part of the road, that ever a human being had visited that spot.

" It was the next day but one after I commenced my flight, and in the afternoon, when I was beginning to think myself secure, that a musket-shot whizzed by me. I heard

English voices, thought I had been fired at, and expected the next moment would bring me a fatal message. There was a stream of water on my left hand: I dashed through it, and crouched down behind a fragment of a rock, jutting out at the foot of an enormous pile, which, on that side, it was impossible to ascend. I heard other shots; but the sound was evidently retiring; and it was only a sporting party, which had fallen in with some wild pigs or birds, that had disturbed me. Satisfied that I was in no immediate danger, after about half an hour, I ventured to start from my hiding-place. That moment a piercing shriek rang in my ear: I looked, to ascertain from whom it came, and saw an elderly female. On my offering to approach her the shriek was renewed, and she attempted to fly: it immediately struck me that I was mistaken, from the red coat I wore, for an English soldier. By assuming an air of commiseration, I partly succeeded in dismissing her apprehensions, and stepping respectfully up to her, I apologised for my intrusion, when I recognised her countenance as one I had recently seen: it was no other than the poor lady I had beheld weeping over her dying husband at Badajos.

"I told you that she had been snatched away from her expiring husband by some ruffianly marauders: it gave me pleasure to find that she was not in their hands. Having mentioned to her what I had seen—'By what happy chance, madame,' said I, 'did you escape from the English camp? Your daughter, I hope, is safe?' 'Safe!' she repeated, in a tone that thrilled me, and with a deep sigh; 'yes, she is safe!' And then she pointed to a low tent further on among some brush-wood, which I had not before noticed; and there,

on the cold ground, with nothing but an old cloak spread out as a couch, I saw the unhappy fair one. The hardships she had known were too much for her delicate frame; and though one man, more compassionate than the rest of his fellows, had enabled them to get away from the English, the sufferings she had experienced, and the terror which oppressed her, lest their retreat should be discovered, crushed the last spark of life, and she had that hour expired.

"I condoled with the mourner. She knew that her husband was no more; and I had the sad satisfaction of informing her that his remains had been decently consigned to the earth: I—it was all my pity could accomplish—had assisted in making his grave. She told me she had found means of communicating to some friends where she had concealed herself, and they proposed, on the next day, removing her to the home from which she had been so rudely expelled.

"I bade the sufferer farewell, after consoling her as far as this could be done by soothing language. My red coat I now discarded, having first emptied the pockets of the bread which I had carried in them, and which had been spoiled by the water when I leaped in the stream: that which was in my French jacket, and which I had held over my head while swimming, was fortunately uninjured. With a view of drying my clothes, I ran as fast as I could, and, fearful of the consequences of pausing while any of the enemy were so near, I again—though by this time I had become sore-footed, and was very weary—continued to walk on during the night; but, with every exertion to which I was now equal, I made but little progress. From want of rest and needful refreshment my strength began rapidly to fail; and when the sun had

risen, looking on a little hillock which two tall poplars seemed like sentinels to guard, I threw myself down with a sort of reckless resignation, hardly caring whether I should ever rise again or not, or whether I should be recaptured by the English.

"I soon slept, but not soundly. From extreme fatigue, I felt uneasy sensations: I fancied—perhaps I may say I dreamed—that I was awake. After an hour or two, I thought something moved near me, and started up, but saw nothing. Feeling myself hungry, I put my hand in my pocket for a piece of bread: there was none there. An examination of another pocket horrified me with the same result. While I was asleep, a rat, or some other animal, had eaten all my provisions, and gnawed a hole in one of my pockets. This fretted me, but there was no help for it. Sleep was again fast stealing over me—my eyes were just closing—when the trampling of horses caused me to start from my green couch. Where I was I could be seen from the road: it was, however, too late to retreat, for the horsemen were close at hand. They came in sight before I had time to conceal myself, and I instantly saw they were two French foragers. I was not long in making them know who I was, and how I came there. One of them, taking me up behind him, without further adventure I soon found myself in the Duke of Dalmatia's camp.

"We were now marched into Andalusia. I should have admired the bold romantic scenery which everywhere met the eye, but that the presence of imminent danger forbade us to gaze on it. The guerrillas were scattered about in all directions: behind a rock, in the centre of a bush, and by the side of a tree, they were constantly found; and a deadly bullet





laid many a comrade low, before he had the slightest intimation of immediate danger. No regular army opposed us as we advanced ; but small hosts of these desperate men met us in every march, with a priest among them, displaying a crucifix, urging them on, in the name of the Saviour of man, to destroy the invaders of Spain. We were thus cut off in detail, without a struggle, and without glory."

"The glory, Fitz-James, in this case," interrupted Monsieur Le Blanc, "I think belonged to your assailants. They, animated by a sacred love of their native land, though inferior in number, still gallantly made war on your formidable masses, in defence of their homes and the venerated altars of their God. To fight and to die in such a cause *is* glory."

"I now proceed," the soldier went on, "to speak of the war with Russia. It followed immediately after what I have been telling. I was suddenly ordered home, and as suddenly ordered abroad again. Never in this world did a more gallant host meet the eye than was presented by the four hundred thousand warriors, whom Napoleon led to battle against the generals of the Emperor Alexander. As they moved forward, all was joy and confidence, and gay anticipations of victory.

"It was on the 23d of June, 1812, that our army passed the river Niemen. The invasion was commenced by a few sappers crossing it in a boat. One armed Cossack appeared to receive them. He inquired, with an air of surprise, who we were, and what we wanted? The answer was, that we were Frenchmen, and came to make war upon his emperor. He retired into the woods, and two or three muskets were fired after him in token of hostility.

"The Russians did not at first oppose our progress ; they

retreated, and we advanced to Smolensko, which the enemy on withdrawing had fired. As often as we fought, the arms of France were triumphant. At Valantina we gained a great victory; but the Russian emperor manifested no disposition to treat, and it was announced to us that we must advance to Moscow to conquer peace.

"We calculated on passing the whole of the winter in that city. How we laughed at seeing the false noses and ears prepared for us to wear when the frost set in! We at length approached the ancient capital of Russia, in which we fondly hoped all our cares would, for a season, be at an end. One mighty contest took place near the village of Borodino; the slaughter was great on both sides, but the eagles of France gained new glory, and Moscow became the conquerors' prize.

"Great was our joy at seeing ourselves masters of that far-famed seat of Imperial grandeur. Now we expected the Emperor Alexander would be glad to accept of any terms that Napoleon would deign to grant; and were only afraid that the differences would be brought to a close so soon, and cause us to lose that pleasant residence which we had almost all made up our minds to enjoy during the next four or five months. But day after day passed, and no overture was made from the enemy. Strangely menacing reports reached us. The Russian commander-in-chief, General Kutusoff, we were told, had declared that the French had done all they could, and now it was for his army to begin *their* war; and Rostopschin, the governor of Moscow, had called on the inhabitants to arm themselves with hatchets, pikes, and pitchforks, at the same time addressing to them these remarkable words: 'We will send our French guests back to the devil, and make

them yield their souls; and we will commence our labours for reducing these perfidious men to ashes.'

" We, however, flew to the stores of brandy, and very merry we made ourselves. I cannot aver that we spared the Russians much: we were not so cruel, I should say, as the English at Badajos, but we were cruel enough.

" The Russians, as I told you, on quitting Smolensko, had set fire to it: we found the same thing had been done at Moscow, but we soon extinguished the flames. However, new fires continually broke out in various parts of the town. It was supposed that our troops had caused the mischief: we soon learnt, to our grief, that it was the Russians themselves, who thus devoted their city to the flames, in order to blast the hopes of their invaders.

" It was on the 10th of September—we had then been three days in Moscow—that vast columns of smoke were seen to rise in the air from the eastern quarter. The like was presently observed in other parts. There was a strong sulphureous smell. We were inquiring the cause, when the flames, forcing their way through everything, burst on our eyes in appalling splendour, rendering the whole city as light as day. The fire spread rapidly from street to street. We had no means of stopping it. Water was scarce; for nearly all the pumps in the city were purposely destroyed. Combustibles had been artfully disposed in various places, to spread the ruin far and wide, and sustain the all-devouring fury of the conflagration.

" It was reported to us, that malefactors in the prisons had been first made drunk, and then sent out, with flaming torches, to fire the houses of the inhabitants. These wretches were

ordered to be shot, and a number of wild-looking men were accordingly put to death. I saw Napoleon, who had been called from his bed at four o'clock in the morning, to behold the progress of the flames, sadly gazing on the tremendous spectacle from the windows of the Kremlin (the palace of the Emperor of Russia) and looking as if he read in that the future fate of the grand army. The glass flew from the intense heat. He was called upon to consult his own safety by withdrawing, but he repeatedly refused, and seemed to wish to bury himself in the ruins of the city he had conquered, but found himself impotent to save. Twice had the fire assailed the Kremlin, and it was completely surrounded by burning masses, before he could be persuaded to leave it. One miserable being was found in the arsenal: he had been ordered there, by the governor, to fire the building. Brought before the Emperor, his guilt was proved to the satisfaction of his judges. Fury and disdain glared in the eyes of Napoleon: 'Miscreant!' he exclaimed, 'is it thus you make war? Such barbarian vengeance is a disgrace to humanity.' The unhappy Russian was hurried into the next court, where the grenadiers, who had seized him, buried their bayonets in his bosom."

"That poor man was sacrificed for obeying those who had a right to command his services—for acting against the enemies of his country," Monsieur Le Blanc remarked.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier; "but he used means shocking to humanity, to tarnish our national glory."

"Glory!" Monsieur Le Blanc thoughtfully repeated; while a glance at Philip seemed distinctly to say, "such horrors are identified with glory."

The serjeant proceeded. "A lunatic asylum was among









the buildings first destroyed. The unhappy inmates rushed into the street; and some raised horrid yells, while others lingered on the spot, laughing wildly at the progress of the flames, till it was too late to escape. Then their dreadful yells, as the burning timbers fell among them, and volumes of fire enveloped them, were heard in horrible discord above the deafening tumult which prevailed.

"The hospital of the foundlings was not spared by the conflagration. We were informed that the children above the age of twelve were sent away, but the younger ones had been left unprotected, to shift as they might. Napoleon wished to place them in safety, and the director of the establishment, who had remained at his post, was grateful for the interest thus manifested in their fate. But what could be done? The protection which he wished to extend to them could be of no avail; for if they escaped the fire, to perish from cold or hunger were the wretched alternatives before them."

Philip breathed quickly at this part of the narrative.

"Glorious war!" Monsieur Le Blanc here interposed; "cannot spare even children."

"Then," Fitz-James continued—"I shudder to recal it—the building used as a military hospital, containing many thousand of French and Russians, was found burning. But I pass on: I will not picture the terrific spectacle presented, when the wounded, mutilated, and dying men, feebly tried to crawl from the all-destroying flame."

Tears stood in Philip's eyes. The narrator proceeded:

"Now ruin—black, hopeless ruin—descended upon us. All attempts at negociation failed. The case of the grand army was most deplorable. We were obliged to pitch our

camp in a dreary, miry field: there, shrinking round fires, made of the furniture snatched from the houses, we sat on splendid arm-chairs, surrounded by heaps of plunder, to which many of the soldiers fondly clung, though they could neither enjoy, nor hope to preserve it. The furs of Siberia, the gold stuffs of Persia, were strewed around us. We had plates of rich china, and others of solid silver; but what had we to eat off them?—dirty black dough, baked in ashes, and scorched horseflesh! Oh! how poor were we in the midst of wealth!

“The winter set in with unwonted rigour. On the 13th of October the ground was covered with snow. Six days after, the order was given to quit that Moscow which we had so fondly desired to gain—which we had so exultingly entered. A long train of carriages and trucks, laden with provisions and valuables—still avariciously retained—preceded the army. Napoleon ordered that every carriage, his own not excepted, should take up one wounded man. Some of the vagabonds who had followed the army found it impossible to obey this order without sacrificing the property they had collected. What did the wretches do? They dropped behind the columns, and when, as they believed, safe from observation, threw the helpless sufferers into the nearest ditch. Two thousand Russian prisoners had been marched before us: the Spaniards and Portuguese, who guarded, murdered many of them. Napoleon interfered to save them, but it was only to leave them without food, to expire in the cheerless desert.

“The cold became ten times more severe than ever. An icy wind blew upon us, which almost rendered us powerless. Our helpless state made the Russians more bold: their increasing armies gathered round us. The Cossacks, a savage

race, inured to the climate, on wild nimble horses, assailed us from hour to hour. The snow fell in immense flakes: it concealed deep holes, which, as we weakly endeavoured to march on, ingulfed the fainting soldier, and thousands sunk into these abysses to rise from them no more. Those who escaped the danger lost their arms, and remained defenceless. The exasperated foe came up with hundreds in this unfortunate condition. It was not enough to put them to death: they stripped the sufferers naked, amidst bursts of ferocious laughter, and left them to die a lingering death.

" We passed through wide dreary forests. Frequently we saw before us figures seated apparently at their ease, regardless of the falling snow and howling wind. Their indifference was soon explained, for, on coming up to them, we found they had been frozen to death on the spot where they had halted for momentary rest, and everlasting sleep had sealed eyes that only coveted brief repose.

" Those who preserved their arms were hardly more happy than those who lost them. The unrelenting severity of the weather froze our hands to the swords and muskets we carried. In this frightful state we approached the Berezina. Two bridges were thrown over it. A disorderly multitude attempted to pass: the Russian artillery was brought to bear on them, and killed hundreds: the passage was choked. Those whose strength remained, cut their way through their wounded comrades—through screaming women and crying children. Savage selfishness was everywhere exhibited in the most awful forms. A tempest raged; the enemy's guns continued their murderous fire; and, to add to the misery of the scene, the artillery bridge broke down. One and all then attempted to reach

the other, and the confusion became even greater than ever. Thousands were precipitated into the river, and there mothers and children, vainly striving against the masses of ice which floated on the Berezina, found, with their husbands and fathers a common grave.

"I cannot remember all the sickening scenes which shocked the eye in our disastrous progress. Many were crushed to death by the carriages of the artillery, and others, seeing it was in vain to attempt the passage, threw themselves on the ground, to await the arrival of the revengeful foe in despair; while cries of frantic rage and fearful execrations burst from others who vainly endeavoured to struggle with their fate.

"Amidst this dreary chaos, this frightful union of sin and misery, one melancholy incident I recal with pleasure. I have mentioned women and children being present at the passage of the Berezina. How to account for it I scarcely know; but in almost every scene of fearful disorder they are found, as if their attendance was absolutely necessary to complete the horror of the scene. On the troubled bosom of the waters, amidst the masses of ice which floated on the sullen wave, a little boat was seen, in which a female appeared with her two children. The mother feebly strove to direct its course. For a moment she seemed likely to succeed in her design of crossing, when some of the strugglers above fell, if not on it, close to the boat, and in a moment it was upset, and forced under the ice. Sad was the cry of the sinking mother, nor less thrilling the comparatively feeble voices of the children; but it was momentary. Two of the sufferers vanished, and were silent for ever. The third was about to disappear, when an artilleryman who was on the bridge

threw himself headlong into the stream and saved the little boy, the last of the trio, from instant death. The child, frightened, called wildly for its mother, but she was no more. Then did I hear, in the midst of the deafening uproar, the bluff, sympathising voice of the artilleryman, telling the child 'not to cry for his mother, for in him he should find a father,' and he carried the little fellow off in his arms."

"A noble fellow!" exclaimed father and son together.

"Yes," continued M. Le Blanc, "here we both recognise what deserves to be regarded as true glory."

"But," said the serjeant, "I am too garrulous; I weary you. Let me only say, the horrors on which I have briefly touched were, if possible, exceeded by the spectacle presented on the following morning. Then it became necessary, as the Russians were rapidly advancing in great strength, to burn the bridge. This effectually precluded many thousands from attempting to escape. Some were seen wandering in helpless, desolate groups on the margin of the Berezina; others attempted to swim over, and some rushing into the flames, in the next moment sprang into the water, passing in agony from existence by the combined influence of frost and fire.

"I had succeeded in getting over the bridge, and still retained my strength, when a shot took off my leg, just below the knee. I thought then my last hour had arrived, but it so chanced that the Russians, weary of shedding blood by the time they came to the spot where I had laid down to die, either spared me, or mistook me, in the confusion which prevailed, for one of themselves. I was carried into the nearest hospital; and after enduring much from cold, neglect, and want of food, at last returned as you see."

Fitz-James paused, but, the next moment, added—"In my time I have seen enough of war; while I remain on earth, may that scourge of humanity revisit it no more!"

"The wish becomes you. It has been yours to see what war really is. Would all "Young France" could hear your words. You have followed one of the most renowned conquerors that ever desolated the world, and shared in his triumphs."

"Yes," Fitz-James interrupted "I have; and most humiliating is the retrospect. I cannot say,—

'n equal paths our guilt and glory ran.'

for sorry I am to confess that shame and crime follow every triumph, and truly nobly was it said by the British hero, Wellington—"I consider a victory 'the greatest calamity in the world, except a defeat.'"

"Your ideas," said Monsieur Le Blanc, "concur with mine. Too often have mankind been misled by a name. We read in Scripture, that in heaven GLORY is associated, in the angels' song, with 'peace on earth and good-will to men.' There may be cases where duty commands us to wield the sword, but let us be content to wait till the necessity arises, and not madly pant to destroy our brothers, for all the honour men can bestow."

Philip bowed assent to the principle laid down, and though he did not wholly renounce the exercises of the Tintilleries, he was content from that day forward to bend his thoughts to other than military pursuits, and to different scenes from those which he had thus been taught were inseparable from GLORY!





